

THE SCARÈD HARP

choral arrangements
of filk songs

first edition
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available on the World Wide Web at

<http://www.mewsic.com/TheScaredHarp>

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*Dedicated to all who love to sing,
especially those who've been told they shouldn't.*

Preface

I have always loved choral singing. When I first began to lead choral singing workshops at filk conventions in the late 1990's, I was particularly struck by those participants who had never done any choral singing before, and by how much they enjoyed it. As time went on, the feeling grew in me that choral singing in the filk community should not be limited to the stage, but belonged in the filk circle as well. There was no reason, I thought, that simple choral arrangements could not be sung with success in a filk circle.

I have always loved hymns, too, especially the old German tunes such as “Lasst uns Erfreuen”, “Lobe den Herren”, “Nun Danket”, and “Kremser”. And Christmas carols, of course. It always disappointed me that there was such a dearth of good hymn texts expressing non-Christian spirituality. Fannish hymns do actually exist: “Hope Eyrie” and “Acts of Creation” are two of the best. There just hasn't been much in the way of easy, accessible four-part arrangements – until now.

The tradition of Sacred Harp singing features the most powerful and stirring hymn singing I've ever heard. It also has a consistent history of emphasizing participation over performance. I fell in love with it the first time I heard it, in spite of texts which did not reflect my own personal spirituality. I have longed to hear such singing in filk circles, and so I have set five songs to music from *The Sacred Harp*, plus one additional arrangement in that style. When singing them, keep in mind that the melody is always in the Tenor part. The Soprano (called Treble in *The Sacred Harp*) and Tenor parts are traditionally sung by both men and women (in their proper octaves), creating an effect of six-part harmony.

When not explicitly marked otherwise, the melody is in the Soprano. The parts and staves are arranged in the traditional order. I have used two staves where I could do so in a readable

manner; the Soprano is in the upper staff with stems pointing up, the Alto is in the top staff with stems pointing down, the Tenor and Bass are in the lower staff with stems pointing up and down, respectively. When the four parts were too complex to be easily readable on two staves, I used four staves, with the Soprano (or Treble) on top, followed by Alto and Tenor, and Bass on the bottom. When four staves are used, I have provided a two-staff keyboard reduction for rehearsal purposes.

At the beginning of each song I have notated the vocal ranges as small solid note heads without stems. I have included chord symbols on those songs which I felt most lent themselves to accompaniment, though all of them are intended to work *a capella* (unaccompanied).

In selecting songs for this collection, I considered hundreds of possibilities, both “true” filk songs and folk songs that are (or ought to be) often heard in filk circles. Some, while fine songs in their own right, are simply not well suited to easy four-part arrangements. Others eluded my attempts at arranging. My original goal was a dozen songs. From a list of over seventy candidates, I chose thirty of my favorites, leaving the rest to future contributors.

It is my fervent hope that this collection will be embraced by the filk community as one of the standard “Filk Hymnals”. To encourage its dissemination I have made it available on the World Wide Web at “<http://www.mewsic.com/TheScaredHarp>”. I also hope that others will take up this torch and try arranging other filk songs – or even re-arranging those that appear here. I welcome submissions for a future new edition of *The Scared Harp*.

Edward L. Stauff, June 2003

Some Tips on Vocal Arranging

One of the best aspects of the filk community is its tradition of encouraging beginners. In the spirit of that tradition, I offer the following tips on vocal arranging. Give it a try! Take your arrangement to a filksing and get three other people (or more) to try it out. As with all things, be prepared to take criticism and learn from mistakes.

Anything like a full treatment of harmony, counterpoint and voice-leading is well beyond the scope of this book; indeed, many entire books are devoted to the subject. The information given here should get you started on the right track. In the interest of space, I have only listed the rules, and not the music theory that lies behind them.

Elementary keyboard skills are extremely useful if you're going to try your hand at arranging. However, with the availability of a variety of music editing software that can play back your music, keyboard skills are no longer a strict requirement.

A hymnal is a great resource for learning by example. Churches often have old ones that they no longer use.

Vocal Ranges

Try to keep the four parts within the following ranges. Keep in mind that you're writing for untrained voices. The more you exceed these limits, the harder it will be to sing.



Step by Step

Start with the melody. Write it down or enter it into your score editing program, and make sure it's in a key that keeps it within the Soprano range. If you wait until later to transpose it into range, your other parts may be moved out of their ranges.

The next step is to rough out the harmony by selecting chords for the major beats, as if you were going to accompany the song on guitar or piano. I generally do this at the same time that I write the Bass part (the next step), but if you're not comfortable putting chords to a song, then do this as a separate step.

Once you have an idea as to the basic harmony (chords), write the Bass part. The Bass part is the second most important part, after the melody (Soprano). As such, it should follow the rules even more closely than the other parts. Stepwise motion (explained below) is particularly good in the Bass part. Play the Bass part together with the Soprano part, and make sure they sound good before going on. The fifth of a chord is the weakest note to use in the bass (*e.g.* the G in a C chord), and only works in certain circumstances. The third of a chord (*e.g.* the E in a C chord) is nearly as good as the root (*e.g.* the C in a C chord) in the bass, but does not give a sense of finality or arrival, so don't use the third at the end of a phrase. The seventh can be used in the bass (*e.g.* the F in a G7 chord), but only if it resolves downward to the third of the next chord; for example, a G7 chord with an F in the bass should be followed immediately by a C (or C minor) chord with an E (or Eb) in the bass.

After writing the Bass part, add the inner parts (the Alto and Tenor). You'll generally have to do the two of them together. This is the most difficult step, as you'll find as you try to satisfy all the rules at once. Be prepared to modify your Bass part if necessary.

The Rules

Within a single part, stepwise motion (moving up or down to the next adjacent note) is preferable to larger intervals. The larger the interval (the distance between two notes), the harder it is to sing.

In general, prefer contrary motion over parallel motion. That is, two parts should move in the opposite direction: if one part goes up, the other part should go down. In particular, you should never have all the parts moving in the same direction at once.

Try to keep one part stationary (on the same note) between two adjacent chords. This provides harmonic continuity.

Within a single part, avoid repeating the same note too many times. It's very common to end up with an Alto or Tenor part that does this. It makes for a boring part.

Since most chords are defined by three notes, and you're writing in four parts, most of the time one note in the chord will be doubled. Doubling the 3rd of the chord is the least desirable. Avoid doubling more than one note, which results in an incomplete chord; if you must, then omit the 5th, not the root or 3rd.

Do not write parallel fifths or octaves. Doing so will get you an instant "F" in any music theory course.

Avoid writing parallel dissonant intervals (2nds and 7ths).

Avoid crossing of parts. This is when a part which is normally higher than another part goes below it (or vice versa). You can find an example of this in the last measure of the first page of "Hope Eyrie". Part crossing is particularly undesirable when it involves the Bass and Soprano parts.

Musical Styles

The rules given above apply to traditional Western harmony, dating back to the Baroque period and before. The vast majority of mainstream hymns follow these rules. There are, however, other styles which intentionally violate one or more of these rules. Feel free to break the rules if you're trying to achieve a particular effect – but understand them before you break them!

While traditional Western harmony is based on thirds, the harmony in *The Sacred Harp* is based on fourths and fifths. Thirds are often omitted altogether, and parallel fifths and octaves are common.

Writing in three parts is actually more difficult than writing in four parts, because it's harder to fill all the notes of each chord while following the rest of the rules.

