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

My song in the night I'm can't keep me from steal - ing. A - bove the cat - calls and the groans, of music and the most calm, as

They can't keep me from sing - ing. No threats can shake my song is safe from my a - buse. On

I'll milk, Eng - lish love the word - play bused like this. How can I keep from filking?

If I'm milk - ing, I will. King - dom come won't dare give me a harp. How can I keep from filking?

This tune was composed by Mike Stein in 1976. The original lyrics were written by Mike in 1982, with some changes made by Mike and Edward Stauff in 2003. The music is based on the folk tune "How Can I Keep from Singing?"
Hope Eyrie

1. Worlds grow old and
dead
2. Cy - cles turn while the
people and planets
suns grow cold and
far stars burn, and
3. But we who feel the
weight of the wheel when
we
4. We know well what
life can tell: if you
history's tide, sa
5. From all who tried out of
his story's tide, sa
death we never can
winter falls over our
fully not perish, then
}

In C

Em C D/A Am B7

Em D

G B Em D G D B/D# Em B

doubt age
world can grow And to
Time's cold wind, wailing
Life's crown passes to
hope for tomorrow and
day our fragile
old Earth smiles at her

down the past, remembering us that
youn ger lands, raising our eyes to a
flesh and steel have
children's reach; the

minds us that all
time sweeps dust of
silver moon in the
laid their hands on a
wave that carried us

Em B

Em B

Em B

Em B
flesh is____ grass_____ and his - to - ry's lamps blow out. But the Em B7/F#
    flesh is____ grass_____ and his - to - ry's lamps blow out. But the Eagle has
hope from his hands_____ and turns an____ o - ther page. But the Em/G
    hope from his hands_____ and turns an____ o - ther page. But the Eagle has
o - pened_____ skies and a sin - gle____ flag un - furled. For the Em
    opened_____ skies and a single____ flag unfurled. For the Eagle has
vas - ter_____ wheel_____ with all of the stars to know that the Em
    vaster_____ wheel_____ with all of the stars to know that the Eagle has
up the_____ beach_____ to reach for the shi - ning sun. For the Em
    up the_____ beach_____ to reach for the shining sun. For the Eagle has

Time won't drive us down to dust a - gain.

[8.6.8.6 w/Ref.] words and music © 1976 by Leslie Fish, assigned to Random Factors, used by permission; harmonization © 2003 by Edward L. Stauff [rev. 7 July 03]
The Green Hills of Earth

1. The arching sky is calling, space-mens back to their trade. All things end, from the
   hands! Stand by! Free falling! And the lights below us fade. Out of

2. We've sailed the endless vacuum, seen many wondrous manys." things from the
   harsh bright soil of Luna to feel home soils be beneath me once again. We've

3. My final watch is over, my travels nearing their end, All from the
   only wish is to turn's me lights once a gain. Let the

ride the sons of Terra, far drive the thundering jets, worth; out
tried each spinning space mote and reckoned its true girth out take us of our
sweet fresh breezes heal me as they rove a-round the out

leaps the race of earth-men, out far and onward yet.
back again to the homes of men, and of the cool, green hills of Earth.
lovely mother planet, of the cool green hills of Earth.

We pray for one last landing on the globe that gave us birth; let us

rest our eyes on the fleecy skies and the cool green hills of Earth.
The Word of God

1. From desert cliff and mountain top we trace the wide de-
   sign, strike-slip fault and seek-ing out the
   o-ver-thrust and dark-est place to syn-
   things that are de-
   ro-sion makes it known and count the count-
   remnant of his will, Ga-li-

2. There are those who name the stars, who watch the sky by fea-
   better see the anti-
   things that are de-
   these known and
   these ti-ny hum-

3. By stem and root and branch we trace by sea-
   see how they are made, or the moss, the kelp, the
   to-ward light. The
   ti-ny hum-

4. And we who listen to the stars or walk the dus-
   grade, who break the ver-
   ro-sion makes it known and count the count-
   these ti-ny hum-

"The Word of God" is a hymn with a musical score depicting the text.

