

THREE CHORDS

AND

THE TRUTH

The Peter Brunette Songbook





Three Chords and the Truth



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Set in Perpetua
Design by Peter Brunette

For Starla



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Preface

Somewhat ironically, perhaps, readers who are unfamiliar with the phrase I've chosen for the title of my book will very likely understand it as I intend them to, while those who know its origin may find the title slightly misleading. "Three chords and the truth," they will recall, is how the great Nashville songwriter Harlan Howard described the combination of technical simplicity and emotional honesty that, in his view, lay at the core of good country music. As it happens, a handful of songs in this book—"Jack of Diamonds," "I Gave You My Heart," "Come Sit by the Window," "The Willow and the Pear"—have more than a whiff of country about them, while many others lend themselves readily enough to being performed in a country style. To apply the term "country music" to the book as a whole, however, would stretch its meaning beyond recognition. Hence the risk of some minor cognitive dissonance to which I alluded above. I accept this risk because I believe "three chords and the truth" captures, as admirably and inimitably as so terse an expression possibly could, not only the essence of country music but the essence of folk music writ large—that great wellspring of popular creativity from which so many vital styles and genres flow. My own songs span a range of these genres, but I like to think of the whole caboodle as falling within the folk tradition, thus broadly construed.

Like Howard himself, though, I've taken the first point of his formula with a grain of salt. Truth be told, only about a fifth of my arrangements make do with the three primary chords in a major key (the I, IV, and V). The rest I've chosen to fancy up with a sprinkling—occasionally more like a deluge—of relative minors (the ii, iii, and vi). Nevertheless, my songs remain musically undemanding and suited to amateur as well as professional performers. The majority are easy enough for beginning vocalists and guitarists, while the remainder call for no more than intermediate skills (see the skill-level ratings in the table on pp. 335–336).

When it comes to Howard's second point, however, I've done my level best to hold the line and keep the faith. In short, I've crammed as much truth into my songwriting as I know how. But just as the form or style of my work extends beyond the domain of country music, so too does its content extend beyond the domain of personal relationships, with which country singers often seem a little too preoccupied. Not that I don't share a keen and abiding interest in the roles we play in one another's lives as lovers, friends, and family members. Not that I haven't tried to speak some home truths about these fundamental aspects of human nature, as any decent songwriter surely must. But I've tried in addition—as, to be fair, many fine country-music artists have also done—to speak some truths about our political and economic relationships, about our relationship to Nature, and even about our relationship to God.

All of which, I fear, is beginning to sound dreadfully earnest and self-important. Therefore, dear reader, allow me to take a step back and reassure you that the lyrics and melodies you're about to encounter are more often designed to make you smile than to make you weep. Every sigh of anguish ought to be compensated by an equal or greater upwelling of delight and, with any luck, a hearty belly laugh.



This is what musicians call a fake book, or a book of lead sheets. In other words, it doesn't provide full piano scores for its songs but only the vocal melodies, lyrics, and chords. Performers are welcome to add harmonies and instrumental sections—introductions, breaks, and endings—as they please.

At the cost of some duplication, I've added extra pages for the lyrics alone, in the hope that they stand up to being read as poetry—or, in some cases, light verse—and hence that my book may have something to offer even to folks who don't read music. Those who fall into that category yet wish to learn the tunes as well may do so by listening to the audio tracks on my website (peterbrunette.com).

Written over a period of more than half a century, the songs included herein constitute almost my entire songwriting *oeuvre* to date, and, as I've already suggested, they're all over the map in terms of style, tone, and theme. Most are suitable for all ages, although some, especially the political songs in Part Four, contain material that will pass over the heads of most children of elementary-school age. Parents of young children may also care to be advised that a few of the songs are, shall we say, adult oriented.

“Animal Shows” and “A Woman’s World” contain explicitly sexual imagery, while the erotic allusions found in “I Will Be Your Lover,” “Mama, Let Me Be Your Loving Man,” “Tangerine,” and “Santa Claus Town,” are somewhat more oblique.

Twelve of the songs in this book comprised my 2015 album *Meadowlark*, which is available for listening and downloading at peterbrunette.com. The recorded versions differ somewhat from those presented here, however. I’ve transposed the songs into keys that are more guitar-friendly and made minor melodic, rhythmic, or chordal revisions to some of them.

In the tempo text of a number of lead sheets, you’ll notice that some talk-singing (*Sprechstimme*) is suggested. As the term implies, talk-singing is an ad-lib technique midway between talking and singing. It amounts to speaking in an animated, singsong voice without strictly adhering to the melody or rhythm of the song. In most cases, talk-singing is optional; I think it adds to the effect of certain songs, but it’s possible to perform almost all of them without it. The two exceptions to this rule are “The Stowaway Astronaut” and “My Love Is Gender Neutral,” each of which contains passages that don’t work very well when sung melodically. The lyrics to be talk-sung are indicated by x-shaped and ◇-shaped noteheads in the lead sheets for those two songs. Please ignore the position of these noteheads on the staff, by the way; it’s quite arbitrary and shouldn’t be read as an indication of pitch.

Since I’d like my music to circulate as widely as possible, I should add that I don’t insist on compensation for what might be called folk performance or distribution. In other words, you don’t need to pay royalties when you sing any of the songs at a pub or club gig, make a few photocopies of a song’s lyrics or lead sheet to hand out at a choir practice or singalong event, or cover one or more songs in a self-published recording, even when these activities earn you a modest fee or profit; it would be nice, of course, if you credited me as the songwriter. For commercial uses, such as performances at for-profit concerts or covers in recordings released by for-profit record labels, you’ll need to obtain a licence from SOCAN (socan.ca).



Part One
Songs for My Beloved

Meadowlark



“I heard the call of a meadowlark
And started to think about you.”

1. As I was out walking alone in the park
 Under the heaven so blue,
 I heard the call of a meadowlark
 And started to think about you.
 And while I was thinking about you, my dear,
 Under the maples so tall,
 The voice of an angel breathed into my ear,
 “Answer the meadowlark’s call.”

CHORUS: You are the lilies of April.
 You are the roses of June.
 You are the whisper of leaves in the wind,
 The charm of a spring afternoon.
 You are the stillness of midnight,
 The blush on the cheeks of the dawn.
 You are the sun and the moon and the stars.
 You are the meadowlark’s song.

2. The angel returned to his sweet paradise.
 I followed the songbird’s refrain,
 For I had received as sublime advice
 As ever a mortal might gain.
 These thirty-five summers have faded, my dear,
 Since I took that walk in the park,
 And I’m still enraptured whenever I hear
 The call of the meadowlark.

CHORUS

ENDING: You are the meadowlark’s song.
 You are the meadowlark’s song.

Meadowlark

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately ♩ ≈ 126

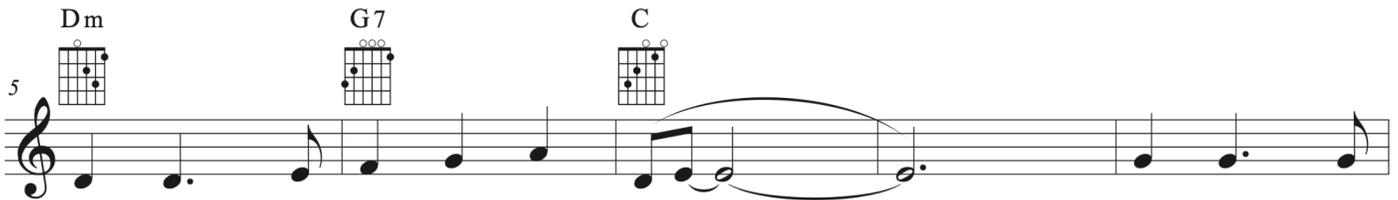
Verse 1 C

C7

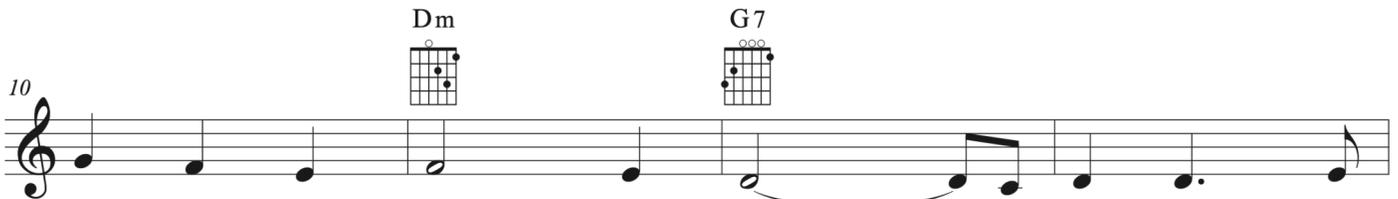
F



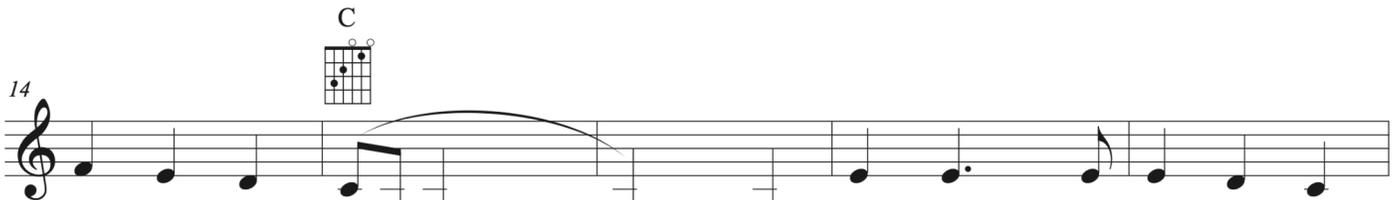
1. As I was out walk - ing a - lone in the park,



Un - der the heav - en so blue, _____ I heard the



call of a mead - ow - lark _____ And start - ed to



think a - bout you. _____ And while I was think - ing a -



bout you, my dear, Un - der the ma - ples so tall, _____

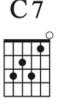


_____ The voice of an an - gel breathed in - to my

28  

ear, "An - swer the mead - ow - lark's call."

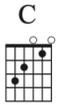
Chorus

32    

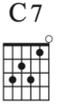
You are the lil - ies of A - pril. You are the

38 

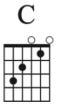
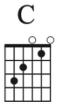
ros - es of June. You are the whis - per of

43    

leaves in the wind, The charm of a

47    

spring af - ter - noon. You are the still - ness of

52   

mid - night, The blush on the cheeks of the dawn.

57  
 You are the sun and the moon and the

61     **To Coda** 
 stars. You are the mead - ow - lark's

Verse 2
 65  
 song. 2. The an - gel re - turned to his

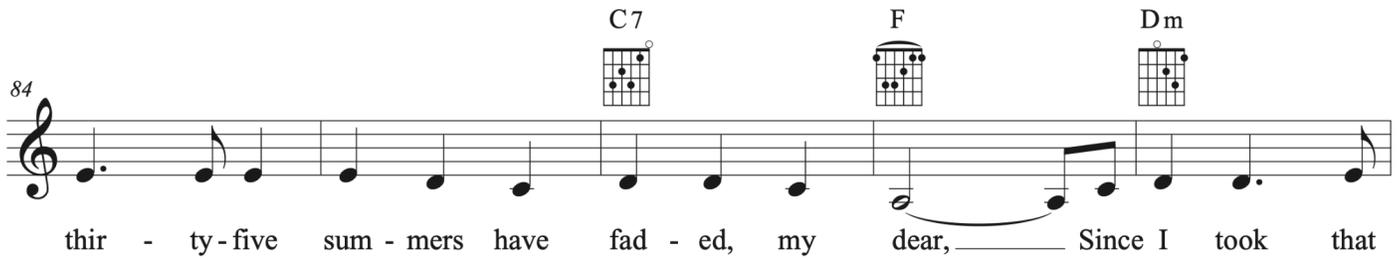
70    
 sweet par - a - dise. I fol - lowed the song - bird's re -

74  
 frain, For I had re - ceived as sub - lime ad -

79  
 vice As ev - er a mor - tal might gain. These

84

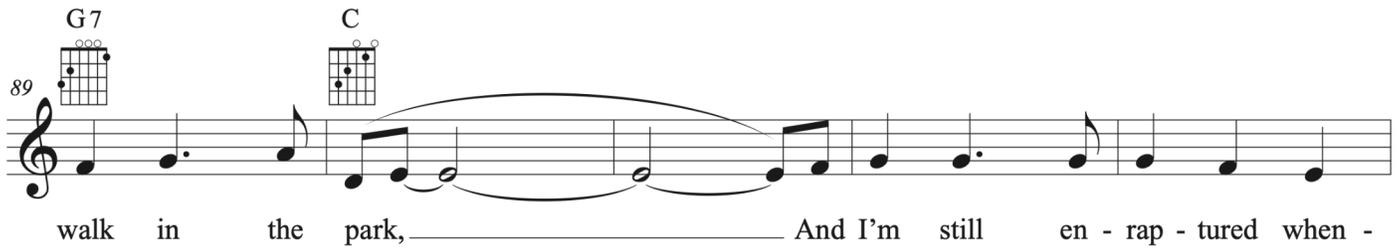
C7 F Dm



thir - ty - five sum - mers have fad - ed, my dear, _____ Since I took that

89

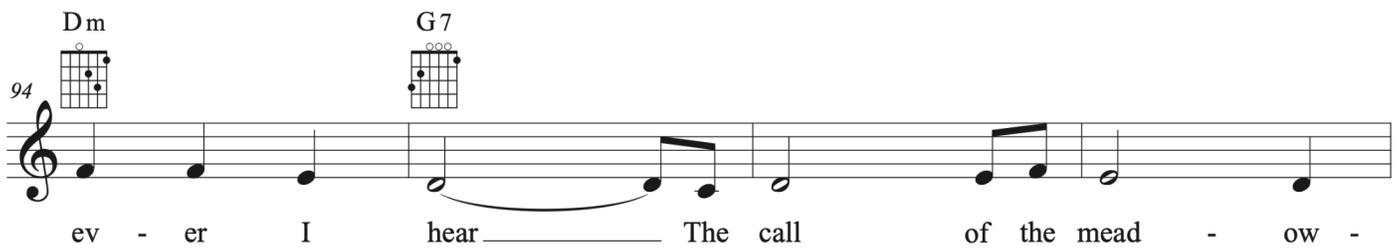
G7 C



walk in the park, _____ And I'm still en - rap - tured when -

94

Dm G7



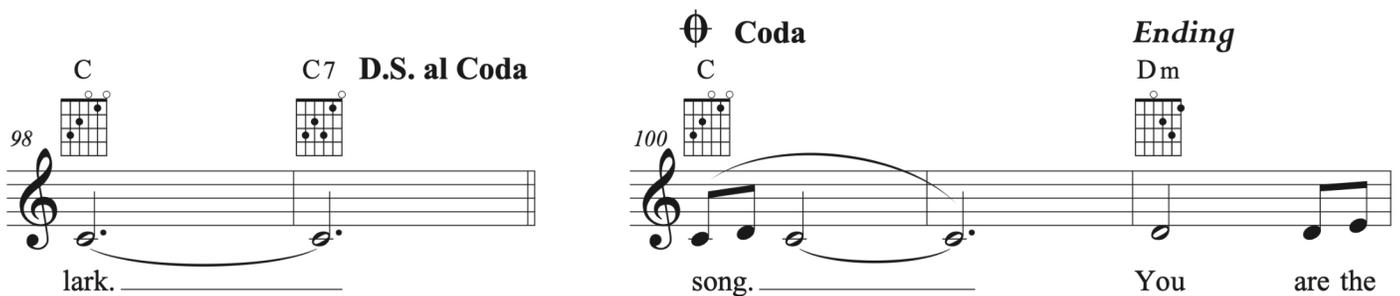
ev - er I hear _____ The call of the mead - ow -

98

C C7 D.S. al Coda

100

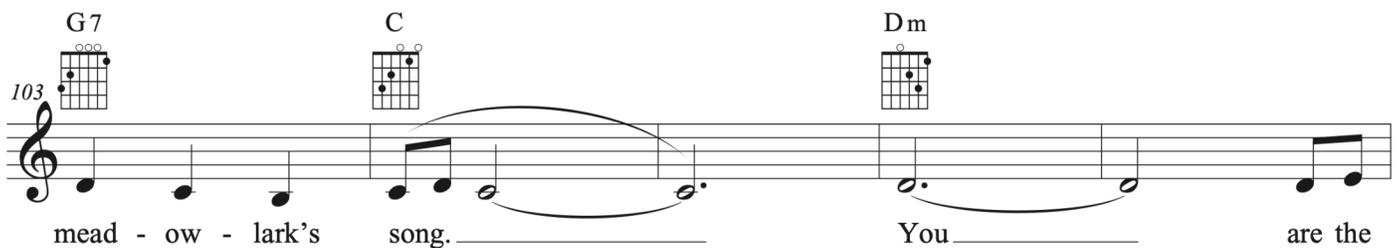
⊕ Coda C Ending Dm



lark. _____ song. _____ You are the

103

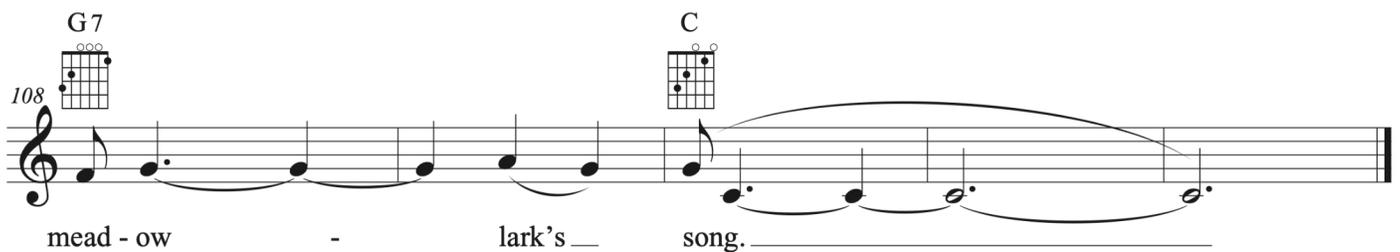
G7 C Dm



mead - ow - lark's song. _____ You _____ are the

108

G7 C



mead - ow - lark's _____ song. _____

Let the Love in Your Heart Shine



“In the still of the night,
While the moon is big and bright,
Won't you be my valentine?”