About half of the songs in this collection are harmonized using the rules of traditional hymnody. Consult the Index of Musical Styles at the back of this book.

How Can I Keep From Filking?

1

1. My voice goes on in end-less song, a - bove all pro - tes - ta - tion. To sing a tune, though
 2. And though the list-'ners loud - ly roar, hos - ti - li - ty re - veal-ing, And though grim fa - ces
 3. Mu - si - cians trem - ble sick with fear to hear my loud voice ring-ing. And friends a - round me

far off key, my fav-'rite rec - re - a - tion. A - bove the cat - calls and the groans, of
 round me close, songs in the night I'm steal-ing. No threats can shake my in - most calm, as
 dis - ap - pear. They can't keep me from sing-ing. No song is safe from my a - buse. On

po - ets and their ilk, Eng - lish ne - ver was a - bused like this. How can I keep from filk-ing?
 cor - ny jokes I'm milk - ing. I love the word - play and the puns. How can I keep from filk-ing?
 tunes I'll work my will. King - dom come won't dare give me a harp. How can I keep from filk-ing?

Hope Eyrie

1. Worlds grow old and suns grow cold and death we ne - ver can
 2. Cy - cles turn while the far stars burn, and peo - ple and pla - nets
 3. But we who feel the weight of the wheel when win - ter falls o - ver our
 4. We know well what life can tell: if you would not per - ish, then
 5. From all who tried out of his - to - ry's tide, sa - lute for the team that

doubt. age. world can grow! won! And to And the

Time's cold wind, wail - ing Life's crown pas - ses to hope for to - mor - row and day our fra - gile old Earth smiles at her

down the past, re - youn - ger lands, raise our eyes to a flesh and steel have child - ren's reach; the

minds us that all time sweeps dust of sil - ver moon in the laid their hands on a wave that car - ried us

Em B7/F# Em/G Em Bm Em G C6

flesh is grass and
 hope from his hands and
 o - pened skies and a
 vas - ter wheel with
 up the beach to

his - to - ry's lamps blow
 turns an - o - ther
 sin - gle flag un -
 all of the stars to
 reach for the shi - ning

out. But the
 page. But the
 furred. For the
 know that the
 sun. For the

Ea - gle has
 Ea - gle has
 Ea - gle has
 Ea - gle has
 Ea - gle has

Dsus2 D B/D# F#m7/C# B Em D/F# G D G D Bm Em

lan - ded; tell your chil - dren when. Time won't drive us down to dust a - gain.

The Green Hills of Earth

1. The arch - ing sky is call - ing space - men back to their trade. All —
 2. We've sailed the end - less vac - uum, seen man - y won - drous — from the
 3. My fi - nal watch is o - ver, my tra - vels near - ing their end, and my

hands! Stand by! Free — fal - ling! — And the lights be - low us fade. Out —
 harsh bright soil of — Lu - na — to — Sa - turn's rain - bow rings. We've —
 on - ly wish is to feel home soils be — - neath me once a - gain. Let the

ride the sons of Ter - ra, far — drive the thun - der - ing jets, out —
 tried each spin - ning space mote and — reck - oned its — true worth; take us
 sweet fresh bree - zes heal me as they rove a - round the girth of our

Am G/B C Fmaj7/A G C

leaps back love - the race a - gain ly moth - er of to the earth - men, homes of men, out and the far cool, cool and green green on hills hills - ward of yet. Earth. Earth.

C G/B Am G/B C G

We pray for one last lan - ding on the globe that gave us birth; let us

C Dm C/E F C/G G C

rest our eyes on the flee - cy skies and the cool green hills of Earth.

The Word of God

1. From de - sert cliff and moun-tain top we trace the wide de sign,— strike-slip fault and
 2. There are those who name the stars, who watch the sky by night,— seek - ing out the
 3. By stem and root and branch we trace by fea - ther, fang, and fur.— All the liv - ing
 4. And we who lis - ten to the stars or walk the dus - ty grade,— who break the ver - y

o - ver - thrust and syn- and an - ti - cline. We gaze up - on cre - a - tion where e -
 dark - est place to bet - ter see the light. Long a - go, when tor - ture broke the
 things that are de - scend from things that were. The moss, the kelp, the ze - bra - fish, the
 at - oms down to see how they are made, or stu - dy cells or liv - ing things, seek

ro - sion makes it known and count the count-less e - ons in the ban - ding of the stone.
 rem - nant of his will, Ga - li le — o re - can - ted, but the Earth is mo - ving still.
 ve - ry mice and flies, these ti - ny hum - ble word-less things, how shall they tell us lies?
 truth with o - pen hand. The pro foun - dest act of wor - ship is to try to un - der - stand!

Odd long-va-nished crea-tures and their tracks and shells are found where truth has left its
 High a-bove the moun-tain tops, where on-ly dis-tance bars, the truth has left its
 We are kin to beasts, no o-ther an-swer can we bring, but the truth has left its
 Deep in flow-er and in flesh, in star and soil and seed, the truth has left its

sket-ches on the slate be-low the ground. The pa-tient stone can speak if we but
 foot-prints in the dust be-tween the stars. We may watch and stu-dy or may
 fin-ger-prints on ev-'ry liv-ing thing. Re-mem-ber, should you have to choose be-
 liv-ing word for an-y-one to read. So turn and look where best you think the

lis-ten when it talks; hu-mans wrote the Bi-ble, God wrote the rocks.
 shud-der and de-ny; hu-mans wrote the Bi-ble, God wrote the sky.
 tween them in the strife, hu-mans wrote the Bi-ble, God wrote the life.
 sto-ry is un-furled. Hu-mans wrote the Bi-ble, God wrote the world.

The Galaxy's Wide

Refrain: The ga-la-xy's wide,— worlds are few and far, and nei - ther have— I hull nor
 1. There is— a ship— out be - tween the stars, her holds are full,— she's home - ward
 2. I found a world— blue and green with life, I thought to land— and call her
 3. My suit was bound— safe— to my ship, I thought the line— would ne'er come
 4. Oh love burns bright-ly, and— love burns warm, and love's a no-va with - in your

drive. Give me a ship that can jump be - tween and none shall part— my love and I.
 bound, and no less full is my heart with love, yet no star's pull— can draw me down.
 mine. But she'd been claimed, and they warned me off, and so I left— that world be - hind.
 free. But first it frayed, and— then it broke, and so my false love did un - to me.
 soul. But love grows dim, and— clo - ses in, and leaves your heart— a cold black hole.

The View from the Iron Road

9

1. All beau - ti - ful the wheel of stars as sea - sons come and go. The hand that made the
 2. The ma - chine's not el - e - gant it's true, it rat - tles and it roars. For dreams in Steel made
 3. We won't take our wars in - to space, at least not for a while, and eye to eye in

rose hath wrought a way for us to go: an I - ron Road for us to take, and
 man - i - fest cause fear and clo - ses doors. But when I - ron dreams and worlds col - lide, who
 ze - ro gee is eas - ier by a mile. And when we've learned to see our way in

reach for that bright light 'til ev - 'ry earth - bound child of us sees all from a lof - ty height.
 says then what is right? And all the earth - bound chil - dren see it all from a lof - ty height.
 sun's un - fet - tered light, we'll teach our earth - bound chil - dren to see things from a lof - ty height.