Song lyrics:

1. From desert cliff and mountain top we trace the wide design, strike-slip fault and seeking out the over-thrust and darkness place to syn-

2. There are those who name the stars, who watch the sky by feathers, fang, and fur. Long ago, when the seamounts were formed, the moss, the kelp, the living things, seek.

3. By stem and root and branch we trace by sea化石, the benthic community, or the moss, the kelp, the living things, seek.

4. And we who listen to the stars or walk the dusty grade, who break the very..."
Odd long-va-nished creatures and their
High a-bove the moun-tain tops, where
We are kin to beasts, no o-ther
Deep in flow-er and in flesh, in
tracks and shells are on-ly dis-tance
an-swer can we star and soil and
found where bars, the bring, but seed, the truth has left its

sket-ches on the slate be-low the
to-lets in the dust be-tween the
fin-ger-prints on ev-ry liv-ing
liv-ing word for an-y-one to ground. The stars. 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 life.
sto-ry is un-furled. Hu-mans wrote the Bi-ble, God wrote the world.

We may watch and re-member, should you have to choose be-
read. So return and look where best you think the

[CMD] words and music © 1994 by Catherine Faber; harmonization © 2003 by Edward L. Stauff [rev. 7 July 03]
The Galaxy's Wide

Refrain: The galaxy's wide, worlds are few and far, and neither have full, I hull nor she's home-ward and call her would ne'er come with-in your

1. There is a ship, out between the stars, her holds are land line nova I drive, bound, mine.

2. I found a world, blue and green with life, I thought to land line nova I bound, mine.

3. My suit was bound, safe to my ship, I thought the line nova I free, mine.

4. Oh love burns brightly, and love burns and love's a nova I soul. But she'd been claimed, and they warned me love, yet no star's left false love did unto me. But first it frayed, and so I broke, and so my heart a cold black hole. But love grows dim, and breaks, and leaves your part pull. my love and can draw me down, hind. I. drive. and no less full that can jump between love, and none shall pull. my love and can draw me down, hind. I.
The View from the Iron Road

1. All beautiful the wheel of stars as seasons come and go. The hand that made the dreams in Steel made
    machine's not elegant it's true, it least not for a roars. For while, and
    won't take our wars into space, at
    bea-
    pou-
    ti-
    fi-
    fy

2. The manIFEST cause fear and closes doors. But when I-ron Road for us to take, and
    ro-
    ge-
    e-
    er
    ro-
    i-
    f-
    de

3. We zero gee is easier by a mile. And I-ron dreams and see our way in worlds collide, who
    ze-
    ro-
    gee
    i-
    s
    man-
    i-
    f

reach for that bright light 'til right? And all the earth-bound child of us sees all from a lofty
says then what is light, we'll teach our earth-bound children see it things from a lofty
sun's unfettered height. height. height.

[CMD] words © by Kate Holly-Clark; tune “The Ploughboy's Dream” (“Forest Green”), trad. English; harmonized by Ralph Vaughan Williams [rev. 7 July 03]
Falling Down on New Jersey

1. It's a damn tough life far from home and wife we, as - tro-naughts under - go. And we
   2. Now it's widely known that a ship a - lone would be burned up and del - stroyed, but the
   3. Well, now, why the shock? Hell, it's just a rock. Are we 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 oid. So
ship and crew brought with us, too, an e lev - en mile as - ter joules. With the
has, you see, the en - er - gy of ten to the nine - teenth Troy. E - ven
won't be pret - ty in At - lan - tic Ci - ty; you should shade your eyes in

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 our de folks in Ho - bo - ken and the Prince - ton, too, we'll dis - pared, and we
rock's ad - vance, there is Buck - ley's chance that the Gar - den State 'll be V to_
so, and yet, we have one re - gret: that we have - n't the del - ta

Am
fuel line's torn, so you'd better warn all the folks in New Jersey.
vulge the fact of the rock's impact at seven thirty two.
soon will show, if you didn't know, that E is M C squared.
push it forth, just a few miles north, to land smack on N. Y. C.