1. In the still of the night,
While the moon is big and bright,
Won't you be my valentine?
In the still of the night,
Won't you come and hold me tight?
Let the love in your heart shine.
I may not be dark and handsome,
I may not be debonair,
But if you will only say that you'll be mine,
In the still of the night
I will be your heart's delight.
Won't you be my valentine?

2. In the still of the night,
While the moon is big and bright,
Won't you be my clinging vine?
In the still of the night,
Chase my troubles out of sight!
Let the love in your heart shine.
I may not have pearls and rubies,
I may not have fancy things,
But if you will only say that you'll be mine,
In the still of the night
I will be your heart's delight.
Won't you be my valentine?

ENDING: Won't you be my valentine?
Let the love in your heart shine.

Let the Love in Your Heart Shine

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

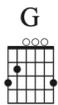
Moderately ♩ ≈ 118

Verses



1. In the still of the night, While the moon is big and
(2.) still of the night, While the moon is big and

D7



bright, Won't you be my val - en - tine?
bright, Won't you be my cling - ing vine?



— In the still of the night, Won't you come and hold me
— In the still of the night, Chase my trou - bles out of

D7



G



tight? Let the love in your heart shine.
sight! Let the love in your heart shine.

Em



Am



G



Em



— I may not be dark and hand - some, I may
— I may not have pearls and ru - bies, I may

19

Am G Em Am

not be deb - o - nair, But if you will on - ly
not have fan - cy things, But if you will on - ly

22

G C D7 G C

say that you'll be mine, In the still of the
say that you'll be mine, In the still of the

26

G Am D7 G C D7

night I will be your heart's de - light. Won't you
night I will be your heart's de - light. Won't you

30

1. G 2. G

be my val - en - tine? 2. In the - tine?
be my val - en - tine?

Ending

35

D7 G

Won't you be my val - en - tine?

39

D7 G

Let the love in your heart shine.

Mama, Let Me Be Your Loving Man



“Your love is stronger than tequila,
Warmer than fondue.
It’s stickier than honey,
And it’s got me stuck on you.”

1. Mama, tell me you'll be my loving mama.
Tell me in language that I can understand:
Kiss me long and slow,
And hold me like you'll never let me go.
Mama, let me be your loving man.

2. Mama, tell me you'll be my loving mama.
Let me sample the dumplings in your pan.
Violets are blue—
Without your loving, I'd be that way too.
Mama, let me be your loving man.

BRIDGE: Your love is stronger than tequila,
Warmer than fondue.
It's stickier than honey,
And it's got me stuck on you.

3. Mama, tell me you'll be my loving mama.
We must gather our roses while we can.
But then, when summer's done,
When nights are colder and you need someone,
Mama, let me be your loving man.

ENDING: Mama, let me be your loving man.
Mama, let me be your loving man.



A Duet

With my beloved at the Victoria Folk Music Society's Autumn Retreat
Shawnigan Lake, British Columbia
November 10, 2012

Mama, Let Me Be Your Loving Man

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 122

Verses

D



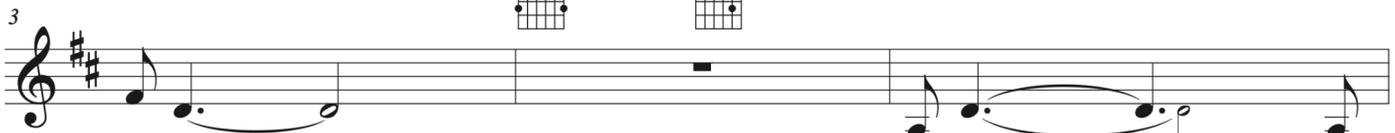
1. Ma - ma, _____
2. Ma - ma, _____
3. Ma - ma, _____

tell me you'll be _____ my lov - ing
tell me you'll be _____ my lov - ing
tell me you'll be _____ my lov - ing

G



D



ma - ma. _____
ma - ma. _____
ma - ma. _____

Tell me _____ in
Let me _____
We must _____

A7



lan - guage that I _____ can un - der - stand: _____
sam - ple the dump - lings in your pan. _____
gath - er our ros - es while we can. _____

Bm



A7



Bm



A7



D



Kiss me _____ long _____ and slow, _____
Vi - o - lets _____ are blue _____
But then, when _____ sum - mer's done, _____

11

Em A7

— And hold me like you'll _____ nev - er let me go. —
 — With - out your lov - ing, _____ I'd be that way too. —
 — When nights are cold - er _____ and you need some - one, —

13

D Em A7

_____ Ma - ma, _____ let me be your lov - ing man. —
 _____ Ma - ma, _____ let me be your lov - ing man. —
 _____ Ma - ma, _____ let me be your lov - ing man. —

16

D G D A7

_____ be your lov - ing man. —

19

D D7 *Bridge* G

_____ Your love is strong - er than te - qui -

22

A7 F#m Bm

— la, _____ Warm - er than fon - due. _____ It's

25

Em A7 Bm Em

stick - i - er_ than hon - ey, And it's got me stuck on

28

A7 Bm A7 A7 3.

you. be your lov - ing man. 3.

31

D G D Em

Ending

Ma - ma, let me

34

A7 D G D

be your lov - ing man.

37

Em A7 D

Ma - ma, let me be your lov - ing man.

40

G D G D rit. Em A7 D

rit.

Over and Over Again



“How many times shall our wedding bells ring?
Over and over again.”

1. How many pipes make a full highland band?
How many grains make a beach full of sand?
How many times may we stroll hand in hand?
Over and over again.
How many figs can you fit in a cart?
How many stars can you show on a chart?
How many times can you capture my heart?
Over and over again.

CHORUS: Over and over, over and over again.
Over and over, over and over again.

2. How many blooms may appear in the spring?
How many songs can a mockingbird sing?
How many times shall our wedding bells ring?
Over and over again.
How many dreams is a lifetime made of,
How many flights on the wings of a dove?
How many times have you won all my love?
Over and over again.

CHORUS (twice)

Over and Over Again

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately ♩ ≈ 128

Verses

D



G



1. How man - y pipes make a full high - land band?
2. How man - y blooms may ap - pear in the spring?

A7



D



How man - y grains make a beach full of sand?
How man - y songs can a mock - ing - bird sing?

D7



G



How man - y times may we stroll hand in hand?
How man - y times shall our wed - ding bells ring?

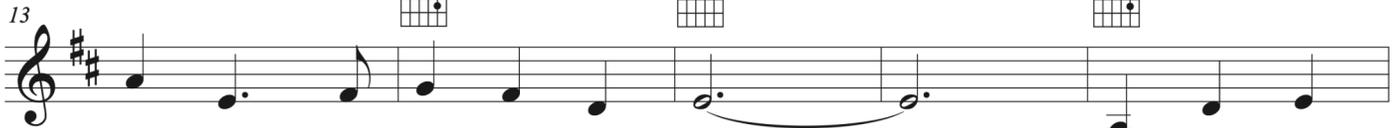
Em7



A7



D

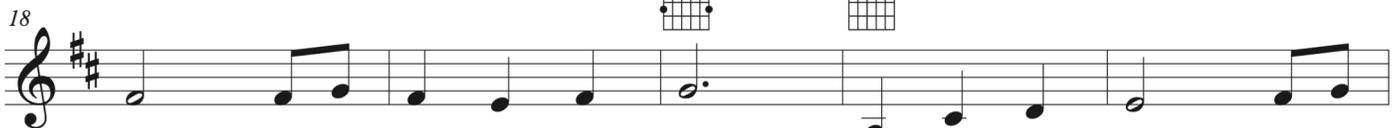


O - ver and o - ver a - gain. _____ How man - y
O - ver and o - ver a - gain. _____ How man - y

G



A7



figs can you fit in a cart? How man - y stars can you
dreams is a life - time made of, How man - y flights on the

23 



show on a chart? How man - y times can you
wings of a dove? How man - y times have you

27     



cap - ture my heart? O - ver and o - ver a - gain. _____
won all my love? O - ver and o - ver a - gain. _____

Chorus

32   



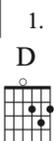
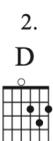
_____ } O - ver and o - ver, o - ver and o - ver a -

39     



gain. _____ O - ver and o - ver, o - ver and

To Coda

46  1.  2. **D.S. al Coda**



o - ver a - gain. _____ - gain. _____

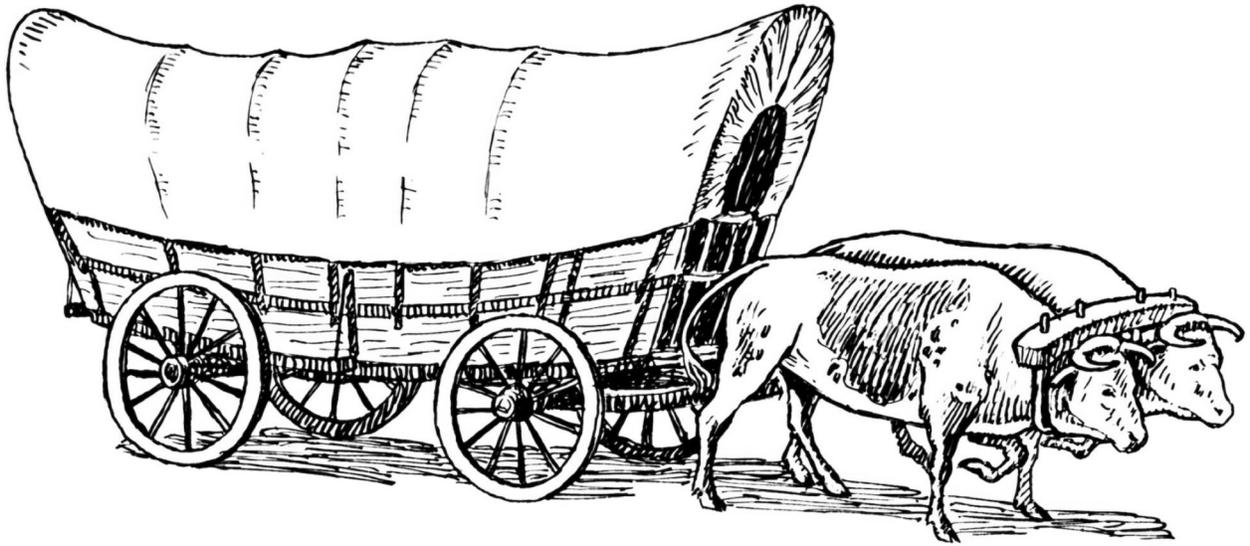
Coda

51 



- gain. _____

In a Prairie Schooner



“In a prairie schooner
On an ocean of grass,
We’ll be honeymooners,
Me and my prairie lass.”

NOTE. This ditty is set in an alternate universe where, instead of meeting my beloved in Vancouver in 1973, I meet her in Moose Jaw around 1890.

1. Well, I roamed this land all to hell and gone,
 'Cross the endless plains of Saskatchewan,
 With a steel guitar and a lonesome song,
 And I never meant to tarry
 Till I saw the girl with the hazel eyes
 And a smile as wide as the prairie skies
 And in no time flat came to realize,
 “She’s the one I’m bound to marry!”

CHORUS: In a prairie schooner,
 On an ocean of grass,
 We’ll be honeymooners,
 Me and my prairie lass,
 And there’s not a mountain,
 Hardly even a tree,
 Than can come between us
 And the scenery.

2. If a farmer knows a shovel from a spade
 And what crops to plant in the sun or the shade,
 If a cowboy knows when the heifer has strayed
 Down some godforsaken coulee,
 And if the dairymaid on the old homestead
 Knows her way out back of the poultry shed,
 Then a preacher’s daughter from Indian Head
 Ought to know that I love her truly.

CHORUS (twice)

In a Prairie Schooner

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 106

Verse 1



E7



1. Well, I roamed this land all to hell and gone, 'Cross the end - less

A



A7



plains of Sas - katch - e - wan, With a steel gui - tar and a lone - some

D



E7



song, _____ And I nev - er meant to tar - ry _____

A



Till I saw the girl with the ha - zel

E7



A

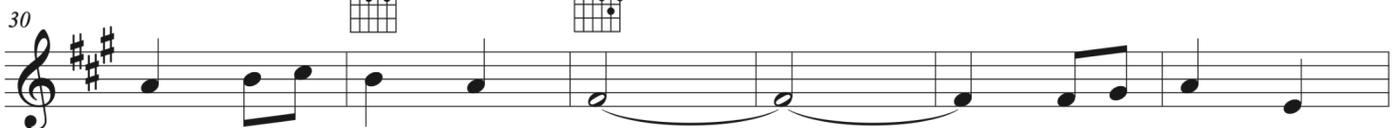


eyes And a smile as wide as the prai - rie skies And in no time

A7

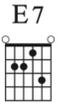


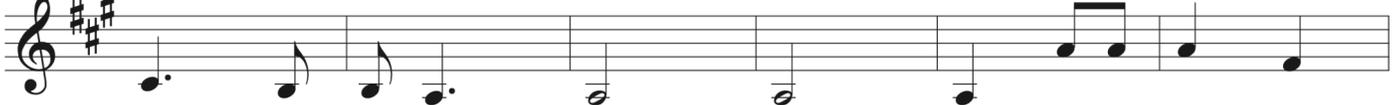
D



flat came to re - al - ize, _____ "She's the one I'm

Chorus

36    



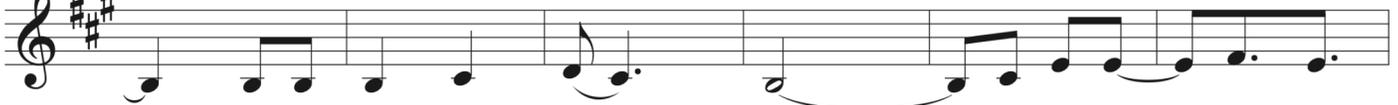
bound to mar - ry!" In a prai - rie

42 



school - er, On an o - cean of grass,

48

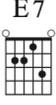


We'll be hon - ey - moon - ers, Me and my prai - rie

54 

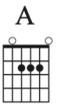


lass, And there's not a moun - tain,

60 



Hard-ly e - ven a tree, That can come be -

66 



tween us And the scen - er - y.

Verse 2

73 



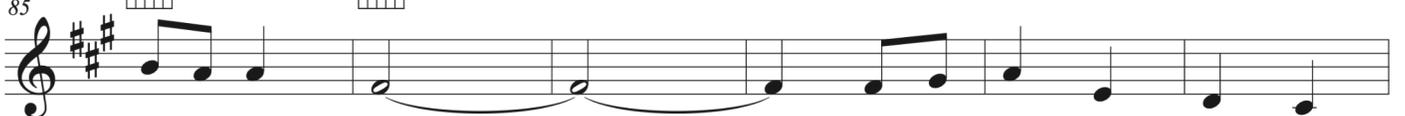
2. If a farm - er knows a shov - el from a spade And what

79  A



crops to plant in the sun or the shade, If a cow - boy knows when the

85  A7  D



heif - er has strayed _____ Down some god - for - sak - en

91  E7  A



cou - lee, _____ And if the dair - y - maid on the

97  E7  A



old home - stead Knows her way out back of the poul - try shed, Then a

103  A7  D



preach - er's daugh - ter from In - di - an Head _____ Ought to

109  E7  A  E7  A **Chorus**



know that I love her tru - ly. _____ In a



E7



115

prai - rie schoon - er _____ On an o - cean of grass, _____

121

_____ We'll be hon - ey - moon - ers, _____ Me and my _____

A



127

_____ prai - rie lass, _____ And there's not a moun -

E7



133

tain, _____ Hard - ly e - ven a tree, _____ That can

To Coda ⊕

A



139

come be - tween _____ us _____ And the scen - er - y. _____

D.S. al Coda
Chorus

⊕ Coda

A



145

_____ In a

147

_____ - y. _____

I Will Be Your Lover



“A gentle breeze began to blow,
Crocuses poked through the snow . . .”