Falling Down on New Jersey

Am E Am E Am Dm6 E Am

1. It's a damn tough life far from home and wife we as - tro - nauts un - der go. And we
 2. Now it's wide - ly known that a ship a - lone would be burned up and de - stroyed, but the
 3. Well, now, why the shock? Hell, it's just a rock. Are we just a - lar - mist fools? But it
 4. It will strike a spark that will toast New - ark; and will flat - ten Perth Am boy. It

melody in tenor

Am E Am E Am Dm6 E Am G

don't much care, when the mis - sion's done, how far the ship did go. You'll be
 ship and crew brought with us, too, an e - lev - en mile as - ter oid. So
 has, you see, the en - er - gy of ten to the nine - teenth joules. With the
 won't be pret - ty in At - lan - tic Ci - ty; you should shade your eyes in Troy. E - ven

C G Am E

sad to learn our de or - bit burn won't be made: our tanks are emp ty, and the
 when you've a - wo - ken all the folks in Ho - bo - ken and the profs at Prince - ton, too, we'll di -
 rock's ad - vance, there is Buck - ley's chance that the Gar - den State - 'll be spared, and we
 so, and yet, we have one re - gret: that we have - n't the del - ta V to

The musical score is written for guitar and voice. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. Chords are indicated above the treble staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4.

System 1:

- Chords: Am, E, Am, E, F, E, Am
- Lyrics: fuel line's torn, so you'd bet - ter warn all the folks in New Jer sey.
vulge the fact of the rock's im - pact at se - ven thir - ty two.
soon will show, if you did - n't know, that E is M C squared.
push it forth, just a few miles north, to land smack on N. Y. C.

System 2:

- Chords: C, G, Am, E
- Lyrics: Fal - ling down on New Jer - sey, me boys, fal - ling down on New Jer - sey, we

System 3:

- Chords: Am, E, Am, E, F, E, Am
- Lyrics: thought it wise to a - po - lo - gize to the folks in New Jer - sey.

Woad

1. What's the use of wear-ing bra-ces, hats and spats and boots with la - ces, vests and coats you
 2. Ro - mans came a - cross the chan-nel all dressed up in tin and flan-nel, half a pint of

The first system of the musical score for 'Woad' consists of two staves in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are presented in two versions: a first version (1.) and a second version (2.).

buy in pla - ces down on Brompton Road? What's the use of shirts of cot - ton, studs that al - ways
 woad per man - 'll dress us more than these. Sax - ons ye may waste your stit - ches build - ing beds for

The second system continues the musical score. It features the same two-staff format and key signature. The lyrics continue from the first system, with the first version (1.) and second version (2.) of the lyrics. The melody and bass line are consistent with the first system.

get for - got - ten? Such af - fairs are simp - ly rot - ten, bet - ter far is woad.
 bugs in brit - ches, we have woad to clothe us which is not a nest for fleas.

The third system concludes the musical score. It maintains the two-staff format and key signature. The lyrics conclude with the first version (1.) and second version (2.) of the lyrics. The melody and bass line are consistent with the previous systems.

Woad's the stuff to show men, woad to scare your foe-men. Boil it to a bril-liant hue and
 Ro - mans keep your ar - mours, Sax - ons your py - ja - mas. Hair-y coats were made for goats, go -

rub it on your legs and your ab - do-men. Those an - cient Bri - tons ne'er did hit on an - y-thing as good as
 ril - las, yaks, re - trie-ver dogs and lla-mas. So tramp up Snow-don with your woad on, nev - er mind if you get

woad to fit on neck or knees or where you sit on. Tai - lors, you be blowed!
 rained or snowed on, nev - er need a but - ton sewed on. Go it, An - cient B's!

Code

1. What's the use of in - can - ta - tions need - ing strange ges - ti - cu - la - tions, eye - balls of ob -
 2. Of - ten - times a poor old bid - dy found on her fa - mil - iar kit - ty ticks and fleas, which

scure crus - ta - ceans, toe - nails of a toad? What's the use of years of train - ing, spells that don't work
 (more's the pi - ty) moved in - to her rugs. Sha - mans us - ing dung from cat - tle with small in - sects

when it's rain - ing or be - cause the moon is wan - ing? Bet - ter far is Code!
 must do bat - tle. We have code to serve us that - 'll not be fraught with bugs.

Code's the stuff we write now, code that's clean and tight now. Run it through your Ap - ple II (try
 Sha - man, save your ton - ic; witch, your pets bu - bon - ic. We've the means, with our ma-chines, to

not to stay up fix - ing it all night now.) An - cient ma - ges, through the a - ges,
 make phan - ta - sms vi - su - al and son - ic. If you've stayed with code that's made with

fre - quent - ly were prone to vio - lent ra - ges due to por - ing o - ver pa - ges filled with ink that glowed.
 prin - ci - pled tech - niques and not been played with, you won't need a wiz - ard's aid with u - ser - friend - ly code!

Who Sings for the Engineer?

The musical score is written for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are as follows:

Part	1.	2.	3.	4.
Soprano	In	twen - ty -	nine the	un - - em - ployed would walk the streets - or ride the
Alto	Gone	are the	days of	loy - - - al - ty be - tween a wor - ker and his
Tenor	Not	age dis -	cri - min	a - - tion, but "You're o - ver - qua - li - fied" they
Bass	Some	wor - kers'	loss is	mourned in song: the fam - 'ly farm - of yes - ter -

The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line, both in 3/4 time. The right hand features a mix of eighth and quarter notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with some harmonic support.

rails. To day the cy - ber pave-ment's just as tough when ev - 'ry job search fails.
 boss. Your job is safe as corp - 'rate stock; the brass 's gain be comes your loss.
 say, which means too ma - ny hands reach out to share your hou - rs and your pay.
 year, the fish ing boats, the small town mill. Now who sings for the en - gin - eer?

Vampire's Lullabye

1. Eat, my child, there's food a - bun - dant all through the night. Neck to bite and
 2. Hur - ry, child, we must be gone by dawn's ear - ly light. For we can - not
 3. All of you a - mong the liv - ing turn now in fright, for there will be

limbs re - dun - dant, all through the night. While the world sleeps un - sus - pec - ting,
 car - ry on ex - cept through the night. Crea - tures of the dark are we and
 no for - giv - ing by dark of night. When your world is torn a - sun - der,

we un - dead are re - sur - rec - ting: Vam - pires, ghouls and ghosts col - lec - ting bite af - ter bite.
 sub - ject to such en - mi - ty, we're bound to spend e - ter - ni - ty a - live just at night.
 earth - quake, fam - ine, fire and thun - der, we will rest se - cure down un - der, all through the night.

Dies Ille, Dies Lunae

19

solemnly

p

Di - es il - le, di - es Lu-nae sem-per ve - nit op-por-tu - ne ro - go vos et quae-ro id:—
 Se-qui-tur Mer - cu-rii di - es qua - lis som-nus, qua - lis qui-es! Au - di Le - pus! Quae-ri - tur:—

quid est quod et quod est quid?— Ri - es al - ter, di-es Mar-tis, di - es Mar - tis est la - bo-ris
 Quis-nam? Un - de? Quid-ni? Cur?— Di - es quar-tus, di-es Jo - vis, di - es Jo - vis heu, ae-nig-ma-ta,

et est ar-tis, et es ar - tis a - ge Can-ga, dic si scis: Qua - rum? Quo - rum? Quid est quis?
 ae-nig-ma-ta dat no - bis co - gi ta - bo for-si tan: Non - ne? Nec - ne? Ut - rum - an?