Falling down on New Jersey, me boys, falling down on New Jersey, we

thought it wise to apologize to the folks in New Jersey.
1. What's the use of wearing braces, hats and spats and boots with laces, vests and coats you half a pint of

2. Romans came across the channel all dressed up in tin and flannel,...
Woad’s the stuff to show men, woad to scare your foe-men. Boil it to a bril-liant hue and
Romans keep your armours, Sax-ons your py-jamas. Hair-y coats were made for goats, go-

rub it on your legs and your ab-dos-men. Those an-cient Bri-tons tramp up Snow-don ne’er did hit on an-ything as good as
bri-las, yaks, re-trie-ver dogs and lla-mas. So 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 blown! rained or snowed on, never need a button sewed on. Go it, Ancients B’s!

[irr.] words of unknown origin, attr. to Flanders & Swann or Colin Douthwaite; music “Men of Harlech”, traditional; harmonization © 2002 by Edward L. Stauff [rev. 7 July 03]
1. What's the use of incantations needing strange gestures, eyeballs of obstacles.

2. Often times a poor old bid- dy found on her familiar kit- ty ticks and fleas, which

secure crus- ta- ceans, (more's the pi- ty)
toe- nails of a moved in- to her toad?
What's the use of Shams us- ing years of train- ing, spells that don't work

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

Code!
Code's the stuff we
Shaman, save your
tonic;
code that's clean and
wizard, your pets 
monic.
Run it through your
We've the means, with
Apples II (try
our machines, to

not to stay up fixing it all
make phantasms visual and
sonic.
Ancient magics, through the ages,
If you've stayed with
code that's made with

frequent were prone to
principled techniques and
violent rages
not been played with,
due to poring
you won't need a
wizard's aid with
over pages
filled with ink that
glowed.

Who Sings for the Engineer?

1. In twenty-nine the unemployed would walk the streets or ride the
   streets or ride the

2. Gone are the days of loyalty between a worker and his
   loyalty between a worker and his

3. Not age discrimination but "You're over qualified" they
   discrimination but "You're over qualified" they

4. Some workers' loss is mourned in song: the family farm of yesterday
   some workers' loss is mourned in song: the family farm of yesterday

In Gone Not Some

In Gone Not Some
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-gi-neer?

The music is composed of staves with notes and musical symbols. The text is set in a musical score format, with staves and notes representing the melody and harmony.
Vampire's Lullabye

1. Eat, my child, there's food abundant all through the night. Neck to bite and limbs redundant,
   12/8/12

2. Hurry, child, we must be gone by dawn's early light. For we can not carry on except through the night. While the world sleeps unsuspecting, we undead are subject to such re-surrection:
   12/8/12

3. All of you among the living turn now in fright, when your world is torn a-sunder, vampire's ghouls and spirits, we will rest secure down under, bite after bite.
   12/8/12

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?

Cur ur-sus, cur ur-sus, cur ur-sus clamat?

Ur-sus clamat? Cur ade-o, cur ade-o, ade-o mel ad-

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

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

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

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

Quid est cau-sae
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

[irr.] words © 1926, 1954 by A. A. Milne; Latin translation from Winnie Ille Pu, © 1960 by Alexander Lenard; music © 1999 by Edward L. Stauff [rev. 6 July 03]
Cur Ursus Clamat?

(keyboard reduction for rehearsal)

music © 1999 by Edward L. Stauff [rev. 9 July 03]
1. I am a bold and a pagan soul a - ram - bling through this
2. My mother was a spinner 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 glorious 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 dragon'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 - subdued, 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 goddess is the Lady Moon whose tides run deep in
claimed. And if I can-not shout a-loud, I'll sing it se-cret-

[CMD] words © by Catherine Madsen; tune "The Ploughboy's Dream" ("Forest Green"), trad. English; harmonized by Ralph Vaughan Williams [rev. 7 July 03]
The Heretic Heart
(Jordan)

1. I am a bold and a pagan soul a rambling through this land.
2. My mother was a spinner of tales, my father a dreaming man.
3. Once I was found, but now I’m gone a way from the faith-ful fold:
4. They tell me Jesus loves me but I think he loves in vain.
5. Then while I breathe this glorious air, an outlaw I’ll re-main.