1. A frost was on the dogwood tree,
February's tracery,
But then you flashed a smile at me,
 And winter turned to spring.
A gentle breeze began to blow,
Crocuses poked through the snow,
Butterflies flew to and fro,
 And birds began to sing.

CHORUS: And I will be your lover,
 Give you warmth and cover
 While the stars still hover
 In the midnight blue.
I'll gaze at you intently
And, just incident'ly,
Whisper soft and gently,
 "Darling, I love you."

2. When doubts were swirling round my head,
You took down the Murphy bed,
Batted your eyelash, and said,
 "Don't be a silly boy."
Well, then my pulse began to surge.
From that funk I did emerge.
Suddenly, my sorry dirge
 Became an ode to joy.

CHORUS

3. When life was full of toil and care,
And the cupboards all were bare,
You let down your satin hair
 And set the world aglow.
And when I stood on shifting sand,
You held out a guiding hand,
Led me to the promised land
 Where milk and honey flow.

CHORUS



Our Fourteenth Anniversary

Buntzen Lake, British Columbia

November 6, 1988

I Will Be Your Lover

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

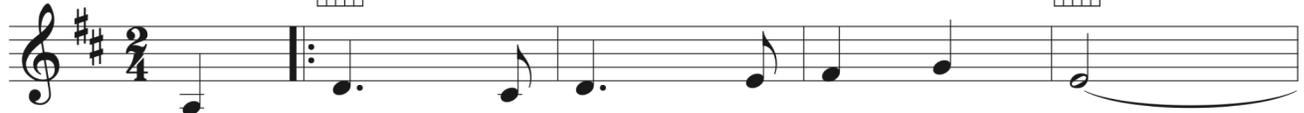
Moderately ♩ ≈ 114

Verses

D

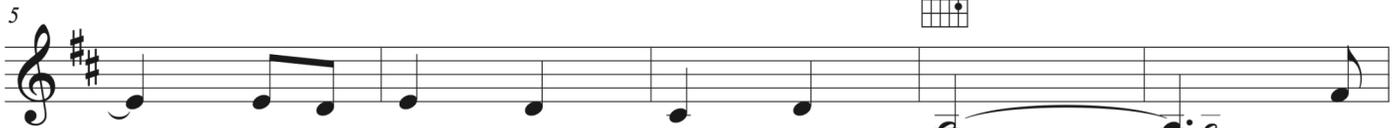


A7



1. A frost was on the dog - wood tree, _____
 (2.) doubts were swirl - ing round my head, _____
 (3.) life was full of toil and care _____

D



— Feb - ru - ar - y's trac - er - y, _____ But
 — You took down the Mur - phy bed, _____
 — And the cup - boards all were bare, _____

G



Em



then you flashed a smile at me, And win - ter
 Bat - ted your eye - lash, and said, "Don't be a
 You let down your sat - in hair And set the

A7



D



turned to spring. _____ A gen - tle breeze be -
 sil - ly boy." _____ Well, then my pulse be -
 world a - glow. _____ And when I stood on

20 



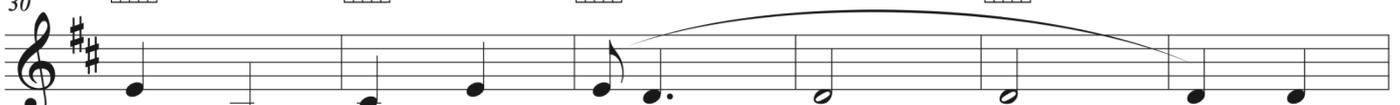
gan to blow, _____ Cro - cus - es poked through the
 gan to surge. _____ From that funk I did e -
 shift - ing sand, _____ You held out a guid - ing

25  



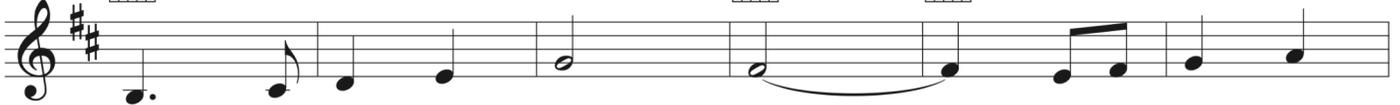
snow, _____ But - ter - flies flew to and fro, And
 merge. _____ Sud - den - ly, my sor - ry dirge Be -
 hand, _____ Led me to the prom - ised land Where

30     **Chorus**



birds be - gan to sing. _____ } And
 came an ode to joy. _____
 milk and hon - ey flow. _____

36   



I will be your lov - er, _____ Give you warmth and

42    



cov - er _____ While the stars still hov - er _____

Starla



“Oh Starla, sweet Starla,
Oh Starla,
You’re the only star left in my eyes.”

NOTE. While this early piece may not be my most noteworthy artistic achievement, it will always be my personal favourite. The reason isn’t far to seek: its premier performance—in 1973, for an audience of one—won the heart of my beloved.

1. How bright the sun, how pale the moon!
 The night is over much too soon,
 But all the stars have faded from the skies.
 Oh Starla, sweet Starla,
 Oh Starla,
 You're the only star left in my eyes.

2. The dewdrops fell so silently,
 Like petals from a cherry tree,
 Like lovers fall when Cupid's arrow flies.
 Oh Starla, sweet Starla,
 Oh Starla,
 You're the only star left in my eyes.

3. I hear a sound like dulcimers,
 But it's the robins in the firs,
 The minstrels of this earthly paradise.
 Oh Starla, sweet Starla,
 Oh Starla,
 You're the only star left in my eyes.

4. Then sing, you minstrels of the dawn,
 And decorate my humble song
 With all the vibrance of the new sunrise.
 Oh Starla, sweet Starla,
 Oh Starla,
 You're the only star left in my eyes.

5. Let Nature and the poet's Art
 Conspire to win my lady's heart,
 For Earth and Heaven hold no greater prize.
 Oh Starla, sweet Starla,
 Oh Starla,
 You're the only star left in my eyes.

6. *Repeat Verse 1.*

Starla

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately slow ♩ ≈ 92

Verses

C



G7



1. How bright the sun, how pale the
 (2.) dew - drops fell so si - lent -
 (3.) hear a sound like dul - ci -
 (4.) sing, you min - strels of the
 (5.) Na - ture and the po - et's
 (6.) *Repeat Verse 1*

C



G7



moon! — The night is o - ver much too
 ly, — Like pet - als from a cher - ry
 mers, — But it's the rob - ins in the
 dawn, — And dec - o - rate my hum - ble
 Art — Con - spire to win my la - dy's

C



F



C



G7



soon, — But all the stars — have fad - ed
 tree, — Like lov - ers fall — when Cu - pid's
 firs, — The min - strels of — this earth - ly
 song — With all the vi - brance of the
 heart, — For Earth and Heav - en hold no



from the skies. —
 ar - row flies. —
 par - a - dise. —
 new sun - rise. —
 great - er prize. —

} Oh

17

C G7 C

Star - la, sweet Star - la, Oh Star - - -

23

G7 C F G7

- - la, You're the on - ly star - left in my -

29

1, 2, 3, 4, 5. 6.

C C

eyes. eyes.

2. The
3. I
4. Then
5. Let
6. How



Part Two
Hymns to Nature

On a Mountain High



“On a mountain high,
Where the meadows meet the sky,
I have walked for miles on hallowed ground.”

1. This fair Earth is all the heaven I shall ever seek,
 And her charms are all my consolation.
 This bright Sun that shines upon the mighty and the meek
 Lights my path to glory and salvation.

CHORUS: On a mountain high,
 Where the meadows meet the sky,
 I have walked for miles on hallowed ground.
 In a valley low,
 Where the peaceful waters flow,
 Lay my blessed body gently down.

2. Just one rare and precious moment in the noonday shade,
 Listening to the sound of children's laughter,
 Just one kiss from my beloved, I would never trade
 For all the joys of paradise hereafter.

CHORUS

3. When we light the lamp of mercy, won't our spirit shine
 Brighter than the stars that we are made of.
 When we light the lamp of wisdom, aren't we bound to find
 We've got nothing left to be afraid of.

CHORUS

ENDING: Lay my blessed body gently down.
 Lay my blessed body gently down.



Where the Meadows Meet the Sky

My daughter Zan backpacking in Garibaldi Provincial Park, British Columbia
July 30, 1995

On a Mountain High

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately slow, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 92

Verses

A

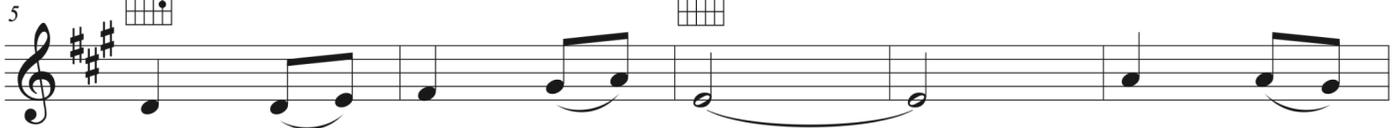


1. This fair Earth is all the hea - ven
2. Just one rare and pre - cious mo - ment
3. When we light the lamp of mer - cy,

D



A



I shall ev - er seek,
in the noon - day shade,
won't our spir - it shine

And her
List' - ning
Bright - er

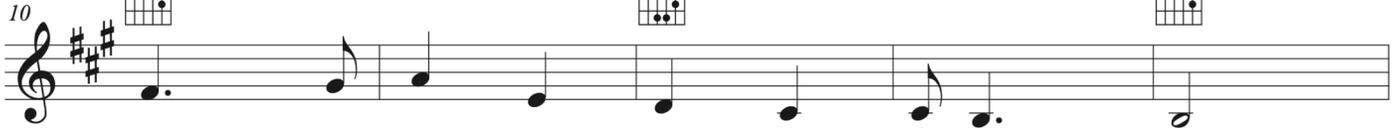
D



Bm



E7



charms are all my con - so - la - tion.
to the sound of chil - dren's laugh - ter,
than the stars that we are made of.

A



_____ This bright Sun that shines up - on the
_____ Just one kiss from my be - lov - ed,
_____ When we light the lamp of wis - dom,

21

D A

might - y and the meek
I would nev - er trade For Lights my
aren't we bound to find We've got

26

D Bm E7

path to glo - ry and sal - va -
joys of par - a - dise here - af -
no - thing left to be a - fraid

31

A

Chorus

D A

tion. } On a moun - tain high,
ter. }
of. }

38

F#m Bm A7 D

Where the mea - dows meet the sky,

45

A D Bm E7

I have walked for miles on hal - lowed ground.

50

A D E7 A

In a val - ley low,

57

F#m Bm A7 D

Where the peace - ful wa - ters flow,

62

A Bm E7

Lay my bles - sed bod - y gent - ly down.

67

A D A

Ending

3x

Lay my bles - sed bod -

73

Bm E7 A D A

2x

- y gent - ly down.

Something to Wonder Upon



“Long may the stouthearted salmon
Follow the rivers to spawn . . .”

1. Long may the Earth go on tracing
 A ring round her bright yellow star.
Long may the moon make the young lovers swoon
 With the magic she wields from afar.
Long may the deer in the meadow
 Suckle her winsome new fawn,
Leaving the wild, open heart of a child
 With something to wonder upon.

 2. Long may the waves and the tempests
 Batter a bare, lonely shore.
Long may the sound of the thunder resound,
 And long may the bald eagle soar.
Long may the stouthearted salmon
 Follow the rivers to spawn,
Leaving the wild, open heart of a child
 With something to wonder upon.

 3. Long may the chill breath of autumn
 Turn all the green leaves to gold.
Long may the word of the poet be heard
 And the grandmother's stories be told.
Long may the snow on the mountain
 Capture the blush of the dawn,
Leaving the wild, open heart of a child
 With something to wonder upon.
- ENDING: Long may the snow on the mountain
 Capture the blush of the dawn,
Leaving the wild, open heart of a child
 With something to wonder upon.

Something to Wonder Upon

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately ♩ ≈ 124

Verses

D



D7



G



Em



1. Long may the Earth go on trac - ing _____ A
 2. Long may the waves and the tem - pests _____
 3. Long may the chill breath of au - tumn _____

A7



D



ring round her bright yel - low star.
 Bat - ter a bare, lone - ly shore.
 Turn all the green leaves to gold.

Bm



Em



A7



D



Long may the moon make the young lov - ers
 Long may the sound of the thun - der re -
 Long may the word of the po - et be

Bm



G



Em



swoon With the mag - ic she wilds from a -
 sound, _____ And long may she bald ea - gle
 heard _____ And the grand - moth - er's sto - ries be

A7



D



D7



G



far. _____ Long may the deer in the mead - ow _____
 soar. _____ Long may the stout - heart - ed salm - on _____
 told. _____ Long may the snow on the moun - tain _____

20

Em A7 D Bm

Suck - le her win - some new fawn,
 Fol - low the riv - ers to spawn,
 Cap - ture the blush of the dawn,

25

Em A7 D Bm Em

Leav - ing the wild, o - pen heart of a child With some - thing to

30

A7 D D

1, 2. 3.

Ending

won - der up - on. - on, Long may the

36

D7 G Em A7

snow on the moun - tain Cap - ture the blush of the

41

D Bm Em A7 D

dawn, Leav - ing the wild, o - pen heart of a

46

Bm Em A7 D

child With some - thing to won - der up - on.

Lily of the Highlands



“The lily of the highlands only bloomed in May,
But the lovely highland lily, she stole my heart away.”

1. Oh, the lily of the valley
 Began to bud in March.
She blossomed through the springtime
 Beside the stately larch.
The lily of the highlands
 Only bloomed in May,
But the lovely highland lily,
 She stole my heart away.

2. Oh, I love to see the children
 Frolic in the sun,
The gander tend the goslings,
 The silver salmon run,
But all these simple pleasures
 Are mingled with regret:
I miss my highland beauty,
 The delicate floret.

3. Now, a heart must have forbearance
 To spar with time and tide.
The seasons in their turning
 Will heed not lust nor pride,
And yet, while faith still flowers
 Within the breasts of men,
I pray the highland lily
 May grace my days again.

4. *Repeat Verse 1.*

ENDING: She stole my heart away.