On Monday, when the sun is hot / I wonder to myself a lot: / "Now is it true, or is it not, / "That what is which and which is what?"
 On Tuesday, when it hails and snows, / The feeling on me grows and grows / That hardly anybody knows / If those are these or these are those.
 On Wednesday, when the sky is blue, / And I have nothing else to do, / I sometimes wonder if it's true / That who is what and what is who.
 On Thursday, when it starts to freeze / And hoar-frost twinkles on the trees, / How very readily one sees / That these are whose -- but whose are these?

Cur Ursus Clamat?

First system of the musical score, measures 1 through 7. The score is written for four staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass) in 3/2 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: *f* Cur ur - sus, cur ur - sus, cur ur - sus cla - mat? A - de - o mel a -

Second system of the musical score, measures 8 through 15. The lyrics continue: mat? *p* Burr, burr, burr, *cresc.* burr, burr, burr, burr! Quid est cau-sae. The score includes dynamic markings (*f*, *p*, *cresc.*) and a crescendo marking.

16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23

cur? cur? cur? cur? cur? cur? cur?

cur? Cur cal - le - o, cur cal - le - o can - ta - re dum ne - que - o, dum ne - que - o, dum ne - que - o vo -

cur? Cur cal - le - o, cur cal - le - o, cur cal - le - o can - ta - re vo -

cur? can - ta - re Dum ne - que - o vo -

24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32

la-re? *mp* E - ge - o dul - cis mel - lis, *mf* e - ge - o dul - cis mel - lis *ff* sed mel stat in stel - lis! *f* Cur

la-re? *mp* E - ge - o *mf* dul - cis mel - lis *ff* sed mel stat in stel - lis! *f*

la-re? *mp* E - ge - o dul - cis mel - lis, *mf* e - ge - o dul - cis mel - lis *ff* sed mel stat in stel - lis! *f*

la-re? *mp* E - ge - o dul - cis mel - lis, *mf* e - ge - o dul - cis mel - lis *ff* sed mel stat in stel - lis! *f*

ur - sus, cur ur - sus, cur ur - sus cla - mat? A - de - o mel a - mat? *p*

Cur ur-sus, cur ur-sus, ur - sus cla - mat? Cur a - de - o mel a - mat? *p*

Cur ur-sus, ur - sus cla - mat? Cur a - de-o mel a - - - mat? *p*

Ur - sus cla - mat? Cur a - de-o, cur a - de-o, a - de-o mel a - mat? *p*

Burr, burr, burr, burr, burr, burr, burr, burr! Quid est cau-sae cur?

Burr, burr, burr, burr, burr, burr, burr, burr! Quid est cau-sae cur?

Burr, burr, burr, burr, burr, burr, burr, burr! Quid est cau-sae cur?

Burr, burr, burr, burr, burr, burr, burr, burr! Quid est cau-sae cur?

Isn't it funny / How a bear likes honey / Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! / I wonder why he does?
 It's a very funny thought that, if Bears were Bees / They'd build their nests at the bottom of trees
 And that being so (if the Bees were Bears), / We shouldn't have to climb up all these stairs

Cur Ursus Clamat?

23

(keyboard reduction for rehearsal)

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24

25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37

38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48

The Heretic Heart

(The Ploughboy's Dream)

1. I am a bold and a pa— gan soul a - ram - bling— through this
 2. My moth - er was a— spin - ner of tales, my fa - ther a dream - ing
 3. Once I was found, but— now— I'm gone a - way from the faith - ful
 4. They tell me Je - sus— loves— me but I think he— loves in
 5. Then while I breathe this— glor— ious air, an out - law— I'll re -

land. I judge the world by— my own lights and I live by— my own
 man. And I have swung from the dra - gon's tongue and— danced on the ho - ly
 fold: the ones who preach that— ho - li - ness is to do what— you are
 vain. He must go un - re— - qui - ted for on— me he— has no
 main. My bo - dy will not— be sub - dued, and— I shall— not be

hands. And if you ask me where I learned to live so reck - less -
 land. I've sung the seed out of the ground, the bird down from the
 told. Though law and scrip - ture, prayer and priest have all in - struc - ted
 claim. My god - dess is the La - dy Moon whose tides run deep in
 claimed. And if I can - not shout a - loud, I'll sing it se - cret -

ly; my skin, my bones, my he - re - tic heart are my au - tho - ri - ty.
 tree. My skin, my bones, my he - re - tic heart are my au - tho - ri - ty.
 me, my skin, my bones, my he - re - tic heart are my au - tho - ri - ty.
 me. My skin, my bones, my he - re - tic heart are my au - tho - ri - ty.
 ly: my skin, my bones, my he - re - tic heart are my au - tho - ri - ty.

The Heretic Heart

(Jordan)

1. I am a bold and a pa - gan — soul a - ram - bling — through this land.

2. My moth - er was a — spin - ner of tales, my fa - ther a dream - ing man.

3. Once I was found, but — now I'm — gone a - way from the faith - ful fold:

4. They tell me Je - sus — loves me — but I think he — loves in vain.

5. Then while I breathe this — glor - ious — air, an out - law — I'll re - main.

melody in Tenor

I judge the world by — my own lights and I live by — my own hands.

And I have swung from the dra - gon's tongue and — danced on the ho - ly land.

the ones who preach that — ho - li - ness is to do what — you are told.

He must go un - re — qui - ted for on — me he — has no claim.

My bo - dy will not — be sub - dued, and — I shall — not be claimed.

And if you ask me where I learned to live so reck - less ly;
 I've sung the seed out of the ground, the bird down from the tree.
 Though law and scrip - ture, prayer and priest have all in - struc - ted me,
 My god - dess is the La - dy Moon whose tides run deep in me.
 And if I can - not shout a - loud, I'll sing it se - cret ly:

My skin, my bones, my he - re - tic heart are my au - tho - ri - ty!
 My

Web of Love

1. Life is spun of twist - ing at - oms, twined in a seam - less weave;— thru wind and leaf and—
 2. Car - bon in this bread we break, the child of the har - vest sheaf,— came of the breath of a
 3. This wine was part ri - sing cloud, a blush of the sun - light's pride,— torn a - cross a—
 4. Ni - tro - gen and phos-ph'rus pass - ing sweep, like— phan - tom wings,— thru life and death, through
 5. We are made of liv - ing earth, the spawn of a moul - ting star.— The stuff of all that—

earth and sea and air they cling and cleave. Our flesh was kin be— fore we met, ere
 mas - to - don, by way of a sun - lit leaf. Oh, taste the thou - sand— tales it holds, of
 knife - toothed ridge to fall on ei - ther side. The wa - ter, par - ted a - cross the hills in
 earth and air in in - ter - lock - ing rings. Withi - in our bones, with— in our blood, wound
 came be - fore has made the flesh we are. I know, the hour I— meet your eyes, that

heart dis - cov - ered heart; we are strands in an end - less web. How can we be a part?
 days when, day - light hurled, be - neath a pas - sen - ger pig - eon's wing it flew a - round the world.
 east - and west - borne flood, meets once a - gain its— rain - cloud kin and warms our ra - cing blood.
 through our D N A, Our flesh is made of— stone and sea, the breath of yes - ter - day.
 we are kin and kind: for we have touched in— ev - 'ry part, thru all of time en - twined.