And I judge the world by my own lights and I live by my own hands.
And I have swung from the dragon’s tongue and danced on the holy land.
The ones who preach that holiness is to do what you are told.
He must go un-quited for on me he has no claim.
My body will not be subdued, and I shall not be claimed.

melody in Tenor

In this melody, the text is sung in the key of G major, with the words "The Heretic Heart" appearing prominently at the beginning of the page. The phrase "in Tenor" indicates the voice part for this vocal piece.
And I've sung the law and seed out of the prayer and learned to ground, the bird down all in reck-less-ly; though god-dess is the prayer and priest have tides run secretly; my and if I can-not shout a Moon whose sing it deep in se-cre-ty: if you ask me of the ground, I'll live so bird down from the tree. my skin, my bones, my here-tic heart are my au-thor-i-ty!

[CMD] words © by Catherine Madsen; music “Jordan” by William Billings 1786, from The Sacred Harp [rev. 6 July 03]
1. Life is spun of twist- ing at-oms, twined in a seam- less
2. Car- bon in this bread we break, the child of the har- vest
3. This wine was part ris- ing cloud, a sheaf;__ thru
4. Ni- tro-gen and phos- ph'r us pass- ing Pride__ came
5. We are made of liv- ing earth, the phos- ph'r us pass- ing wings, thru

earth and sea and child of the har- vest
earth and air in
earth and sea and
earth and air in

air they cling and come be- fore has
in- ter- lock- ing
mas- to- don, by way of a sun- lit
knife-toothed ridge to fall on ei- ther

clive. Our flesh was kin be__
clive. Our flesh was kin be__
clive. Our flesh was kin be__
clive. Our flesh was kin be__

fore we met, ere tales it holds, of
fore we met, ere tales it holds, of
fore we met, ere tales it holds, of
fore we met, ere tales it holds, of

heart dis- cov- ered heart; hurled, be__
heart dis- cov- ered heart; hurled, be__
heart dis- cov- ered heart; hurled, be__
heart dis- cov- ered heart; hurled, be__

days when, day- light hurled, be__
days when, day- light hurled, be__
days when, day- light hurled, be__
days when, day- light hurled, be__

east- and west-borne flood, meets A, Our
east- and west-borne flood, meets A, Our
east- and west-borne flood, meets A, Our
east- and west-borne flood, meets A, Our

through our D N we are kin and kind: for we have touched in
through our D N we are kin and kind: for we have touched in
through our D N we are kin and kind: for we have touched in
through our D N we are kin and kind: for we have touched in

end- less web. How can we be a part? world.
end- less web. How can we be a part? world.
end- less web. How can we be a part? world.
end- less web. How can we be a part? world.

pig- eon's wing it flew a- round the
rain-cloud kin and warms our ra- cing
stone and sea, the breath of yes- ter
all of time en- twined.
stone and sea, the breath of yes- ter
all of time en- twined.
stone and sea, the breath of yes- ter
all of time en- twined.
stone and sea, the breath of yes- ter
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 scalding stones, atoms have been dancing to a music made of light till at last in the dance we meet, and meeting reunite.
Hymn
(All My Songs Home to You)

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

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.

Listen to the Sum - mer - land: don't you hear sing - ing?

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.
Send-ing all our songs home to you.

[chorus]

[iir.] words and music © 2002 by Gwen Knighton; harmonization © 2003 by Edward L. Stauff [rev. 7 July 03]
Hymn to Hubble
(original tune)

1. O Hub - ble! Vast and Glor - ious Eye! Please lend to us your sight, and
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.

2. Un - ceas - ing, search the deep - ing void to find us sights un - seen that
keep your works and fill our hearts and show the works of time un - fold in all their ma - jes ty.

3. Those Pil - lars giv - ing birth to stars, the hearts of ga - lax - ies: you
keep your works and fill our hearts and show the works of time un - fold in all their ma - jes ty.
Hymn to Hubble
(Northfield)

1. Oh Hub-ble! Vast and Glor-ious Eye! Please lend to us your sight, and ev-er keep your
   search the deep-ing void to find us sights un-seen
   giving birth to stars, the hearts of ga-laxies: you show the works of

2. Un-ceas-ing, Vast and Glor-ious Eye! Please lend to us your sight, and ev-er keep your
   search the deep-ing void to find us sights un-seen
   giving birth to stars, the hearts of ga-laxies: you show the works of

3. Those Pil-lars Vast and Glor-ious Eye! Please lend to us your sight, and ev-er keep your
   search the deep-ing void to find us sights un-seen
   giving birth to stars, the hearts of ga-laxies: you show the works of

melody in Tenor
and that you fill our hearts and show the works of time un-fold your minds and stretch our minds and keep your heart shining bright. Your mirrors great on our screens. And mirrors great on our screens.