Lily of the Highlands

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately ♩ ≈ 136



Verse 1

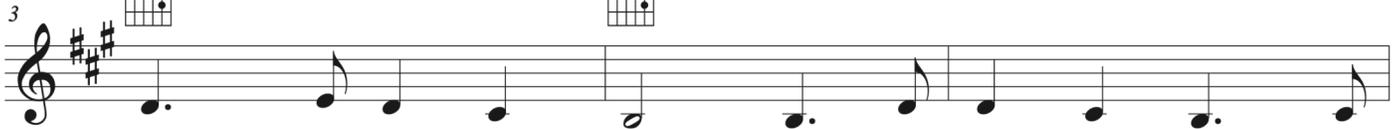


1. Oh, the lil - y of the val - ley _____ Be -

D



E7



gan to bud in March. _____ She blos - somed through the

A



spring - time _____ Be - side the state - ly larch. _____ The

A7



lil - y of the high - lands On - ly bloomed in

D



A

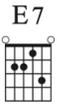
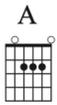


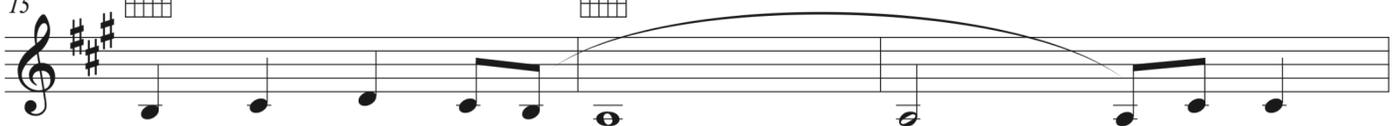
To Coda ⊕



May, But the love - ly high - land lil - y, _____ She

Verse 2

15  

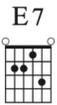


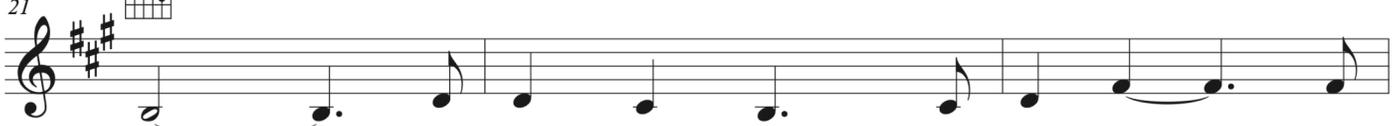
stole my heart a - way. _____ 2. Oh, I

18 

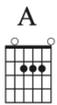


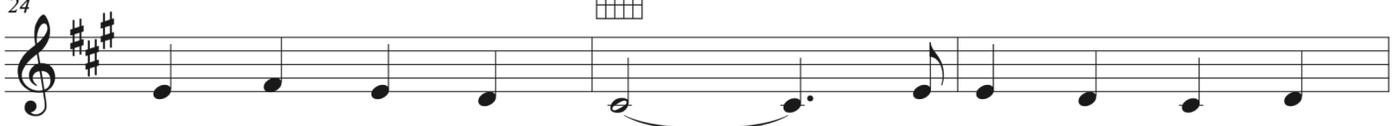
love to see the chil - dren Frolic in the

21 

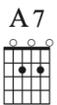
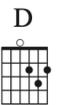


sun, _____ The gan - der tend the gos - lings, _____ The

24 

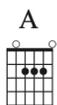


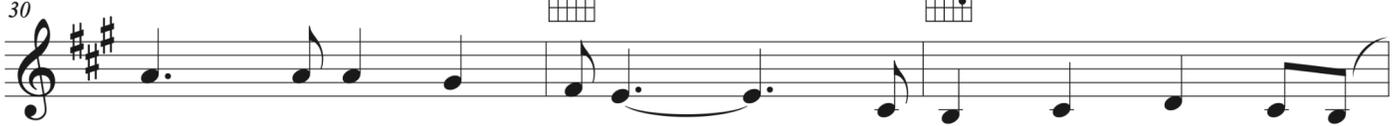
sil - ver sal - mon run. _____ But all these sim - ple

27  



pleas - ures _____ Are min - gled with re - gret. I

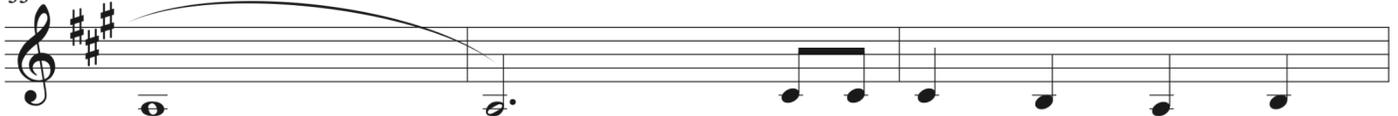
30  



miss my high - land beau - ty, _____ The del - i - cate flo - ret. _____

Verse 3

33 



3. Now, a heart must have for -

36  



bear - ance _____ To spar with time and tide. _____ The

39



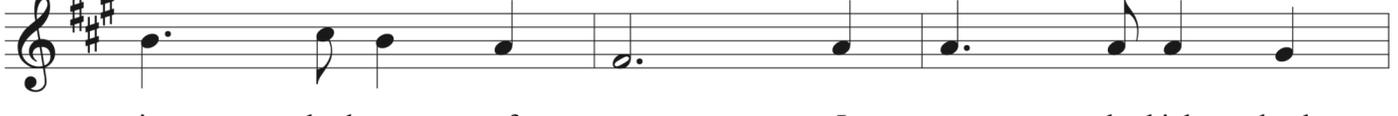
sea - sons in their turn - ing _____ Will heed not lust nor

42 



pride. _____ And yet, while faith still flow - ers _____ With-

45  



in the breasts of men, I pray the high - land

48   



lil - y _____ May grace my days a - gain. _____

D.S. al Coda
Verse 4
(same as Verse 1)

51

4. Oh, the

Coda

E7 A7 D **Ending**

52

stole my heart a - way. She

E7 A

54

stole my heart a - way.



Portrait of the Artist as an Old Man

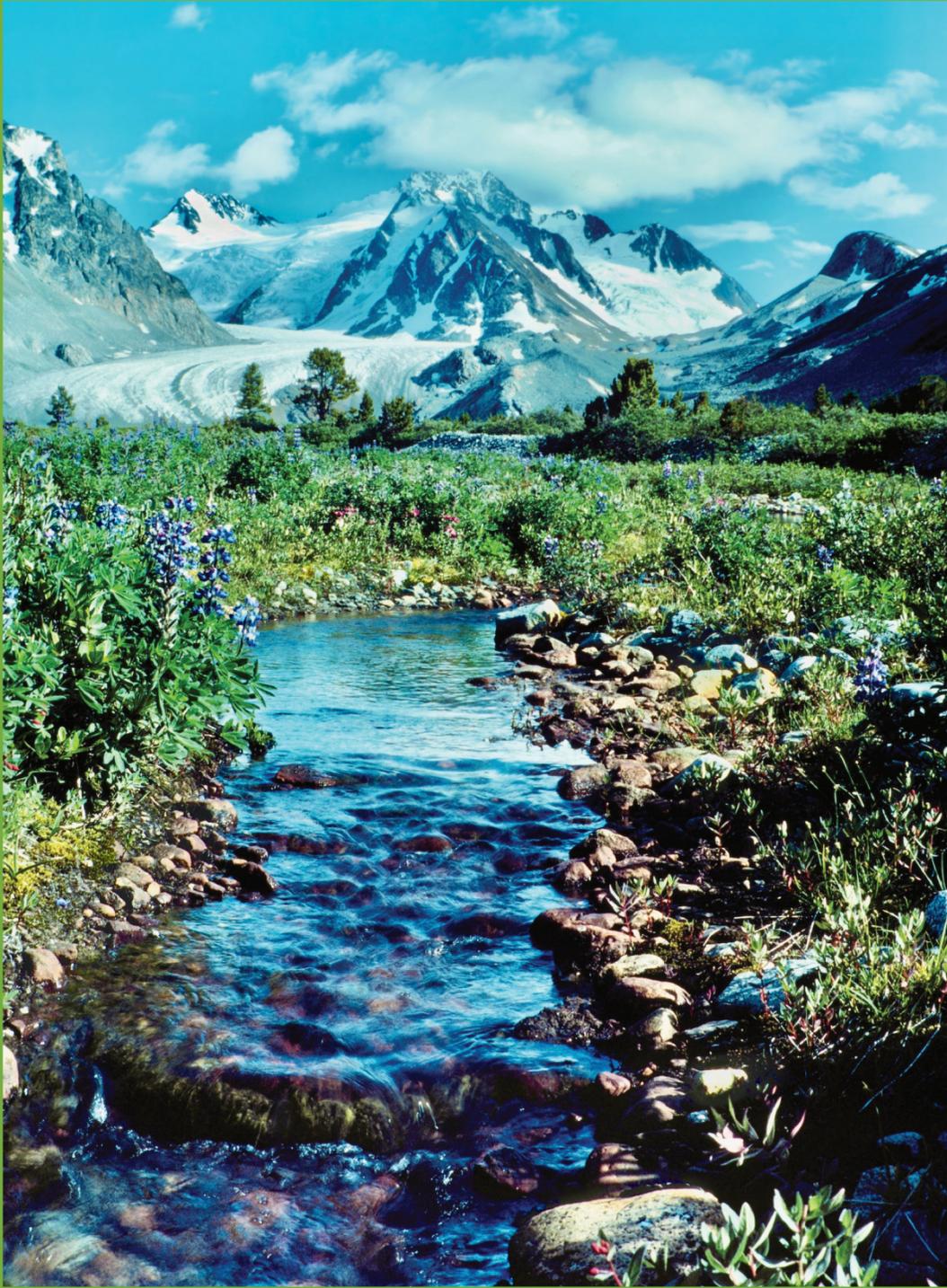
Victoria, British Columbia

June 1, 2014



Part Three
Songs for Children

The Mountains Will Abide



“Here’s a tune I took from a babbling brook
High upon a mountainside.”

1. Pretty babe of mine, don't you fret and pine.
 Let me brush away that tear.
 You've been making strange, worried climate change
 Will undo all you hold dear.
 Here's a tune I took from a babbling brook
 High upon a mountainside.
 Pretty babe of mine, don't you fret and pine,
 For the mountains will abide.

CHORUS: For the mountains will abide,
 Where the golden eagles glide,
 And the streams will run,
 Little sleepy one,
 For the mountains will abide.

2. Pretty babe of mine, don't you fret and pine,
 For I promise you one day
 We will take the trail through the shady vale
 To the fields where bighorns play.
 There's a chickadee singing in a tree
 With a bluebird by his side.
 Pretty babe of mine, don't you fret and pine,
 For the mountains will abide.

CHORUS

3. Pretty babe of mine, don't you fret and pine,
 For we'll venture, by and by,
 To an open moor where the streams are pure
 As the snowclad peaks on high,
 Where the future seems wider than your dreams—
 And I know your dreams are wide.
 Pretty babe of mine, don't you fret and pine,
 For the mountains will abide.

CHORUS



My Grandchildren Amanda and Kellen

Oak Bay, British Columbia
August 22, 2015

The Mountains Will Abide

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 108

Verses

D



A7



D



1. Pret-ty babe of mine, don't you fret and pine. Let me
 (2.) babe of mine, don't you fret and pine, For I
 (3.) babe of mine, don't you fret and pine, For we'll

G



A7



D



brush a way that tear. You've been
 prom - ise you one day We will
 ven - ture, by and by, To an

A7



D



mak - ing strange, wor - ried cli - mate change Will un -
 take the trail through the shad - y vale To the
 o - pen moor where the lakes are pure As the

G



A7



do all you hold dear. Here's a
 fields where big horns on play. There's a
 snow - clad peaks on high, Where the

D



G



A7



tune I took from a bab - bling brook High up -
 chick - a - dee sing - ing in a tree With a
 fu - ture seems wid - er than your dreams— And I

11

on blue know - a bird your moun - tain his are - side. side. wide. } Pret - ty

13

babe of mine, don't you fret and pine,

16

For the moun - tains will a - bide.

19

Chorus

For the moun - tains will a - bide, Where the

22

gold - en ea - gles glide, And the

24

streams will run, Lit - tle sleep - y one, For the

1, 2.

A7 D

28

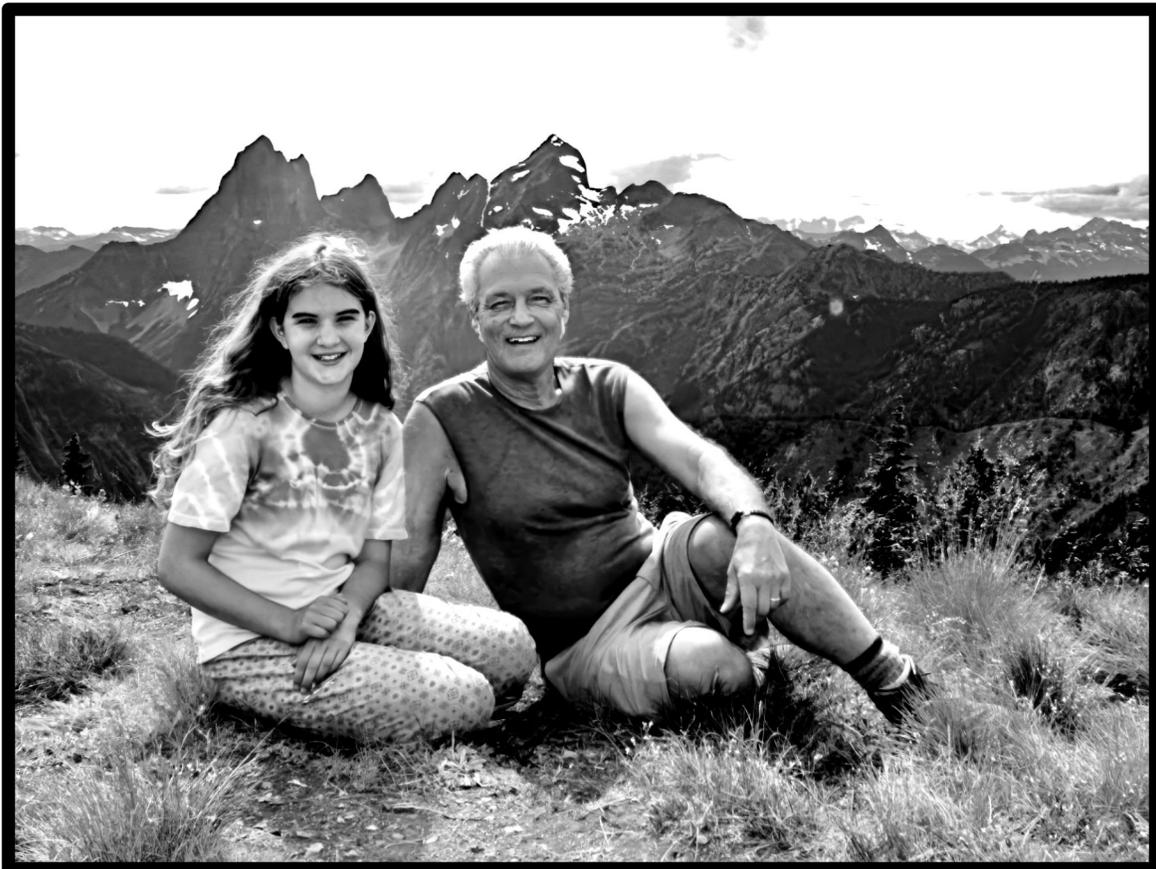
moun - tains will a - bide. _____ } 2. Pret - ty
 { 3. Pret - ty

3.

A7 D

31

moun - tains will _____ a - bide. _____



On an Open Moor with My Grandchild Ardeo

Skyline Trail, Manning Provincial Park, British Columbia
 Hozomeen Mtn. in background

August 21, 2010

The Stowaway Astronaut



“I’m up on a rocket ship, sailing
Over the moon and the stars . . .”

1. You can call me a stowaway astronaut,
Tell me I haven't the ghost of a shot—
“Poor kid, for all of those dreams that you've got,
You'd best keep your feet on the ground.”

CHORUS 1: But I'm up on a rocket ship, sailing
Over the moon and the stars,
Up on a rocket ship, somewhere
In between Saturn and Mars.

2. You can tell me I haven't got all the right stuff,
A little too much or else not quite enough,
But I hopped aboard on a bet or a bluff.
Somebody said, “Four, three, two, one . . .”!

CHORUS 2: And I'm up on a rocket ship, sailing
Over the moon and the stars,
Up on a rocket ship, somewhere
In between Saturn and Mars.

3. I walked up to the captain and said, “How d'you do.”
“Kid,” she replied, “I was warned about you.
But if you can handle a tight scrape or two,
Ahoy, mate, and welcome aboard!

CHORUS 3: “'Cause you're up on a rocket ship, sailing
Over the moon and the stars,
Up on a rocket ship, somewhere
In between Saturn and Mars.”

CHORUS 4: Hey, we're up on a rocket ship, sailing
Over the moon and the stars,
Up on a rocket ship, somewhere
In between Saturn and Mars.