From the time when the sun caught fire from the press of the weight it owns,— from the time when the

first rain fell and hissed on the scald - ing stones, at - oms have been dan-cing to a mu - sic made of

light— till at last in the dance we meet, and meet - ing re - u - nite.

Hymn

(All My Songs Home to You)

freely Solo Chorus

1, 5. When there's fear in my heart, La - dy, I'm sing - ing. When there's glad - ness
 2. When there's work to be done, Lord, I'm sing - ing. When there's sport to be had,
 3. Ev - 'ry breath that I take, let me be sing - ing. Ev - 'ry step a dance
 4. All a - round the world your chil - dren are sing - ing, good and bad times

Solo Chorus

I'm sing - ing too. Songs of joy, love and pain, La - dy I'm sing - ing.
 I'm sing - ing too. Songs of play, love and toil, Lord, I'm sing - ing.
 I dance with you. Ev - ry beat of my heart, let me be sing - ing.
 we're sing - ing too. Lis - ten to the Sum - mer - land: don't you hear sing - ing?

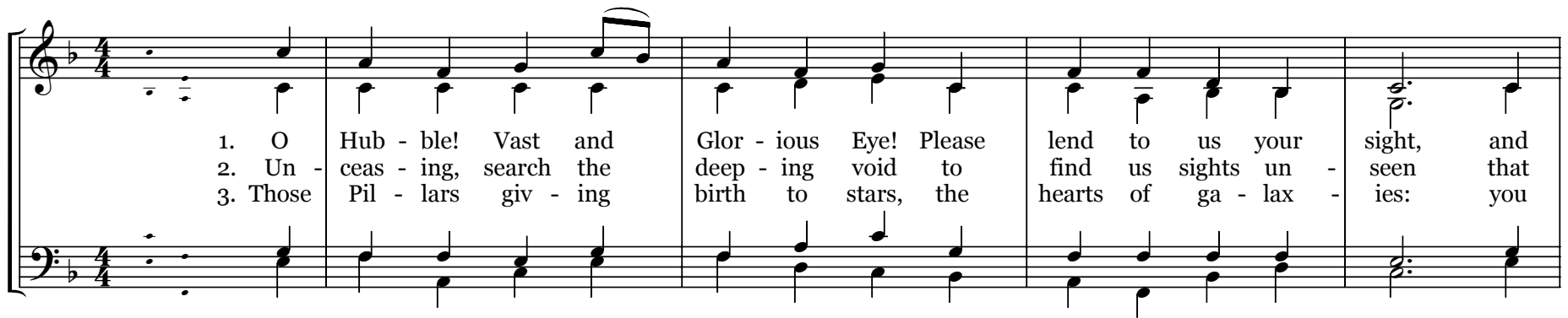
Solo Chorus

Send - ing all my songs home to you. Send - ing all my songs home to you.
 Send - ing all my songs home to you. Send - ing all my songs home to you.
 Bring - ing all our songs home to you. Bring - ing all our songs home to you.

Hymn to Hubble

(original tune)

31

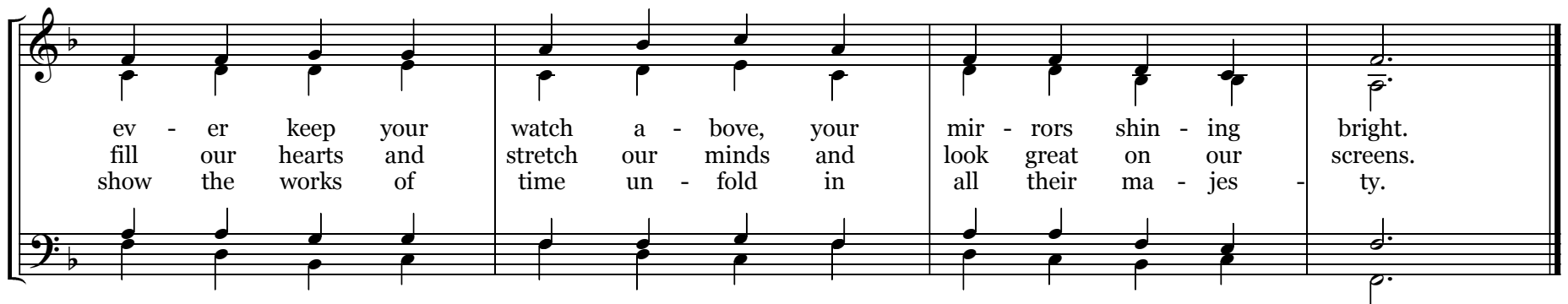


1. O Hub - ble! Vast and
 2. Un - ceas - ing, search the
 3. Those Pil - lars giv - ing

Glor - ious Eye! Please
 deep - ing void to
 birth to stars, the

lend to us your
 find us sights un -
 hearts of ga - lax -

sight, and
 seen that
 ies: you



ev - er keep your
 fill our hearts and
 show the works of

watch a - bove, your
 stretch our minds and
 time un - fold in

mir - rors shin - ing
 look great on our
 all their ma - jes -

bright.
 screens.
 ty.

Hymn to Hubble

(Northfield)

8 *melody in Tenor*

1. Oh Hub-ble! Vast and Glor-ious Eye! Please lend to us your sight, and
 2. Un - ceas-ing, search the deep-ing void to find us sights un - seen that
 3. Those Pil - lars giv - ing birth to stars, the hearts of ga - lax - ies: you ev - er keep your

and that you
 and fill our hearts and
 you show the works of

and that you ev - er keep your watch a - bove, your mir - rors shin-ing bright.
fill our hearts and stretch our minds and look great on our screens.
show the works of time un - fold in all their ma - jes - ty.

ev - er keep your watch a - bove, your mir - rors shin-ing bright.
fill our hearts and stretch our minds and look great on our screens.
show the works of time un - fold in all their ma - jes - ty.

watch a - bove, and ev - er keep your watch a - bove, your mir - rors shin-ing bright.
stretch our minds that fill our hearts and stretch our minds and look great on our screens.
time un - fold you show the works of time un - fold in all their ma - jes - ty.

How Can I Keep From Singing?

1. My life flows on in end-less song, a-bove Earth's la-men-ta-tion. I
 2. What though the tem-pest loud-ly roars, I hear the truth, it liv-eth! What
 3. When ty-rants trem-ble, sick with fear, and hear their death knell ring-ing, when
 4. I lift my eyes, the cloud grows thin, I see the blue a-bove it, and

hear the real, though far off, hymn that hails the new cre-a-tion. A-
 though the dark-ness round me close, songs in the night it giv-eth. No
 friends re-joice both far and near, how can I keep from sing-ing? In
 day by day this path-way clears since first I learned to love it. The

bove the tu-mult and the strife I hear its mu-sic ring-ing. It
 storm can shake my and in-most calm as to that rock I'm cling-ing; since
 pri-son cell and dun-geon vile our thoughts to them I'm wing-ing; When
 peace of love re-stores my soul, a foun-tain ev-er spring-ing. All

sounds an e - cho in my soul: how can I keep from sing - ing?
 Love is lord of heav'n and earth, how can I keep from sing - ing?
 friends by shame are un - de - filed, how can I keep from sing - ing?
 things are mine since I am loved, how can I keep from sing - ing?

The origin of this song is not known with any certainty.