Ever keep your fill our hearts and show the works of time un-fold in all their majesty. Your mirrors great on our screens. And mirrors great on our screens.

Watch above, your mirrors shining bright. Your mirrors great on our screens. And mirrors great on our screens.

Watch above, your minds and stretch our minds that fill our hearts and stretch our minds that fill our hearts and show the works of time un-fold you show the works of time un-fold you keep your heart shining bright. Your mirrors great on our screens. And mirrors great on our screens.

[CM] words © 1998 by Michelle Bottorff; music "Northfield" by Jeremiah Ingalls 1800, from The Sacred Harp [rev. 7 July 03]
How Can I Keep From Singing?

1. My life flows on in endless song, above Earth's lamentation. I hear the truth, it lifeth!
2. What though the tempest loudly roars, I hear the truth, it lifeth! What
3. When tyrants tremble, sick with fear, and hear their death knell ringing, when
4. I lift my eyes, the cloud grows thin, I see the blue above it, and

Though the darkness round me close, songs in the night it giveth. No
Hear the real, though far off, hymn that hails the new creation. A
Though the darkness though the darkness ness far off, hymn that hails the new creation. A
friends rejoice both far and near, how can I keep from singing? In
Day by day this path-way clears since first I learned to love it. The

Bove the tumult and the strife I hear its music ringing. It
Storm can shake my in-most calm as to that rock I'm clinging; since
Prison cell and dungeon vile our thoughts to them are winging. When
Peace of love restores my soul, a fountain ever springing. All
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

(Refrain) You can tell it on the mountain,
in the valley far be low, but you found to the flaw, yet in glass, if you

crafts-men, for they already know; from the ground, in this God. We are world of hate and reach-ings for per-

key-board to the wood-wright at his lathe every act of creation is an act of faith.

[8.7.8.7.8.7.8.5] words and music © 1993 by Catherine Faber; harmonization © 2002 by Edward L. Stauff [rev. 6 July 03]
A Psalm of Life

1. Tell me not, in mornful numbers, life is but an empty dream! For the way; but to
   not, in mornful numbers, life is but an empty dream! For the way; but to

2. Not en joy-ment, and not sor-row, is our des-tined end or lime, and, de-
   joy-ment, and not sor-row, is our des-tined end or lime, and, de-

3. Art is long, and Time is fleeting, And our hearts, though stout and brave,
   Art is long, and Time is fleeting, And our hearts, though stout and brave,

4. In the world’s broad field of battle, In the bivouac of Life,
   In the world’s broad field of battle, In the bivouac of Life,

5. Trust no Future, howe’er pleasant! Let the dead Past bury its dead! Let the dead Past bury its dead! Let the dead Past bury its dead!
   Trust no Future, howe’er pleasant! Let the dead Past bury its dead! Let the dead Past bury its dead!

6. Lives of great men all re mind us we can make our lives sub heart for an y
do- ing, with a make our lives sub heart for an y

7. Footprints, that perhaps another, Sailing o’er life’s solemn main,
   Footprints, that perhaps another, Sailing o’er life’s solemn main,

8. Let us, then, be up and do ing, with a heart for an y
do ing, with a heart for an y

[8.7.8.7 with Refrain] words by Alfred Lord Tennyson; composer unknown; harmonization © 1990 by Edward L. Stauff [rev. 9 July 03]
Let Insects Specialize

1. A human should know how 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)
COMPOSE A SONNET, SET A BONE: LET INSECTS SPECIALIZE!

DESIGN A BUILDING, PITCH MATURE: LET INSECTS SPECIALIZE!

GIVE COMFORT TO A DYING SOUL: LET INSECTS SPECIALIZE!

TO FIGHT WELL AND DIE GALANTLY: LET INSECTS SPECIALIZE!