The Stowaway Astronaut

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, with a light swing and some talk-singing ♩ ≈ 114

Verse 1

1. You can call me a stow-a-way as-tro-naut,

Tell me I have-n't the ghost of a shot— "Poor kid, for all of those

dreams that you've got, You'd best keep your feet on the

ground." But I'm up on a rock-et ship,

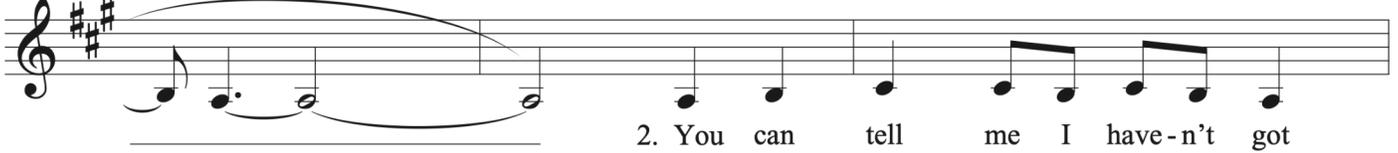
sail-ing O-ver the moon and the stars,

Up on a rock-et ship, some-where In be-tween Sat-urn and Mars.—

Chorus 1

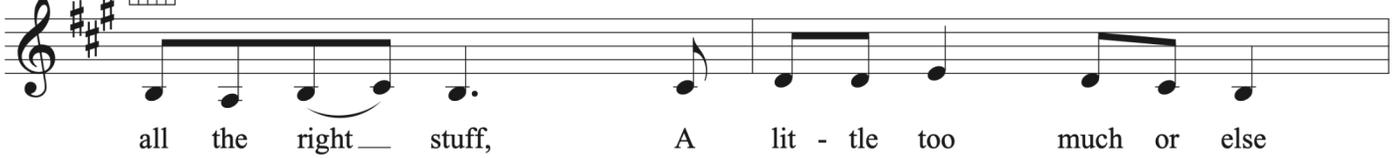
Verse 2

17 



2. You can tell me I have-n't got

20 



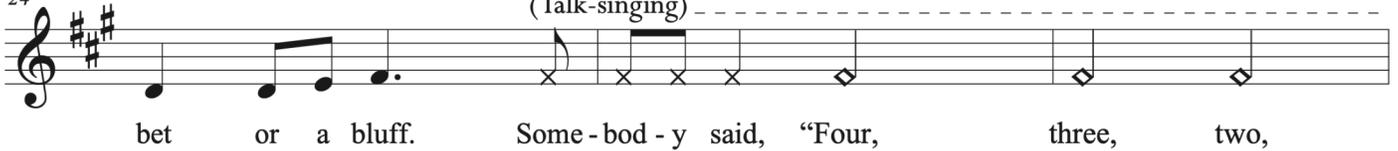
all the right stuff, A lit - tle too much or else

22 



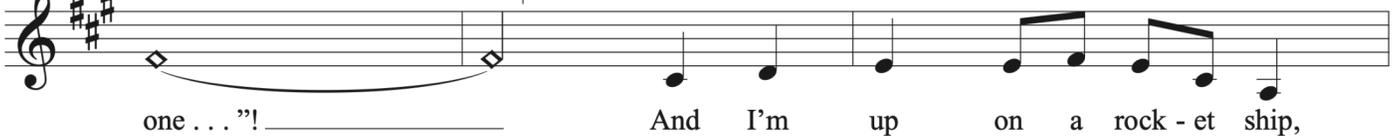
not quite e - nough, But I hopped a - board on a

24   (Talk-singing) -----



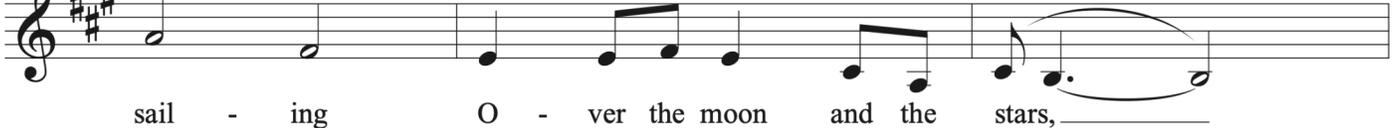
bet or a bluff. Some - bod - y said, "Four, three, two,

27   *Chorus 2*



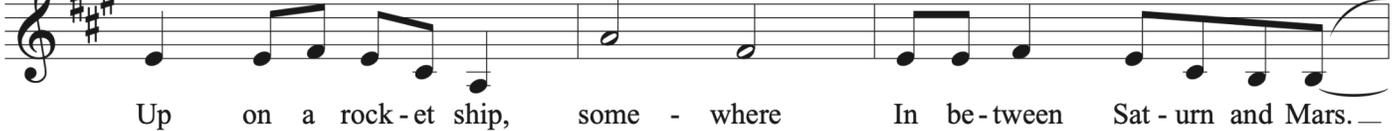
one ...'!' And I'm up on a rock - et ship,

30   



sail - ing O - ver the moon and the stars,

33    



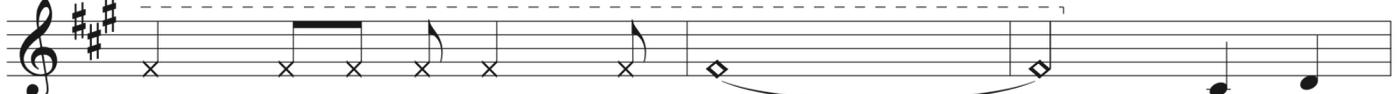
Up on a rock - et ship, some - where In be - tween Sat - urn and Mars. —

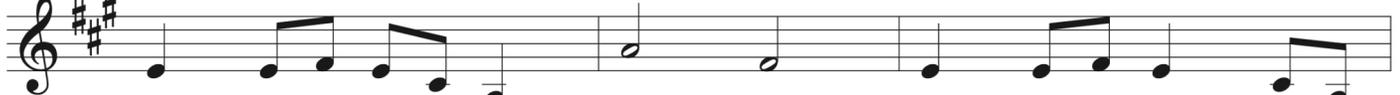
Verse 3

36  
3. I walked up to the cap - tain and

39   
said, "How d'you do." "Kid," she re-plied, "I was warned a - bout you. — But

42  
if you can han - dle a tight scrape or two, (Talk-singing) — — A -

44    **Chorus 3**
hoy, mate, and wel - come a - board! — — 'Cause you're

47    
up on a rock - et ship, sail - ing O - ver the moon and the

50    
stars, — — Up on a rock - et ship, some - where

53     **Chorus 4**
In be - tween Sat - urn and Mars. — — Hey, we're

56

D A

up on a rock-et ship, sail - ing O - ver the moon and the

59

E7 A D

stars, _____ Up on a rock - et ship, some - where

62

Bm E7 A

In be - tween Sat - urn and Mars! _____



My Grandson Samadhi

Seattle, Washington
December 31, 2004

Babes Will Be Born



“And while you’re growing, you will see things,
Cities and towns, child, beggars and kings . . .”

1. Hush, little baby, and don't you cry.
Rivers run deep, child. Fir trees climb high.
Fir trees climb high, child. Rivers run deep.
Hush, little baby, and go to sleep.
2. And while you're sleeping, you will run far,
Down to the sea, child, up to a star,
Up to a star, child, down to the sea,
And while you're sleeping, you will run free.
3. And while you're running, you will grow strong,
Strong as a slave, child, true as a song,
True as a song, child, strong as a slave,
And while you're running, you will grow brave.
4. And while you're growing, you will see things,
Cities and towns, child, beggars and kings,
Beggars and kings, child, cities and towns,
And while you're growing, you will see clowns.
5. And while you're seeing, you will learn much,
Learn what to scorn, child, learn what to touch,
Learn what to touch, child, learn what to scorn,
And while you're seeing, babes will be born.
6. *Repeat Verse 1.*

Babes Will Be Born

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately slow ♩ ≈ 138

Verses

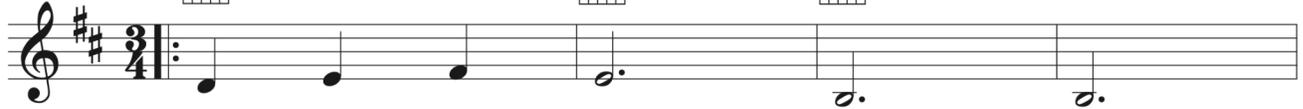
D



D7



G



1. Hush, lit - tle ba - by, _____
2. And while you're sleep - ing, _____
3. And while you're run - ning, _____
4. And while you're grow - ing, _____
5. And while you're see - ing, _____
6. Repeat Verse 1.

A7



D



A7



and don't you cry. _____
 you will run far, _____
 you will grow strong, _____
 you will see things, _____
 you will learn much, _____

Riv - ers run
 Down to the
 Strong as a
 Cit - ies and
 Learn what to

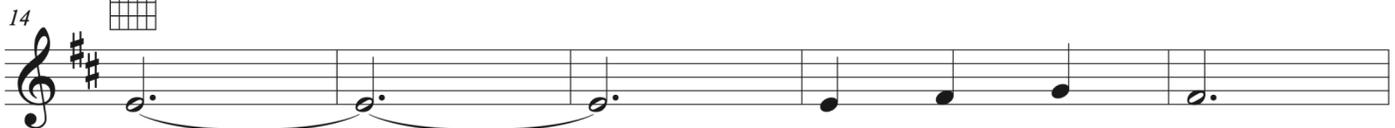
D



deep, child. _____
 sea, child, _____
 slave, child, _____
 towns, child, _____
 scorn, child, _____

Fir trees climb
 up to a
 true as a
 beg - gars and
 learn what to

A7



high. _____
 star, _____
 song, _____
 kings, _____
 touch, _____

Fir trees climb high,
 Up to a star,
 True as a song,
 Beg - gars and kings,
 Learn what to touch,

19

D  D7  G 



child. _____ Riv - ers run deep. _____
 child, _____ down to the sea, _____
 child, _____ strong as a slave, _____
 child, _____ cit - ies and towns, _____
 child, _____ learn what to scorn, _____

23

A7 



_____ Hush, lit - tle ba - by, _____
 _____ And while you're sleep - ing, _____
 _____ And while you're run - ning, _____
 _____ And while you're grow - ing, _____
 _____ And while you're see - ing, _____

28

D 



_____ and go to sleep. _____
 _____ you will run free. _____
 _____ you will grow brave. _____
 _____ you will see clowns. _____
 _____ babes will be born. _____

6x



Part Four

Political Songs

These anthems, parodies, and protest songs run the gamut in terms of style, mood, and tone. What they have in common is their political theme and persuasion, which is socialist, feminist, environmentalist, and anti-imperialist.

While almost all these songs are fine standing alone, the majority were written in connection with larger projects. One, “Cordillera,” is the theme song of the Cordillera Campaign (peterbrunette.ca/cordillera-campaign). Most of the others are meant for my projected folk opera *Dollars and Doughnuts* (a.k.a. *Das Kapital: The Musical*), which, incidentally, explains why some of them speak in voices that differ sharply from my own. Should you, dear reader, happen to be a leftist playwright, composer, or arranger interested in collaborating on this work, you’re cordially invited to get in touch.

The Workers' Chorus



“Our skin may be black or it may be white,
Though we’re mostly the colour of leather,
But when all has been said we will all be Red.
We’ll be comrades marching together.”

1. We are the workers of this fair land.
 We're the truckers and teachers and tailors.
 We're the clerks and cashiers and design engineers.
 We're the sorters and handlers and mailers.
 But in case it's a home that you need, my friend,
 We're the carpenters and cabinetmakers,
 Or in case it's some bread that you crave instead,
 We're the farmers and millers and bakers.

2. Yes, and we are the workers of every land.
 We're the sisters and brothers and neighbours.
 We're the lovers and friends in a world that depends
 On the fruits of our mutual labours.
 Yes, and those are the chimes of freedom that sound
 Sharp and clear in the distance before us,
 Calling, Come, sing along with the workers' song!
 Come and join in the workers' chorus!

3. Singing, We are the workers of every land
 From Chad to Chile to China,
 From Spain to Iran, from Gabon to Japan,
 From Alaska to South Carolina.
 Now, our skin may be black or it may be white,
 Though we're mostly the colour of leather,
 But when all has been said we will all be Red.
 We'll be comrades marching together.

4. Singing, We are the workers of every land,
 And we will be more than delighted
 When we sing to the health of the Commonwealth
 Of All Nations and Species United.
 That's when old Mother Earth will be heaving a sigh
 From deep in her mantle of granite,
 And a bright, rosy dawn will be rising upon
 The bluest, most beautiful planet.

5. *Repeat Verse 2.*

ENDING: Come and join in the workers' chorus!

The Workers' Chorus

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately slow, but jaunty ♩ ≈ 84

Verse 1

A



1. We are the work-ers of this fair — land. We're the

E7



truck - ers and teach - ers and tai - lors. We're the

A

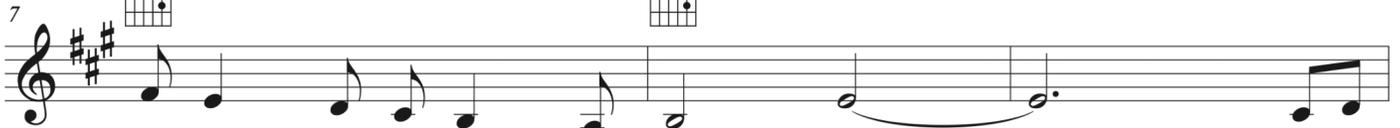


clerks and cash - iers and de - sign en - gi - neers. We're the

D



E7



sort - ers and hand - lers and mail - ers. But in

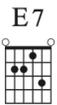
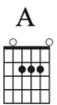
A



D

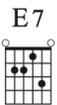
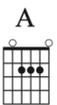


case it's a home that you need, my — friend, We're the

12  

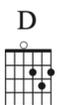
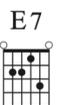