Various claims have been made by various sources, including the following:

- The words and music were written by Robert Lowry (1826-1899).
- It was a traditional Quaker hymn which predates Lowry.
- It was first published in 1869 by Robert Lowry.
- Lowry was himself a Quaker.
- Lowry was a Baptist preacher.
- It was written by Ann Warner, a folk song collector from the 1950's.
- The lyrics appeared in a 19th century Christian novel by Anna Bartlett Warner or her sister Susan.
- Doris Plenn wrote the "When tyrants tremble" verse. (This claim is better documented than others.)
- Lowry wrote only the tune.
- Lowry wrote only the lyrics.

The lyrics of this very popular song have, in the best tradition of the folk process, evolved over the years, and the lyrics given here are but one of many variants.

An early version, possibly the original, was much more explicitly Christian.

Acts of Creation

F C F B \flat F
 (Refrain) You can tell it on the moun-tain, in the val-ley far be-low, but you
 1. From the ran-cher men-ding fen-ces with the wire that she has found to the
 2. So we make our art and mu-sic, though we know it will be flawed, yet in
 3. Though you work with words or mu-sic, liv-ing things or stone or glass, if you

B \flat F C F C
 need-n't tell the crafts-men, for they al-read-y know; from the au-thor at her
 far-mer on his trac-tor put-ting seed corn in the ground, in this world of hate and
 striv-ing to do bet-ter we are reach-ing out to God. We are reach-ing for per-
 don't love what you're mak-ing it will nev-er come to pass. From the draw-ings of a

F B \flat F B \flat F F/C C F
 key-board to the wood-wright at his lathe ev-'ry act of cre-a-tion is an act of faith.
 an-ger, when it's ea-sy to de-stroy, ev-'ry act of cre-a-tion is an act of joy.
 fec-tion and it's not be-yond our scope: ev-'ry act of cre-a-tion is an act of hope.
 child to the works of God a-bove ev-'ry act of cre-a-tion is an act of love.

A Psalm of Life

37



1. Tell me not, in mourn - ful num - bers, life is but an emp - ty dream! For the
 2. Not en joy - ment, and not sor - row, is our des - tined end or way; but to
 6. Lives of great men all re mind us we can make our lives sub lime, and, de -
 8. Let us, then, be up and do - ing, with a heart for an - y fate; still a -



soul is dead that slum - bers, and things are not what they seem. Life is real! Life is ear - nest! And the
 act, that each to mor - row find us fur - ther than to - day. time; wait.
 par - ting, leave be hind us foot - prints on the sands of la - bor and to wait.



grave is not its goal; dust thou art, to dust re - turn - est, was not spo - ken of the soul.

- | | | | |
|---|---|--|---|
| 3. Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave. | 4. In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife! | 5. Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, — act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'er head! | 7. Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again. |
|---|---|--|---|

Let Insects Specialize

The musical score is written for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are a parody of a famous quote by Robert A. Heinlein, as noted in the footer.

Vocal Parts:

- Soprano:** 1. A hu - man should know how — to change a dia — - per, plan a war,

2. A hu - man should know how — to lead, and how — to fol - low, too;

3. A hu - man should know how — to solve e - qua — - tions, cook a meal

4. A hu - man should know how — to write a pro — - gram, but - cher hogs,
- Alto:** 1. A hu - man should know how to change a dia per, plan a war,

2. A hu - man should know how to lead, and how to fol - low, too;

3. A hu - man should know how to solve e - qua - tions, cook a meal

4. A hu - man should know how to write a pro - gram, but - cher hogs,
- Tenor:** 1. A hu - man should know how — to change a dia — per, plan a war,

2. A hu - man should know how — to lead, and how — to fol - low, too;

3. A hu - man should know how — to solve e - qua — - tions, cook a meal

4. A hu - man should know how — to write a pro — - gram, but - cher hogs,
- Bass:** 1. A hu - man should know how — to change a dia — per, plan a war,

2. A hu - man should know how — to lead, and how — to fol - low, too;

3. A hu - man should know how — to solve e - qua — - tions, cook a meal

4. A hu - man should know how — to write a pro — - gram, but - cher hogs,

Piano Accompaniment: The piano part consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand accompaniment. The right-hand melody is marked "melody in Tenor" and follows the vocal lines. The left-hand accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

“A human being should be able to change a diaper, plan an invasion, butcher a hog, design a building, write a sonnet, set a bone, comfort the dying, take orders, give orders, solve equations, pitch manure, program a computer, cook a tasty meal, fight efficiently, die gallantly. Specialization is for insects.”

– Lazarus Long (Robert A. Heinlein)

com - pose a son - net, set a bone: let in - sects spe - cial - ize!
 de - sign a buil - ding, pitch ma - nure: let in - sects spe - cial - ize!
 give com - fort to fight well to a die dy - ing gal - lant ly: let in - sects spe - cial - ize!

com - pose a son - net, set a bone: let in - sects spe - cial - ize!
 de - sign a buil - ding, pitch ma - nure: let in - sects spe - cial - ize!
 give com - fort to fight well to a die dy - ing gal - lant ly: let in - sects spe - cial - ize!

com - pose a son - net, set a bone: let in - sects spe - cial - ize!
 de - sign a buil - ding, pitch ma - nure: let in - sects spe - cial - ize!
 give com - fort to fight well to a die dy - ing gal - lant ly: let in - sects spe - cial - ize!

com - pose a son - net, set a bone: let in - sects spe - cial - ize!
 de - sign a buil - ding, pitch ma - nure: let in - sects spe - cial - ize!
 give com - fort to fight well to a die dy - ing gal - lant ly: let in - sects spe - cial - ize!

A Pilgrim's Way

1. I do not look for ho - ly saints to guide me on my way, or
 2. Thus I will ho - nour pi - ous men whose vir - tue shines so bright (though
 3. And when they bore me o - ver - much, I will not shake mine ears, re -
 4. And when they work me ran - dom wrong, as of - ten - times hath been, I

male and fe - male dev - il - kins to lead my feet a - stray. If these are add - ed,
 none are more a - mazed than I when I by chance do right), and I will pi - ty
 call - ing man - y thou - sand such whom I have bored to tears. And when they la - bour
 will not cher - ish hate too long (my hands are none too clean). And when they do me

I re - joice, if not, I shall not mind, so long as I have leave and choice to
 foo - lish men for woe their sins have bred, (though nine - ty - nine per - cent of mine I
 to im - press, I will not doubt nor scoff; since I my - self have done no less and
 ran - dom good I will not feign sur - prise; no more than those whom I have cheered with

meet my fel - low - kind. For as we come and as we go (and dead - ly soon go
 brought on my own head). And, Am - or - ite or Er - e - mite, or Gen - 'ral Av - 'ra -
 some - times pulled it off! Yea, as we are and we are not, and we pre - tend to
 way - side cour - te - sies. But, as we give and as we take, what - e'er our ta - kings

we!) ——— The
 gee, ——— the
 be, ——— the
 be, ——— the

peo - ple, Lord, Thy peo ——— - ple are good e - nough for me!

5. But when I meet with frantic folk who sinfully declare
 There is no pardon for their sin, the same I will not spare
 Till I have proved that Heaven and Hell which in our hearts we have
 Show nothing irredeemable on either side the grave.
 For as we live and as we die - if utter Death there be -
 The people, Lord, Thy people are good enough for me!