COMPOSE A SONNET, SET A BONE: LET INSECTS SPECIALIZE!

DESIGN A BUILDING, PITCH MATURE: LET INSECTS SPECIALIZE!

GIVE COMFORT TO A DYING SOUL: LET INSECTS SPECIALIZE!

TO FIGHT WELL AND DIE GALANTLY: LET INSECTS SPECIALIZE!

COMPOSE A SONNET, SET A BONE: LET INSECTS SPECIALIZE!

DESIGN A BUILDING, PITCH MATURE: LET INSECTS SPECIALIZE!

GIVE COMFORT TO A DYING SOUL: LET INSECTS SPECIALIZE!

TO FIGHT WELL AND DIE GALANTLY: LET INSECTS SPECIALIZE!

[CM] words adapted from Robert A. Heinlein by Edward L. Stauff; music “Bethel” from The Sacred Harp, composer unknown [rev. 7 July 03]
A Pilgrim's Way

1. I do not look for holy saints to guide me on my way, or bright (though ears, re-

2. Thus I will ho-nour pious men whose vir-tue shines so will not shake mine

3. And when they bore me over-much, I will not shake mine

4. And when they work me random wrong, as of-ten-times hath been, I

male and fe-male none are more a-

devil-kins to mazed than I when call-ing man-y

lead my feet a-stray. If lead my feet a-stray. If lead my feet a-stray. If

I by chance do right), and I by chance do tears. And I by chance do tears. And

I have bored to clean). And these are add-ed, I have bored to clean). And these are add-ed,

hate too long (my hands are none too clean). And hands are none too clean). And hands are none too

these are add-ed, I will pi-ty

dev-er-ful time, I will pi-ty

my self have

long as I have

nin-ty-nine per-

cent of mine I

I re-joice, if I shall not mind, so

not, I shall not bred (though

fool-ish men for woe their sins have

to im-press, I will not doubt nor

ran-dom good I will not feign sur-

9

long as I have

nin-ty-nine per-

cent of mine I

I re-joice, if I shall not mind, so

not, I shall not bred (though

foo-lish men for woe their sins have

to im-press, I will not doubt nor

ran-dom good I will not feign sur-
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!”

[CMD with Refrain ] words by Rudyard Kipling; music by Peter Bellamy; harmonization © 2003 by Edward L. Stauff [rev. 7 July 03]
1. Well I dreamed I saw the knights in armor coming, saying something about a queen.

There were peasants singing and drummers drumming and the archer split the tree.

There was a fanfare blowing to the sun that was floating on the breeze.

Note: All the verses have the same harmonization; only the rhythms are different.
Look at mother nature on the run in the nineteen seventies.

Look at mother nature on the run in the nineteen seventies.

2. I was lying in a burned out basement with the full moon in my eyes.

I was hoping for a replacement when the sun burst through the sky.
There was a band playing in my head and I felt like getting high, I was thinking about what a friend had said, I was hoping it was a lie. Thinking about what a friend had said, I was hoping it was a lie. 3. Well I dreamed I saw the silver spacecraft flying in the
yel-low haze of the sun, there were chil-dren cry-ing and col-ors fly-ing all a-round the chos-en ones.

All in a dream, all in a dream, the load-ing had be-gun, fly-ing moth-er na-ture's sil-

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 Epi-
   silon
2. Star-
ing o-
   ver,
3. Next at-
tempt com-
   ple-
   ted man-
   kind’s
4. Eight long years since
   project started,

Er-
   i-
   da-
   ni,
twen-
   ty-
   five light
build a sec-
   ond

great-
   est struc-
   ture

years from earth,
sta-
   tion there.

the

in neu-
   tral

Sa-
   bo-
   teurs with

One day af-
   ter

Af-
   ter on-
   ly

ter-
   ri-
   to-
   ry

high ex-
   plos-
   sives

dam-
   aged her

proj-
   ects

Ba-
   by-
   lon

had its birth,
had

but this sta-
   tion

though we leave the

three short years, our

last best hope for

peace has failed.
peace has failed.