car - pen - ters and cab - i - net - mak - ers, _____ Or in

14  



case it's some bread that you crave in - stead, We're the

16   *Verse 2*

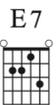


farm - ers and mil - lers and bak - ers. _____ 2. Yes, and

19 

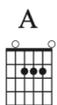


we are the work - ers of eve - ry _____ land. We're the

21 



sis - ters and broth - ers and neigh - bours. _____ We're the

23 



lov - ers and friends in a world that de - pends On the

25

D E7

fruits of our mu - tu - al la - bours. _____ Yes, and

28

A D

those are the chimes of _____ free - dom that sound Sharp and

30

E7 A

clear in the dis - tance be - fore us, _____ Cal - ling,

32

E7 A

Come, sing a - long with the work - ers' _____ song! Come and

34

D To Coda \oplus E7 Verse 3

join in the work - ers' _____ cho - rus! _____ 3. Sing - ing,

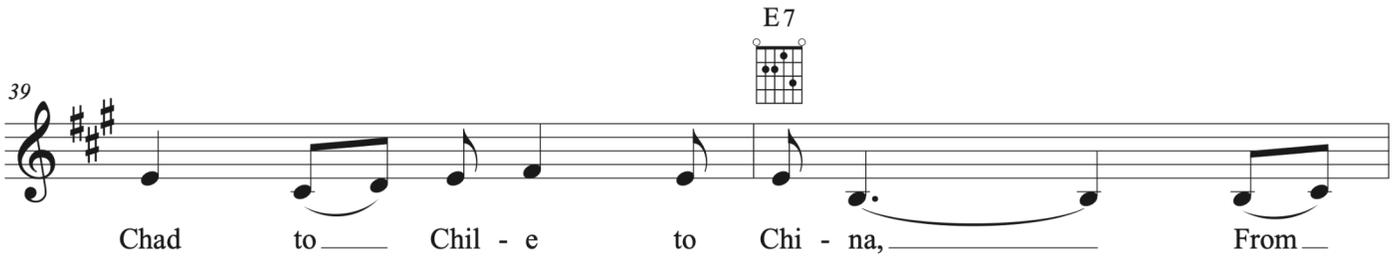
37

A

We are the work - ers of eve - ry _____ land From _____

39

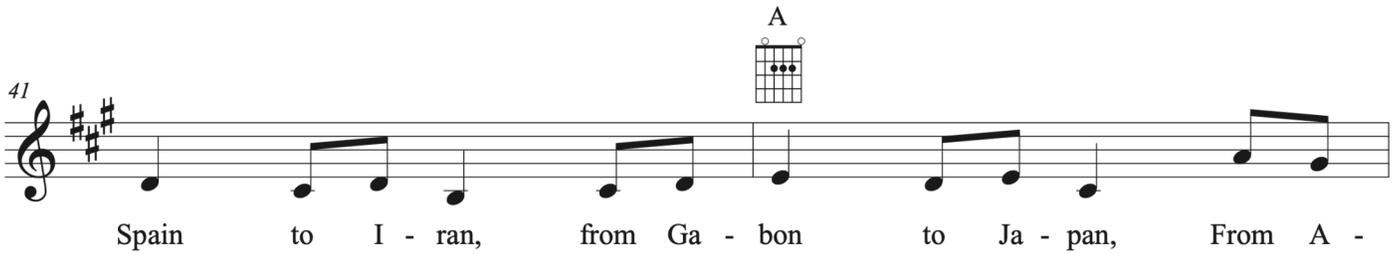
E7



Chad to Chil - e to Chi - na, From

41

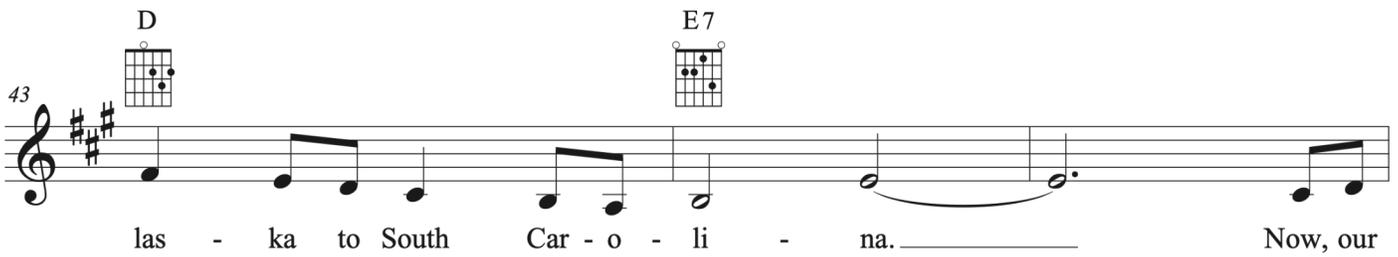
A



Spain to I - ran, from Ga - bon to Ja - pan, From A -

43

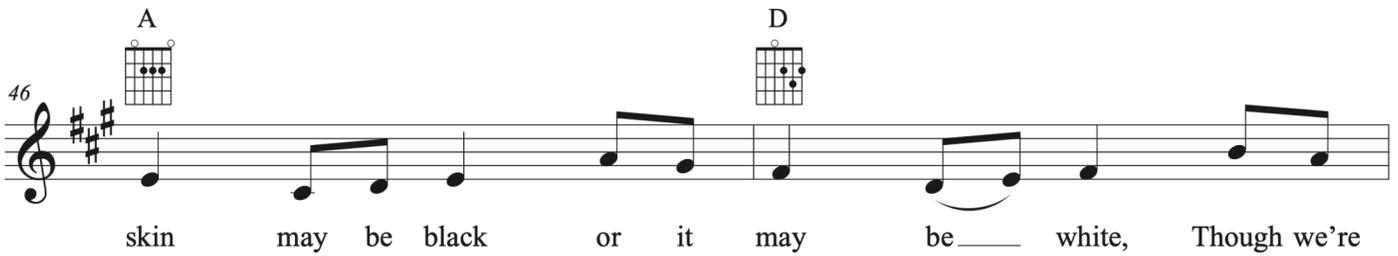
D E7



las - ka to South Car - o - li - na. Now, our

46

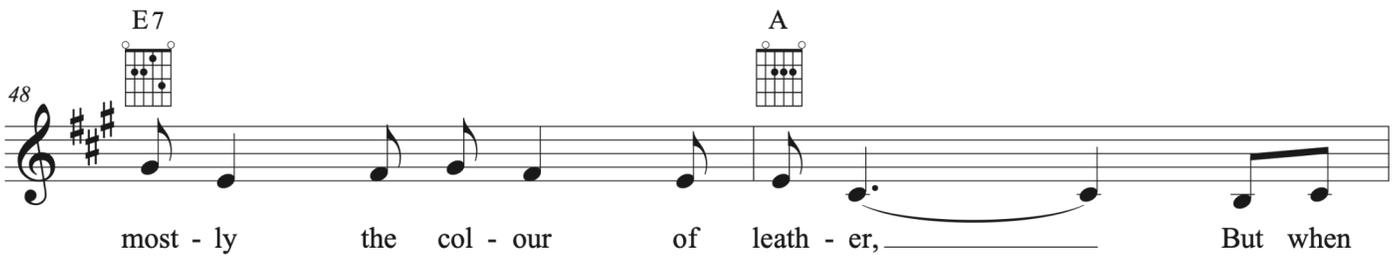
A D



skin may be black or it may be white, Though we're

48

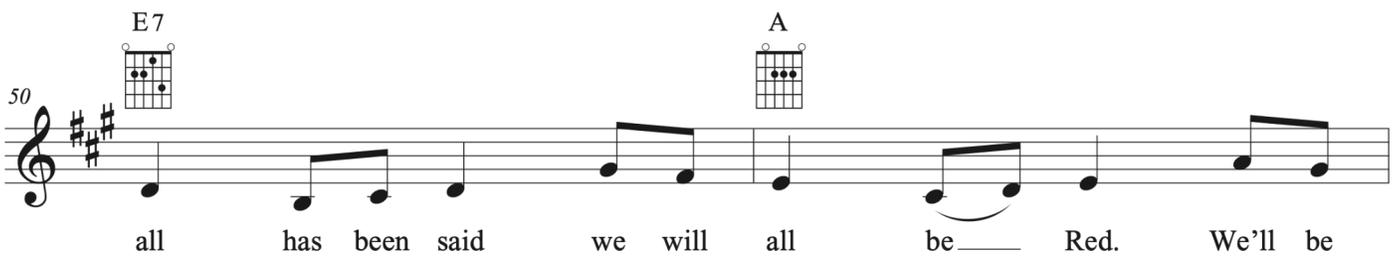
E7 A



most - ly the col - our of leath - er, But when

50

E7 A



all has been said we will all be Red. We'll be

Verse 4

52  



com - rades march - ing to - geth - er. 4. Sing - ing,

55 



We are the work - ers of eve - ry land, And

57 



we will be more than de - light - ed When we

59 



sing to the health of the Com - mon - wealth Of All

61  

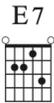
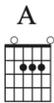


Na - tions and Spe - cies U - nit - ed. That's when

64  

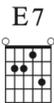


old Moth - er Earth will be heav - ing a sigh From

66  



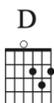
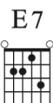
deep in her man - tle of gran - ite, _____ And a

68  



bright, ros - y dawn will be ris - ing up - on The _____

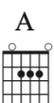
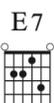
D.S. al Coda
Verse 5
(same as Verse 2)

70  



blu - est, most beau - ti - ful plan-et. _____ 5. Yes, and

⊕ Coda

73  *Ending*   



cho - rus! _____ Come and join in the work - ers' _____ cho-rus! _____

The Gathering Storm



“There’s a wind a-blowing
From the South country.
There’s a storm a-gathering
On the sea.”

1. Listen up, you advertisers,
 As you trade in dreams and fears,
 All you president's advisors,
 You who trade in blood and tears.
 Listen up, you lords of commerce
 With your husky bodyguards.
 All your submarines and bombers
 Can't defend your house of cards.

CHORUS 1: 'Cause there's a wind a-blowing
 From the South country.
 There's a storm a-gathering
 On the sea.

2. Listen up, you planet spoilers,
 As you squander Nature's gift.
 When you launched a thousand oilers,
 Whose boat did you set adrift?
 Listen up, you Wall Street bankers,
 As you blithely rig your sails.
 There will be no more safe anchors
 When the southern tempest wails.

CHORUS 2: And there's a wind a-blowing
 From the South country.
 There's a storm a-gathering
 On the sea.

3. Listen up, you men of power,
 As you tread your halls of fame.
 There will come that final hour
 When you hang your heads in shame.
 You will moan and you will holler,
 But no saints will comfort you,
 'Cause the mighty greenback dollar
 Was the only god you knew.

CHORUS 2



The Folk Tradition

My grandfather Obren Ilić, surrounded by his extended family, performing a song about the People's Liberation War (1941–1945) in which Partisan fighters drove the Axis occupiers out of his homeland, and accompanying himself on the *gusle*, a one-stringed Balkan instrument.

I'm the boy who blurred his face by moving during the exposure.

The Ilić farmstead near the village of Biograd, Herzegovina, Yugoslavia
Summer 1956

The Gathering Storm

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately ♩ ≈ 108

Verses

E F#m B7 E

1. Lis - ten up, you ad - ver - tis - ers,
2. Lis - ten up, you plan - et spoil - ers,
3. Lis - ten up, you men__ of pow - er,

5 F#m B7 E

As you trade in dreams__ and fears, _____
As you squan - der Na - ture's gift. _____
As you tread your halls__ of fame. _____

10 F#m B7 E

__ All you pres - i - dent's__ ad - vis - ers,
__ When you launched a thou - sand oil - ers,
__ There will come that fi - nal hour__

15 C#m 4fr. A F#m B7

You who trade in blood__ and tears. _____
Whose boat did you set__ a - drift? _____
When you hang your heads__ in shame. _____

21

E F#m B7 E F#m

Lis - ten up, you lords of com - merce With your
 Lis - ten up, you Wall Street bank - ers, As you
 You will moan and you will hol - ler, But no

26

B7 E

hus - ky bod - y - guards. All your
 blithe - ly rig your sails. There will
 saints will com - fort you, 'Cause the

32

F#m B7 E C#m F#m

sub - ma - rines and bomb - ers Can't de - fend your
 be no more safe an - chors When the south - ern
 might - y green - back dol - lar Was the on - ly

37

B7 E E7 **Choruses** A

house of cards. 'Cause
 tem - pest wails. And } there's a wind
 god you knew. And }

43

G#m C#m B7

a - blow - ing From the South coun -

49

E

C#m 4fr.

F#m 1, 2.

try. _____ There's a storm _____ a - gath' - ring

56

B7

F#m 3.

On the sea. _____ - gath' - ring

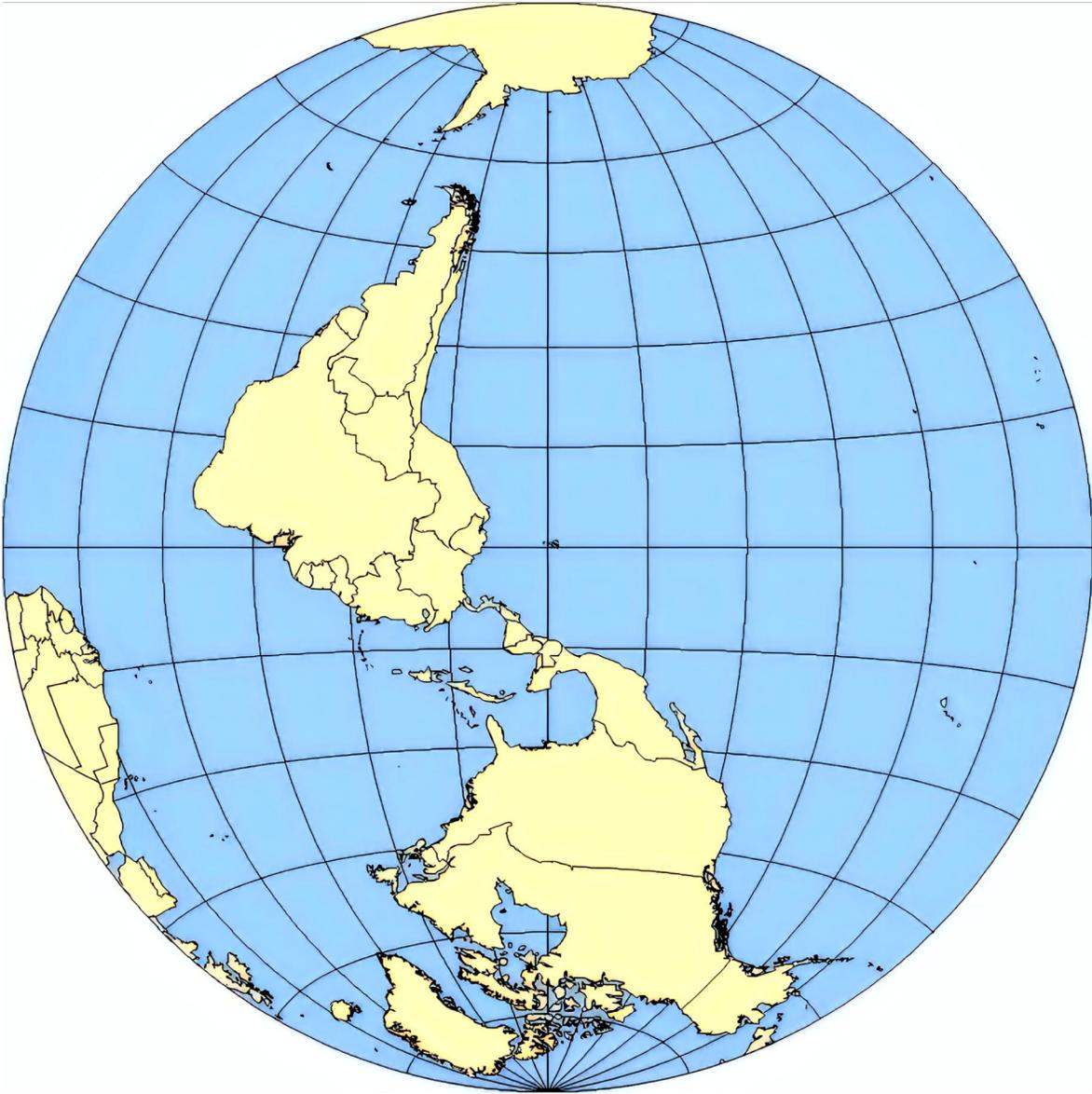
63

rit.

B7

on the sea. _____

No One Is Illegal



“There’s dozens of Americas a gal can hang her hat in,
Some black, some aboriginal, and more than twenty Latin.”

NOTE. One of the premises of this song is that the term “America” properly designates *all* the Americas—South, Central, and North—which is to say, the entire Western Hemisphere, shown here in an orientation congenial to the global South. Consequently, it is impermissible for any single nation to arrogate the name to itself. The spelling “Amerika” is meant to convey a measure of the distaste such arrogance induces among the cognoscenti.

1. It broke her heart to see him go—goodbyes were not her forte—
 But the only way he could feed their kids was to head up to *el norte*.
 You frown upon migration, so then why d'you go and spark it
 By dumping your protected corn on the Mexican market?
 You think of your Amerika as white and Anglo-Saxon.
 You say it ain't his country that he sweats and pays his tax in,
 But he's just as American as a bald eagle.
 He's just an American. No one is illegal.

2. There's dozens of Americas a gal can hang her hat in,
 Some black, some aboriginal, and more than twenty Latin.
 When she worked in El Salvador for a couple bucks an hour,
 She sewed those fancy suits you wear up in your high-rise tower.
 Yet now you start to harbour unkind sentiments toward her
 Because she sought to improve her lot on the wrong side of the border,
 But she's just as American as a bald eagle.
 She's just an American. No one is illegal.

3. You founded your Amerika as upstarts and newcomers
 On lands that had been settled for some fifteen thousand summers.
 You didn't ask my people if we favoured immigration
 Before you crossed an ocean to declare your proud, young nation.
 I'm one of those whose lives were scarred by that fateful decision,
 The man you call an Indian and lock up on a prison,
 But I'm just as American as a bald eagle.
 I'm just an American. No one is illegal.

ENDING: No one is illegal. (*Repeat ad lib. and fade.*)

No One Is Illegal

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately fast, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 132

Verse 1

1. It broke her heart_ to see him go_ good -

byes were not_ her for - te_ But the on - ly way_ he could

feed their kids_ was to head up to_ el nor - te.

— You frown up - on_ mi - gra-tion, so then

why d'you go_ and spark_ it_ By dump - ing your_ pro -

tect - ed corn_ on the Mex - i - can mar - ket?

18

F#m A7 D A7 D

— You think of your — A - mer - i - ka — as

21

Em A7 D

white and An - glo - Sax - on. — You say it ain't — his

24

Bm Em A7

coun - try — that he sweats and pays — his tax — in,

27

D A7 D

— But he's just as — A - mer - i - can —

30

Bm F#m Bm

— as a bald ea - gle. — He's just an — A -

33

Em F#m Bm

mer - i - can. — No one is — il - le - gal. —

36

F#m A7 Verse 2 D A7 D

— 2. There's doz - ens of — A - mer - i - cas — a

39

Em A7 D

gal can hang — her hat — in, — Some black, some ab - o -

42

Bm Em A7

rig - i - nal, — and more than twen - ty Lat - in. —

45

D A7 D

— When she worked in — El Sal - va - dor — for a

48

Bm F#m Bm

cou - ple bucks — an hour, — She sewed those fan - cy

51

Em F#m Bm

suits you wear — up in your high - rise tow - er. —

54

F#m A7 D A7 D

— Yet now you start — to har - bour un - kind

57

Em A7 D

sen - ti - ments to - ward her Be - cause she sought to im -

60

Bm Em A7

prove her lot on the wrong side of the bor - der,

63

D A7 D

But she's just as A - mer - i - can

66

Bm F#m Bm

as a bald ea - gle. She's just an A -

69

Em F#m Bm

mer - i - can. No one is il - le - gal.

72

F#m A7 Verse 3 D A7 D

3. You found - ed your A - mer - i - ka as

75

Em A7 D

up - starts and new - com - ers _____ On lands that had _____ been

78

Bm Em A7

set - tled for _____ some fif - teen thou - sand sum - mers. _____

81

D A7 D

_____ You did - n't ask _____ my peo - ple if _____ we

84

Bm F#m Bm

fa - voured im - mi - gra - tion _____ Be - fore you crossed _____ an o -

87

Em F#m *rit.* Bm

- cean _____ to de - clare your proud, _____ young na - tion. _____

90

F#m A7 *a tempo* D A7 D

_____ I'm one of those _____ whose lives were scarred _____ by

93

Em A7 D

that fate - ful de - ci - sion, _____ The man you call _____ an

96

Bm Em A7

In - di - an _____ and lock up in _____ a pris - on, _____

99

D A7 D

_____ But I'm just as _____ A - mer - i - can _____

102

Bm F#m Bm Em

_____ as a bald ea - gle. _____ I'm just an _____ A - mer - i - can. _____

106

F#m Bm F#m Bm

No one is _____ il - le - gal. _____

Ending

109

F#m Bm F#m Bm

Repeat ad lib. and fade

No one is _____ il - le - gal. _____

Act 1: The Workers' Revolution

Here's a little tip about the history
 Of hitherto-existing society:
 It's always been a struggle, for life has not come cheap
 Since Adam left the garden and had to earn his keep.
 Then all the wealth and power came to flow towards
 The high and mighty princes and the feudal lords.
 And while the bourgeois bosses were making history,
 They held the toilers captive inside the factory.

But factory workers are history makers,
 So, sisters and brothers, it's right up your line.
 You fitters and joiners are movers and shakers,
 Your hands on the fabric of Nature's design.
 Your ancestors hunted on plains and savannas
 And brought home their harvest to bless and to share.
 With no priests or parsons, they sang their hosannas
 To fire and water, to earth and to air.