6. Deliver me from every pride - the Middle, High or Low -
 That bars me from a brother's side, whatever pride he show.
 And purge me from all heresies of thought and speech and pen
 That bid me judge him otherwise than I am judged. Amen!
[short verse; ends at double bar line]

7. That I may sing of Crowd or King or road-borne company,
 That I may labour in my day, vocation and degree,
 To prove the same by deed and name, and hold unshakingly
 (Where'er I go, whate'er I know, whoe'er my neighbor be)
 This single faith in Life and Death and to Eternity:
 "The people, Lord, Thy people are good enough for me!"

After the Gold Rush

Note: All the verses have the same harmonization; only the rhythms are different.

1. Well I dreamed I saw the knights in ar— - mor com - ing, say - ing some-thing a - bout— a queen,

— there were pea-sants sing - ing and drum-mers drum - ming and the ar - cher split the tree.

— There was a fan— - fare blow - ing to the sun that was float - ing on the breeze.

The musical score is written for piano in 4/4 time, featuring three verses of lyrics. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb). The first system includes the first verse and has chord markings Eb, Ab, and Eb. The second system includes the second verse and has chord markings Ab, Eb, Bb, and Abmaj7. The third system includes the third verse and has chord markings Bb, Cm, Db, Abmaj7, and Db. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line and a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand.

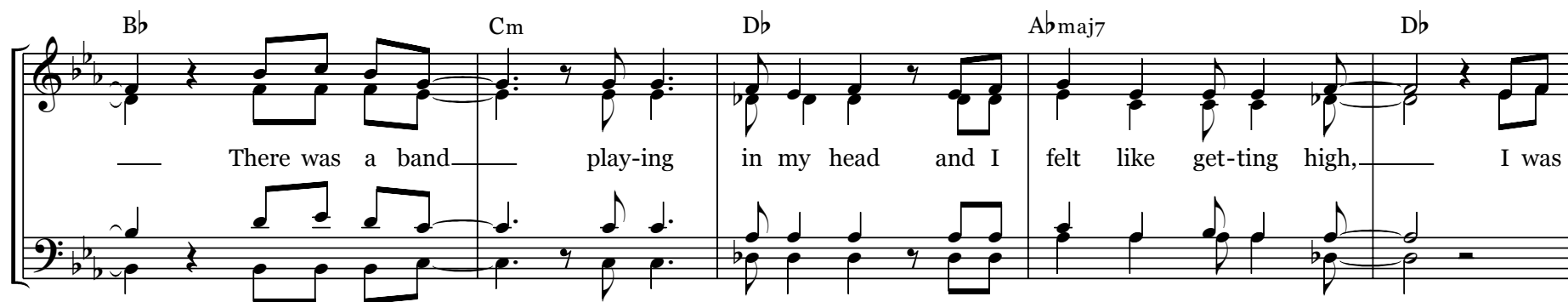
Eb Bb Dbmaj7,9 Ab Eb
 Look at moth-er na - ture on — the run in the nine-teen sev-en - ties. — Look at moth-er na - ture on

Bb Dbmaj7,9 Ab Eb Ab
 — the run in the nine-teen sev-en - ties. — 2. I was ly - ing in a burned out base - ment with the

Eb Ab Eb Bb Abmaj7
 full moon in my eyes. — I was hop-ing for a re-place - ment when the sun burst through the sky.

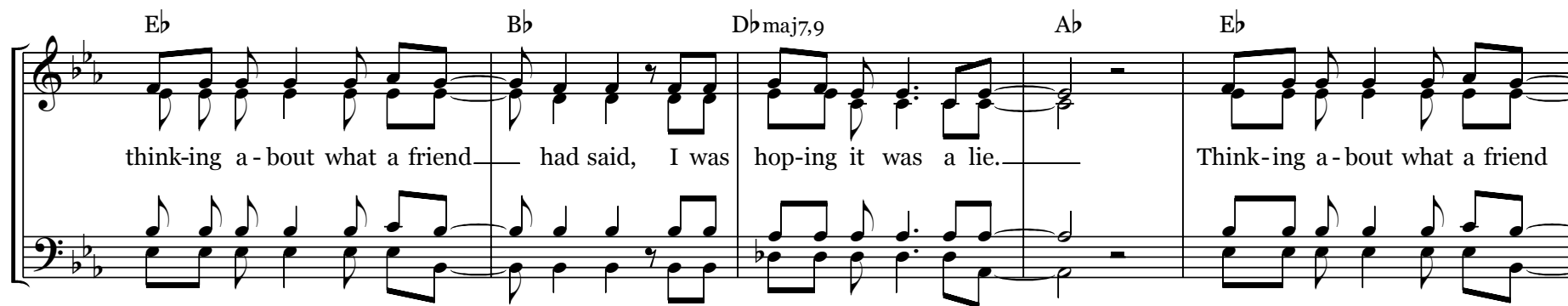
B \flat Cm D \flat A \flat maj7 D \flat

— There was a band — play-ing in my head and I felt like get-ting high, — I was



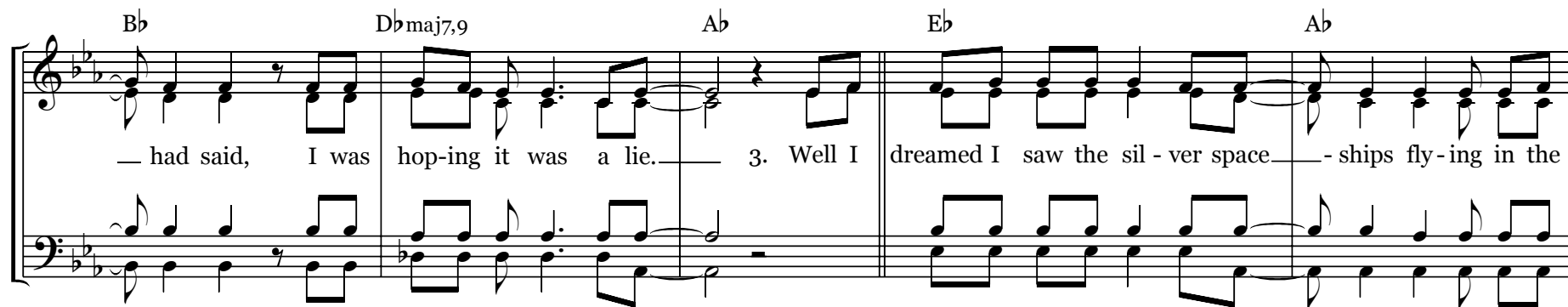
E \flat B \flat D \flat maj7,9 A \flat E \flat

think-ing a-bout what a friend — had said, I was hop-ing it was a lie. — Think-ing a-bout what a friend



B \flat D \flat maj7,9 A \flat E \flat A \flat

— had said, I was hop-ing it was a lie. — 3. Well I dreamed I saw the sil-ver space — ships fly-ing in the



$E\flat$ $A\flat$ $E\flat$ $B\flat$ $A\flat$ maj7
 yel-low haze of the sun, there were chil-dren cry-ing and col-ors fly-ing all a-round the chos-en ones.

$B\flat$ Cm $D\flat$ $A\flat$ maj7 $D\flat$ $E\flat$
 — All in a dream, all in a dream, the load-ing had be-gun, fly-ing moth-er na-ture's sil-

$B\flat$ $D\flat$ maj7,9 $A\flat$ $E\flat$ $B\flat$ $A\flat$
 — ver seed to a new home in the sun. Fly-ing moth-er na-ture's sil- ver seed to a new home.