Work be-
   gan on

dis-
   ap-
   peared in

to the vac-
   uum,

Seso-

in

with

Bab-
   y-
   lon

three, but

died a-
   born-
   ing

station three, but

Earth Al-
   li-
   ance,

when her in-
   fra-
   struc-
   ture tore.
when her in-
   fra-
   struc-
   ture tore.

just like sta-
   tion

just like sta-
   tion

thus de-
   par-
   ted

thus de-
   par-
   ted

fate has great-
   er

fate has great-
   er

things in store.

things in store.

Ba-
   by-
   lon

is fal-
   len, is fal-
   len, Ba-
   by-
   lon

is fal-
   len, is fal-
   len, Ba-
   by-
   lon

is fal-
   len to

rise once more.
The Last Frontier

1. No more do wood and canvas carry human pioneers, now glass and
2. Beyond the venture horizon where no starlight ever shines, the uni-
3. To see another sun go down, or walk a foreign shore, or be the

melody in Tenor

1. No more do wood and canvas carry human pioneers, now glass and
2. Beyond the venture horizon where no starlight ever shines, the uni-
3. To see another sun go down, or walk a foreign shore, or be the

The Last Frontier

47
What futures secrets lie beyond the sky in space, the last frontier?

What futures secrets lie beyond the sky in space, the last frontier?

What futures secrets lie beyond the sky in space, the last frontier?
A Short Treatise on the History of Filk

The history of filking is full of famous names who knew good melodies and who filched them without shame. Charles Wesley stole fine folk-songs and Booth re-marked upon why Satan had all the best tunes. They're not the only ones. J. S. Bach is a filker, he did not write this tune. The composer was Hassler who's turning in his tomb because some folks think
Soprano & Alto

S. Bach is a filk-ker, the lesson’s clear to see. J.

Johann wrote this sweet melody. J. S. Bach is a filk-ker, the lesson’s clear to see. J.

S. Bach is a filk-ker, Paul Simon is one too. He also used this melody to write “American Tune”. So we and many others may take these tunes we find and use them for our filk songs, Hassler’s not here to mind. He’s not around to mind. (mmm)

[7.6.7.6 D] words © 1988 by Valerie Housden & Anne Whitaker; tune by H. L. Hassler (1564-1612); harmonization by J. S. Bach (1685-1750) [rev. 9 July 03]
Winter Is Icumen In
(round)

Winter is icumen in, Ihu-de sing God-damm,
Rain-eth drop and stain-eth slop, and
how the wind doth ram!
Sing: God-damm.
Skid-deth bus and slop-peth us, an
gague hath my ham.
Freezeth riv-er, turneth liv-er, damn you, sing: God-damm.

God-damm, God-damm, 'tis why I am, God-damm, so against the winter's balm.

Burden
Sing God-damm, damm, sing God-damm.
Recessional

1. God of our fathers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung bat- tle line,
   The tumult and the shouting dies; The Captains and the Kings depart:
   Far-called, our navies melt away; On dune and headland sinks the fire:
   If, drunk with sight of power, we lose Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
   For hea-then heart that puts her trust in reeking tube and i-ron shard,

2. Be-nearth whose awful Hand we hold Do-min-ion over palm and pine,
   Still stands thine ancient sacri-fice, An con-trite heart.
   Lo, all our pomp of yes-ter-day Is veh and Tyre!
   Such boas-tings as the Gen-tiles use, Or out the Law;
   All val-iant dust that builds on dust, And Thee to guard,

3. Hand we hold Do-min-ion over palm and pine,
   Gen-tiles use, Or out the Law;
   Our trust is in the Rock that is our high-land
   He, our Lord, forever stands, for He is our rock and salvation.

4. Such boas-tings as the gen-tiles use, Or out the Law;
   Thee, our Lord, forever stands, for He is our rock and salvation.
   Let the earth be moved and the heavens tremble.
   The Lord of hosts, with us forever!

5. Thee, our Lord, forever stands, for He is our rock and salvation.
   Let the earth be moved and the heavens tremble.
   For He is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.
   Therefore, let the earth be moved and the heavens tremble.

[LMD] words by Rudyard Kipling; music © 1993 by Leslie Fish, assigned to Random Factors, used by permission; harmonization © 2002 by Edward L. Stauff [rev. 7 July 03]
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