Let the ruling classes tremble
 When they see your time has come,
 When they see your ranks assemble,
 Marching to a different drum.
 Now's the time to join the choir,
 All you workers of the world,
 Time to raise your voices higher,
 Let your banners be unfurled.

There can be no substitution
 For the hands that hold the key,
 For the workers' revolution
 Rising from the factory.
 Tell it to your friend and neighbour:
 Workers of the world, unite!
 For the hands that do the labour
 Have some history to write.

Act 2: The Women's Revolution

History you learn in your grammar school
 Is like a story told by the village fool:
 It's full of sound and fury but doesn't mean a lot.
 It's all about dead white men and all the wars they fought.
 And what about the women? Well, sister, can't you guess?
 They're either whores and harlots or damsels in distress.
 For while the knights in armour were making history,
 They kept their wives sequestered inside the nursery.

But nursery workers are history makers,
 So, mothers and daughters, it's right up your line.
 You spinners and weavers are movers and shakers,
 Your hands on the fabric of Nature's design.
 Your ancestors gathered the seeds and the flowers
 And brought home their harvest to bless and to share.
 The blazes they kindled unlocked all the powers
 Of fire and water, of earth and of air.

Let the ruling gender tremble
 When they see your time has come,
 When they see your ranks assemble,
 Marching to a different drum.
 Now's the time to join the choir,
 All you women of the world,
 Time to raise your voices higher,
 Let your banners be unfurled.

There can be no substitution
 For the hands that hold the key,
 For the women's revolution
 Rising from the nursery.
 So put down the chowder ladle.
 Women of the world, unite!
 For the hands that rock the cradle
 Have some history to write.

Act 3: The Peoples' Revolution

History was all about the famous men
 Who sailed the seven seas with the sword and the pen.
 They bristled with bravado, excelled in sex appeal.
 They busted out all over with missionary zeal.
 Well, half of all the natives they soon turned into slaves,
 And most of those remaining they laid into their graves.
 And while the brave explorers were making history,
 They turned the natives' country into their granary.

But granary workers are history makers,
 So, sisters and brothers, it's right up your line.
 You farmers and millers are movers and shakers,
 Your hands on the fabric of Nature's design.
 Your ancestors followed the moon and the seasons
 And brought home their harvest to bless and to share.
 Their words, bright as daybreak, illumined the reasons
 For fire and water, for earth and for air.

Let the ruling nations tremble
 When they see your time has come,
 When they see your ranks assemble,
 Marching to a different drum.
 Now's the time to join the choir,
 All you peoples of the world,
 Time to raise your voices higher,
 Let your banners be unfurled.

There can be no substitution
 For the hands that hold the key,
 For the peoples' revolution
 Rising from the granary.
 You're the ones that see the farthest.
 Peoples of the world, unite!
 For the hands that reap the harvest
 Have some history to write.

History Lessons

A Musical Manifesto in Three Acts

Words by Peter Brunette
with a little help from Karl Marx and Frederick Engels
Music by Peter Brunette

Moderately slow, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 92

Act I: The Workers' Revolution

Act II: The Women's Revolution

Act III: The Peoples' Revolution

G C G

I. Here's a lit - tle tip a - bout the his - to -
II. His - to - ry you learn in your gram - mar
III. His to - ry was all a - bout the fa - mous

C Am

ry school men Of hith - er - to - ex - ist - ing so -
Is like a sto - ry told by the
Who sailed the sev - en seas with the

C G D

ci - e - ty: _____ It's al - ways been a
vil - lage fool: _____ It's full of sound and
sword and the pen. _____ They bris - tled with bra -

Em C Em

strug - gle, for life has not come cheap Since
fu - ry but does - n't mean a lot. It's
va - do, ex - celled in sex ap - peal. They

14

C G Bm

Ad - am left the gar - den and had to earn his
all a - bout dead white men and all the wars they
bust - ed out all o - ver with mis - sion - ar - y

17

D7 G

keep. _____
fought. _____
zeal. _____

Then all the wealth and
And what a - bout the
Well, half of all the

21

C G

pow - er came to flow to -
wo - men? Well, sis - ter, can't you
na - tives they soon turned in - to

23

C Am

wards The high and might - y prin - ces and the
guess? They're ei - ther whores and har - lots or they
slaves, And most of those re - main - ing they

26

C G

feu - dal lords. _____ And
dam - sels in dis - tress. _____ For
laid in - to their graves. _____ And

29

D Em C

while the bour - geois boss - es were mak - ing his - to -
 while the knights in ar - mour were mak - ing his - to -
 while the brave ex - plor - ers were mak - ing his - to -

32

Em C G

ry, They held the toil - ers cap - tive in -
 ry, They kept their wives se - ques - tered in -
 ry, They turned the na - tives' coun - try in -

35

Am D7 G

side the fac - to - ry.
 side the nurs - er - y.
 to their gra - na - ry.

(Instrumental riff to support key change) - - - - -

39

D sus Em A7 D

But fac - to - ry work -
 But nurs - er - y work -
 But gra - na - ry work -

43

G D

- ers are his - to - ry mak - ers, So,
 - ers are his - to - ry mak - ers, So,
 - ers are his - to - ry mak - ers, So,

46  



sis - ters and broth - ers, it's right up your line. ___
 moth - ers and daugh - ters, it's right up your line. ___
 sis - ters and broth - ers, it's right up your line. ___

49  



— You fit - ters and join - ers are
 — You spin - ners and weav - ers are
 — You farm - ers and mill - ers are

52   



mov - ers and shak - ers, Your hands on the fab -
 mov - ers and shak - ers, Your hands on the fab -
 mov - ers and shak - ers, Your hands on the fab -

55   



- ric of Na - ture's de - sign. ___
 - ric of Na - ture's de - sign. ___
 - ric of Na - ture's de - sign. ___

58



— Your an - ces - tors hunt - ed on
 — Your an - ces - tors gath - ered the
 — Your an - ces - tors fol - lowed the

61   



plains and sa - van - nas And brought home their har -
 seeds and the flow - ers And brought home their har -
 moon and the sea - sons And brought home their har -

64  



- vest to bless and to share. _____ With
 - vest to bless and to share. _____ The
 - vest to bless and to share. _____ Their

67  



no priests or par - sons, they sang their ho - san -
 blaz - es they kin - dled un - locked all the pow -
 words, bright as day - break, il - lu - mined the rea -

70   



- nas To fire _____ and wa - ter, to
 - ers Of fire _____ and wa - ter, of
 - sons For fire _____ and wa - ter, for

73  



earth and to air. _____
 earth and of air. _____
 earth and for air. _____

(Instrumental riff to support key change) -----

Moderately, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 112

76

G sus A m D 7 G

accel.

Let the rul - ing class - es
 Let the rul - ing gen - der
 Let the rul - ing na - tions

80

G 7 C

trem - ble When they see your time has come, When they
 trem - ble When they see your time has come, When they
 trem - ble When they see your time has come, When they

83

A m E m A m D 7

see your ranks as - sem - ble, March - ing to a dif - rent
 see your ranks as - sem - ble, March - ing to a dif - rent
 see your ranks as - sem - ble, March - ing to a dif - rent

86

G

drum. Now's the time to join the choir, _____ All you
 drum. Now's the time to join the choir, _____ All you
 drum. Now's the time to join the choir, _____ All you

89

G 7 C A m E m

work - ers of the world, Time to raise your voic - es high - er, Let your
 wom - en of the world, Time to raise your voic - es high - er, Let your
 peo - ples of the world, Time to raise your voic - es high - er, Let your

108

Em *rit.* Am D7 G 3x

la - bour Have some his - to - ry to write. _____
 cra - dle Have some his - to - ry to write. _____
 har - vest Have some his - to - ry to write. _____



Ernesto Che Guevara
 Havana, Cuba
 March 5, 1960

Dollars and Doughnuts or, *Das Kapital*: The Folk Song



“You find that you’ve got to work for your pay,
Got to sell your boss all the time of your day . . .”

1. Now, I'm just a regular working stiff,
And if you are a worker, you'll catch my drift.
There's easier ways to make the hours go past.
Ain't it a shame you can't live on grass?
But you find that you've got to work for your pay,
Got to sell your boss all the time of your day,
Sell your labour-power away,
 Like a member of the working class,
For the capitalist to do with as he may,
 Like a member of the ruling class.

2. So you sell your time and your energy,
And you sell your creativity,
And for every hour of the time that you spent
You get paid 'bout enough to cover food and rent.
And then every ounce of the energy
That you burnt up working like a busy bee,
Well, that's no longer the property
 Of a member of the working class,
And the one that has claimed it, mysteriously,
 Is a member of the ruling class.

3. 'Cause it's gone into doughnuts or baseball caps,
Into sofas or smartphones or software apps.
You put your time into the products now,
But then they get put on the shelf somehow,
And when folks go and find them in the marketplace,
They see your products but not your face.
The one that just vanished without any trace
 Was the member of the working class,
'Cause the product's face in the marketplace
 Is the logo of the ruling class.

4. 'Cause, you know, it's the bosses who market the stuff
For cash, or for credit when the going gets rough.
They market the goods that your energy made,
And then they see to it that they get paid
The wages they paid you times two, three, or four
For every last hour you spent at the chore.

So in case you were wondering where your energy went,
As a member of the working class,
Well, it's gone to the owners and the management,
To the members of the ruling class.

5. 'Cause money ain't nothing but working time.
It's the squeezing and grinding of the lemon and lime.
Money ain't nothing but the time that you spend
On the line of production, and, sister, when
You're the one that's been spending the time,
Well, you ought to be spending every nickel and dime.
You ought to rise up from the grease and the grime.
You're a member of the rising class.
Yes, and exploitation will be made a crime
When the workers are the ruling class.

ENDING: I said, exploitation will be made a crime
When the workers are the ruling class,
When the workers are the ruling class . . . (*Repeat ad lib. and fade.*)



“It’s not my fault that reality is Marxist.”
—Jean-Paul Sartre

Dollars and Doughnuts

or, *Das Kapital*: The Folk Song

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 108

Verse 1 D

D7

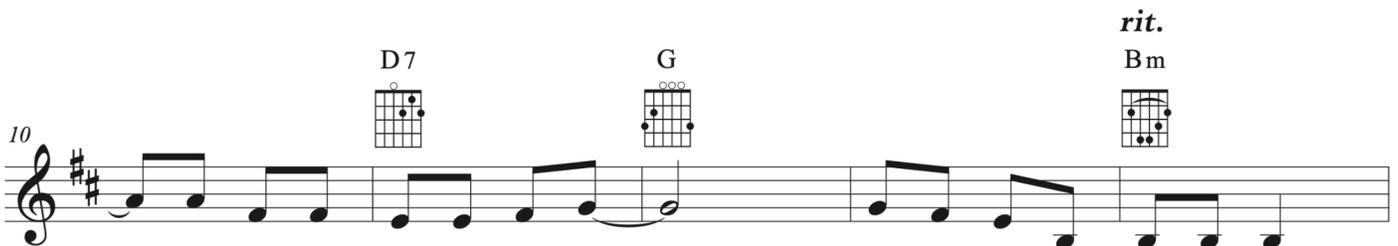
G



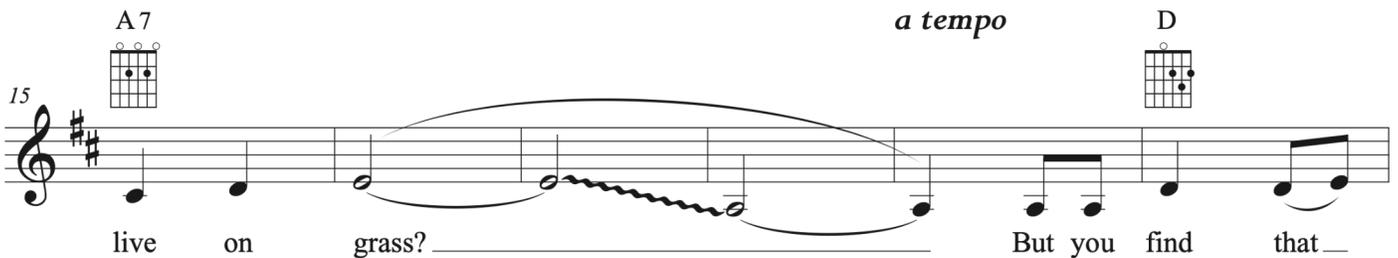
1. Now, I'm just a reg - u - lar work - ing stiff, — And if



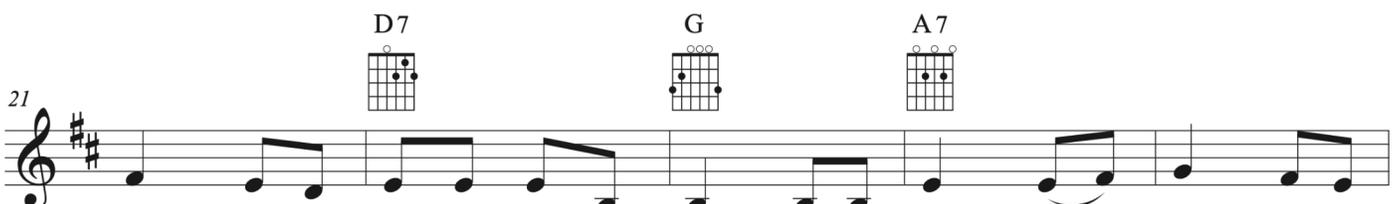
you are a work - er, you'll catch my drift. — There's eas - i - er ways —



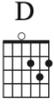
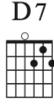
— to make the hours — go past. — Ain't it a shame — you can't



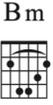
live on grass? — But you find that —



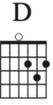
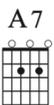
you've got to work for your pay, — Got to sell your — boss all the

26  

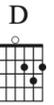
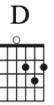
time of your day, — Sell your — la - bour pow - er a - way, —

31     

— Like a mem - ber of the work - ing class, — For the

36    

cap - i - tal - ist — to do with as he may, — Like a mem - ber of the

41     *Verse 2*

rul - ing class. — 2. So you

46   

sell your — time and your en - er - gy, — And you sell your —

51 

cre - a - tiv - i - ty, — And for eve - ry — hour — of the

rit.

56

D7 G Bm A7

time that you spent — You get paid 'bout e - nough — to cov - er food and

a tempo

61

D

rent. — And then eve - ry — ounce of the

67

D7 G A7

en - er - gy — That you burnt up — work - ing like a bus - y bee, —

72

D D7 G

— Well, that's no — long - er the prop - er - ty — Of a

77

Bm A7 D Bm D

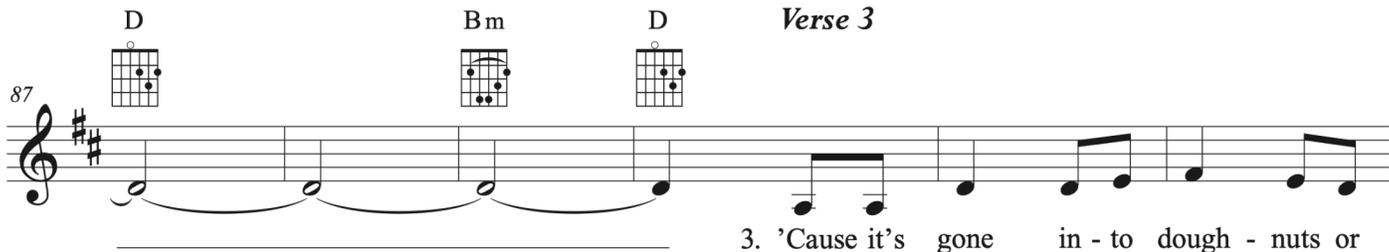
mem - ber of the work - ing class, — And the one that has claimed —

82

A7 Bm Em A7

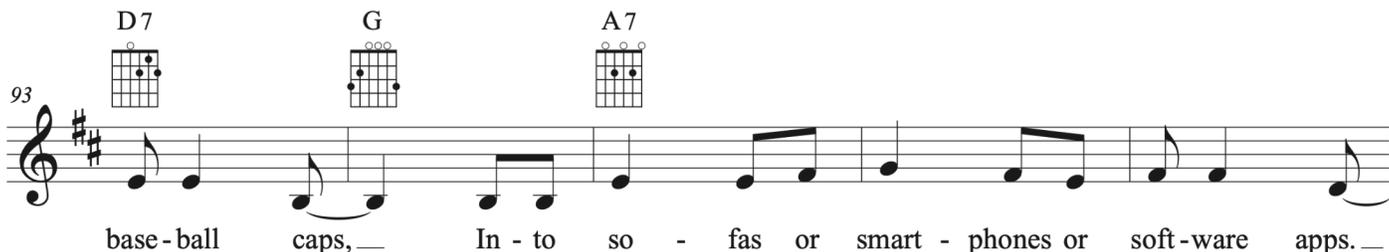
— it, mys - te - ri - ous - ly, — Is a mem - ber of the rul - ing class. —

87 D Bm D Verse 3



3. 'Cause it's gone in - to dough - nuts or

93 D7 G A7



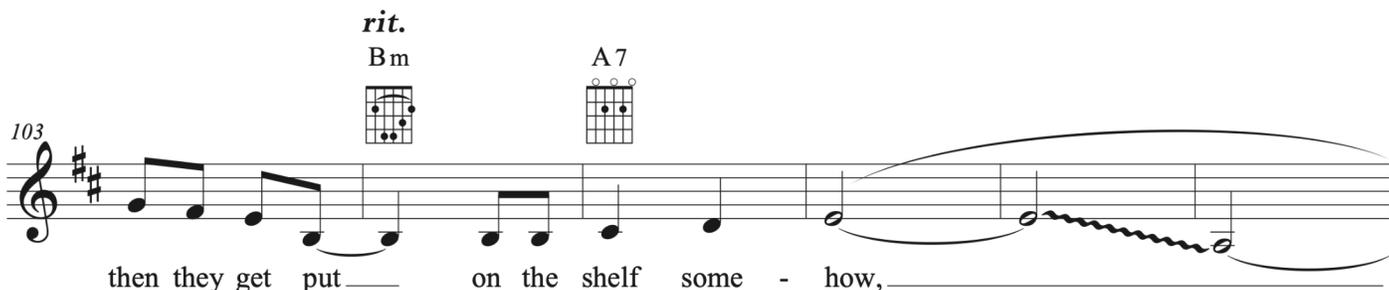
base - ball caps, In - to so - fas or smart - phones or soft - ware apps.