Babylon Is Fallen

1. Out in Ep-si - lon Er - i - da - ni, twen - ty - five light years from earth, there in neu - tral
 2. Star - ting o - ver, crews be - gan to build a sec - ond sta - tion there. Sa - bo - teurs with
 3. Next at - tempt - com - ple - ted man-kind's great - est struc - ture built to date. One day af - ter
 4. Eight long years - since pro - ject star - ted, B - 5 was at last un - veiled. Af - ter on - ly

ter - ri - to - ry pro - ject Ba - by - lon had its birth, but this sta - tion died a - born - ing
 high ex - plo - sives dam - aged her - be - yond re - pair. Work be - gan on sta - tion three, but
 she was done, she suf - fered a - mys - ter - ious fate: dis - ap - peared in to the vac - uum,
 three short years, our last best hope for peace has failed. Though we leave the Earth Al - li - ance,

when her in - fra struc - ture tore.
 just like sta - tion two be - fore,
 thus de - par - ted num - ber four.
 fate has great - er things in store.

Ba-by-lon is fal-len, is fal - len, is fal-len, Ba-by-lon is fal-len to rise once more.

melody in Tenor

The Last Frontier

47

The musical score is written for three voices and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

Vocal Parts:

- 1. Soprano:** No more do wood and can - vas car - ry hu - man pi - o - neers, now glass and
- 2. Alto:** Be - yond e - vent ho - ri - zons where no star - light ev - er shines, the u - ni -
- 3. Tenor:** To see an - oth - er sun go down, or walk a for - eign shore, or be the

Piano Accompaniment:

The piano part consists of two staves. The right hand plays chords and moving lines, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with chords and moving lines.

steel bear forth our hopes and leave be - hind our fears.
 ver - se's mys - ter ies a - wait our ques - ting minds.
 first to meet a race we've nev - er known be fore.

What fu - tures
 se - crets lie be -
 glo - ries

steel bear forth our hopes and leave be - hind our fears.
 ver - se's mys - ter ies a - wait our ques - ting minds.
 first to meet a race we've nev - er known be fore.

What

steel bear forth our hopes and leave be - hind our fears.
 ver - se's mys - ter ies a - wait our ques - ting minds.
 first to meet a race we've nev - er known be fore.

What fu - tures
 se - crets lie be - yond the sky in
 glo - ries

yond the sky — in space, the last fron - tier, — in space, the last fron - tier?

What fu - tures se - crets lie be - yond the sky in space, the last fron - tier, in space, the last fron - tier?
 glo - ries

fu - tures se - crets lie be - yond the sky — in space, the last fron - tier, in space, the last fron - tier?
 glo - ries

space, the last fron - tier? — What fu - tures se - crets lie be - yond the sky in space, the last fron - tier?
 glo - ries

A Short Treatise on the History of Filk

Soprano & Alto

The his-to - ry of fil - king is full of fa - mous names who knew good me - lo - dies and who

filched them with - out shame. Charles Wes - ly stole fine folk - songs and Booth re-marked up - on why

Sa-tan had all the best tunes. They're not the on - ly ones. J. S. Bach is a fil - ker, he

did not write this tune. The com-po-ser was Hass - ler who's tur-ning in his tomb be - cause some folks think

Jo - hann wrote this sweet me - lo - dy. J. S. Bach is a fil - ker, the les - son's clear to see. J.

Soprano & Alto

S. Bach is a fil - ker, Paul Si-mon is one too. He al - so used this me - lo - dy to write "A - me-ri-can

Tune". So we and ma - ny o - thers may take these tunes we find and use them for our

filk songs, Hass - ler's not here to mind. He's not a-round to mind. (mmm)

Winter Is Icummen In

(round)



Burden



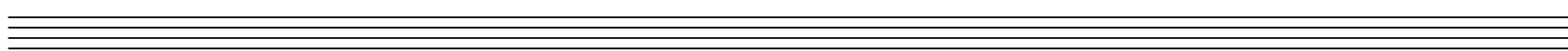
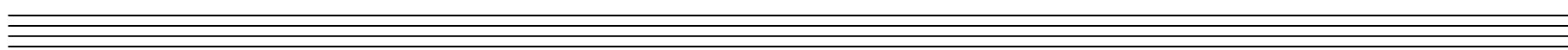
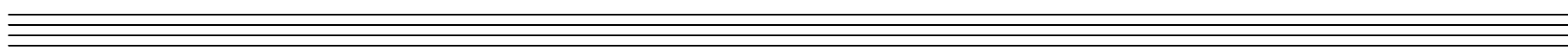
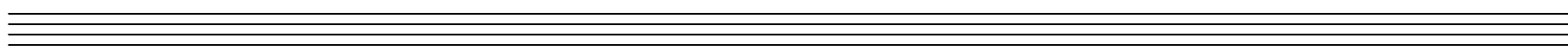
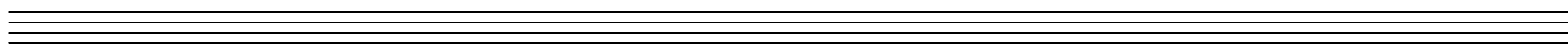
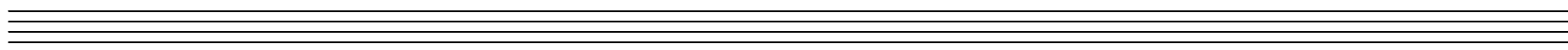
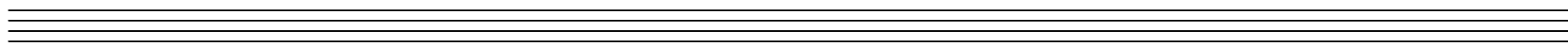
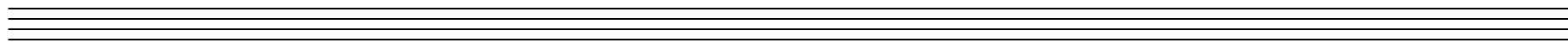
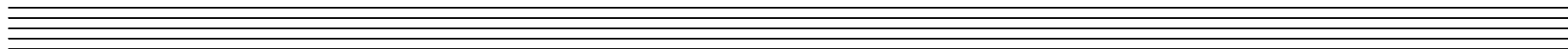
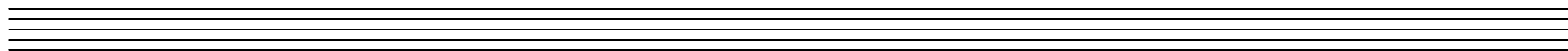
Recessional

53

1. God of our fa - thers, known of old, Lord of our far - flung bat - tle line,
 2. The tu - mult and the shou - ting dies; The Cap - tains and the Kings de - part:
 3. Far - called, our na - vies melt a - way; On dune and head - land sinks the fire:
 4. If, drunk with sight of power, we loose Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
 5. For hea - then heart that puts her trust In reek - ing tube and i - ron shard,

Be - neath whose aw - ful Hand we hold Do - min - ion o - ver palm and pine,
 Still stands thine an - cient sac - ri - fice, An hum - ble and a con - trite heart.
 Lo, all our pomp of yes - ter - day Is one with Nin - e - veh and Tyre!
 Such boas - tings as the Gen - tiles use, Or les - ser breeds with - out the Law;
 All val - iant dust that builds on dust, And guar - ding, calls not Thee to guard,

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, — Lest we for - get, lest we for - get!
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, — Lest we for - get, lest we for - get!
 Judge of the Na - tions, spare us yet, — Lest we for - get, lest we for - get!
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, — Lest we for - get, lest we for - get!
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