98 D D7 G



You put your time in - to the prod - ucts now, But

103 *rit.* Bm A7



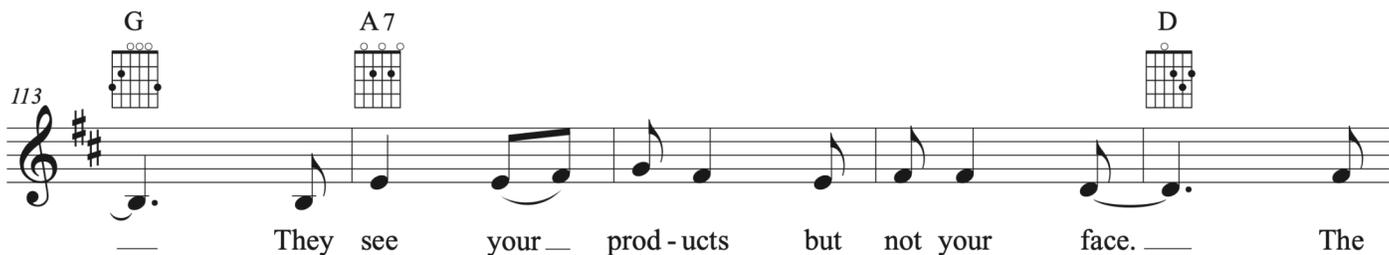
rit.
then they get put on the shelf some - how,

109 *a tempo* D D7



a tempo
And when folks go and find them in the mar - ket - place,

113 G A7 D



They see your prod - ucts but not your face. The

118

D7 G Bm

one that just van - ished with - out an - y trace ___ Was the mem - ber of the

123

A7 D Bm D

work - ing class, _____ 'Cause the prod - uct's ___ face ___ in the

128

A7 Bm Em A7 D

mar - ket - place ___ Is the lo - go of the rul - ing class. _____

133

Bm D

Verse 4

4. 'Cause, you know, it's the boss - es who

138

D7 G A7

mar - ket the stuff ___ For cash, or for cred - it when the go - ing gets rough. ___

143

D D7 G

___ They mar - ket the goods ___ that your en - er - gy made, ___ And

rit.
Bm A7

148 then they see to — it that they get paid —

a tempo D D7 G

154 — The wag - es they paid — you times two, three, or four — For

A7 D

159 eve - ry last hour — you spent at the chore. — So in case you were won -

D7 G Bm

164 - d'ring where your en - er - gy went, — As a mem - ber of the

A7 D Bm D

168 work - ing class, — Well, it's gone to the own - ers and the

A7 Bm Em A7 D

173 man - age - ment, — To the mem - bers of the rul - ing class. —

Bm

D

Verse 5

178

5. 'Cause mon - ey ain't no - thing but

D7

G

A7

183

work-ing time. — It's the squeez-ing and grind - ing of the lem - on and lime. —

D

D7

G

188

— Mon - ey ain't no - thing but the time that you spend — On the

rit.

Bm

A7

193

line of pro - duc - tion, and, sis - ter, when —

a tempo

D

D7

G

199

— You're the one — that's been spend-ing the time, — Well, you

A7

D

204

ought to be spend - ing eve - ry nick - el and dime. — You ought to rise

209

D7 G Bm A7

up from the grease and the grime. — You're a mem-ber of the ris - ing class. —

214

D Bm D A7

Yes, and ex - ploi - ta - tion will be made — a crime —

219

Bm Em A7 D

— When the work - ers are the rul - ing class. —

224

Bm D *Ending* A7

I said, ex - ploi - ta - tion will be made — a crime —

229

Bm Em A7 D Bm

— When the work - ers are the rul - ing class, —

235

D Em A7 D Bm

Repeat ad lib. and fade

— When the work - ers are the rul - ing class ... —

A Woman's World



“I’m not the sort of a woman you’ll find
Resembles a pink passionflower,
Nor am I the voluptuous, velvety kind
That rents herself out by the hour.
There’s just one little passion that sticks in my mind,
Just one little passion for power.”

1. When a gal has nice bosoms, a pert little butt,
 And legs longer than Betty Grable,
 The guys start behaving like stags at the rut
 Or stallions at stud in a stable.
 Golly, she's not as safe as a shelled hazelnut
 In a bowl on the dining-room table.

And they say, "Hey, hey!
 It's a man's world, sister."
 They say—hey, hey!—
 They just can't resist her.

If her spirit's too strong, he thinks he'd better break it,
 And if she can't be pleased, she can jolly well fake it.
 You call that your world? Well, the devil may take it,
 Mister.

2. There are times when I wish I could look just as plain
 As some old, discarded umbrella
 Or some dirty laundry hanging over the drain,
 A godawful colour of yellow.
 Maybe then I might not have to fight off each vain,
 Arrogant boor of a fellow.

And they say, "Hey, hey!
 It's a man's world, sister."
 They say—hey, hey!—
 They just can't resist her.

They've got one thing in mind—it's the masculine hang-up—
 And if she won't put out, then they're liable to gang up.
 You call that your world? We'll blow that whole shebang up,
 Mister.

3. Frankly, I'm not the sort of a woman you'll find
 Resembles a pink passionflower,
 Nor am I the voluptuous, velvety kind
 That rents herself out by the hour.
 There's just one little passion that sticks in my mind,
 Just one little passion for power.

And they say, “Hey, hey!
It’s a man’s world, sister.”
They say—hey, hey!—
They just can’t resist her.
So when he treats her rough, she’s expected to love it.
Well, as for me, I’m just plain tired of it.
You call that your world? You know where you can shove it,
Mister.



Protest March

With my son Stephen (centre) surrounded by friends of the family
Vancouver, British Columbia
Autumn 1979

A Woman's World

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Bright and jaunty ♩ ≈ 154

Verses

D



A7



D



1. When a gal has nice bos - oms, a
2. There are times when I wish I could
3. Frank - ly, I'm not the sort of a

G



A7



5 pert lit - tle butt, _____ And legs long - er than Bet - ty
look just as plain _____ As some old, dis - card - ed um -
wo - man you'll find _____ Re - sem - bles a pink pas - sion -

D



9 Gra - ble, _____ The guys start be - hav - ing like
brel - la _____ Or some dir - ty laun - dry hang - ing
flow - er, _____ Nor am I the vol - up - tu - ous,

G



A7



13 stags at the rut _____ Or stal - lions at stud in a
o - ver the drain, _____ A god - aw - ful col - our of
vel - vet - y kind _____ That rents her - self out by the

D



17

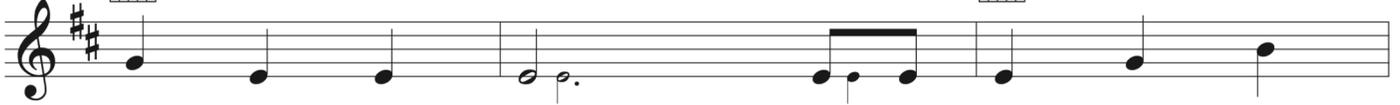


sta - ble. Gol - ly, she's not as safe as a
 yel - low. May - be then I might not have to
 hour. There's just one lit - tle pas - sion that

G



21



Em



shelled ha - zel - nut In a bowl on the
 fight off each vain, Ar - ro - gant
 sticks in my mind, Just one lit - tle

A7



24



D



Bm



din - ing - room ta - ble. And they say, "Hey,
 boor of a fel - low. And they say, "Hey,
 pas - sion for pow - er. And they say, "Hey,

F#m



29



Em

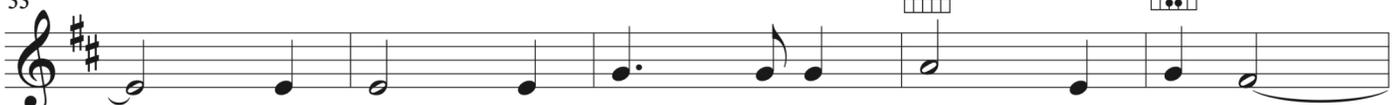


A7



hey! It's a man's world, sis - ter."
 hey! It's a man's world, sis - ter."
 hey! It's a man's world, sis - ter."

33



D6



Bm



— They say— hey, hey!— they just can't re - sist her.
 — They say— hey, hey!— they just can't re - sist her.
 — They say— hey, hey!— they just can't re - sist her.

38

A7  D 



If her spir - it's too strong, he thinks
 They've got one thing in mind— it's the
 So when he treats her rough, she's ex -

43

G 



he'd bet - ter break it, And if she can't be
 mas - cu - line hang - up— And if she won't put
 pect - ed to love it. Well, as for

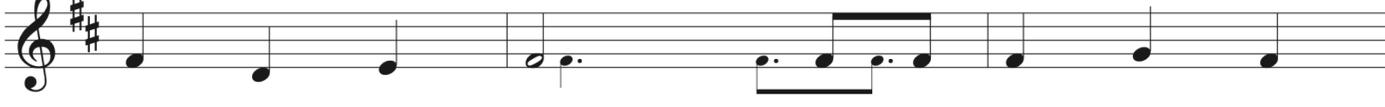
46

D 



pleased, she can jol - ly well fake it. You
 out, then they're li' - ble to gang up. You
 me, I'm just plain tired of it. You

49



call that your world? Well, the dev - il may
 call that your world? We'll blow that whole she -
 call that your world? You know where you can

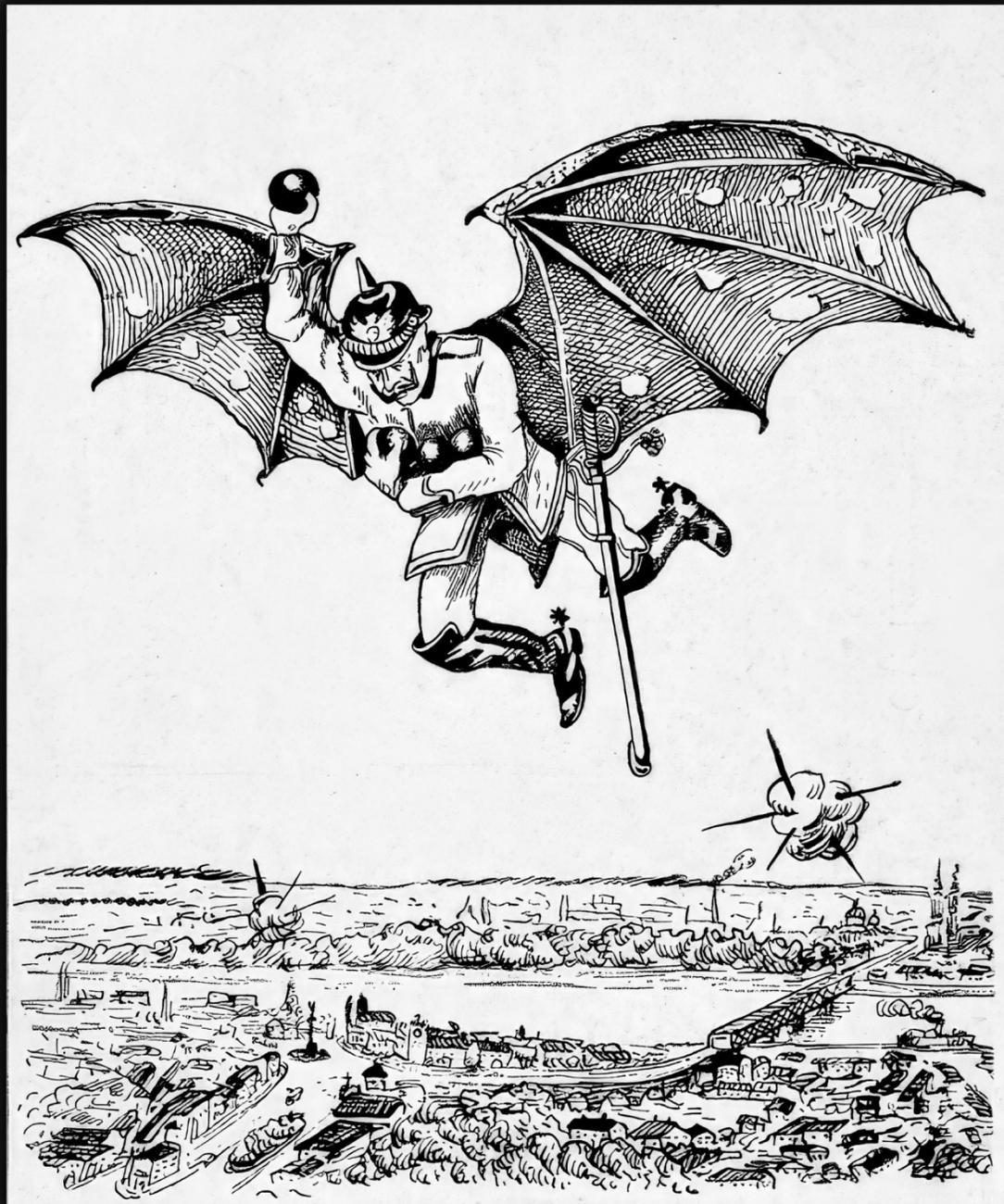
52

A7  D  A7  D  3x



take it, Mis - ter.
 bang up, Mis - ter.
 shove it, Mis - ter.

Not a Terrorist



“You can’t change the system
With a terrorist bomb in your hand.
History was never a game to be played
By a simpleminded superman.”

1. Don't you call me a terrorist!
 I'm a soldier who came to enlist
 In the righteous struggle to free the oppressed
 From the forces of imperial terror.
 I belong to the people's camp,
 And I came this way to light my lamp,
 To hoist my flag, 'cause I ain't no scamp—
 I'm the people's standard bearer.

CHORUS 1: And you can't change the system
 With a terrorist bomb in your hand.
 History was never a game to be played
 By a simpleminded superman.
 No, you can't cheat the people
 Out of playing their rightful role,
 And when the voice of the people has yet to be heard,
 The story has yet to be told.

2. Don't you call me a terrorist!
 I'm an environmentalist.
 Other lifeforms have a right to exist—
 Can you tell me, now, what could be fairer?
 But when the men in suits start to globalize,
 They get dollar signs all across their eyes.
 How many species will they jeopardize
 With their ecological terror?

CHORUS 2: But you can't change the system (*etc.*)

3. So if you want to find yourself a terrorist,
 You got to look for them where they thrive and persist,
 In the heartland of the capitalist,
 Imperial system of terror.
 And if the agent from the C.I.A.
 Wants a terrorist to waylay,
 He can find one just about any old day
 By looking into the mirror.

CHORUS 2

Not a Terrorist

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 110

Verse 1

D



1. Don't you call _____ me _____ a ter - ror - ist! _____ I'm a

F#m



A7



D



sol - dier _____ who came to en - list _____ In the right - eous strug -

A7



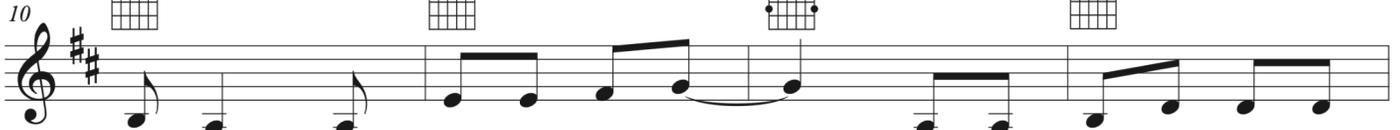
D7



G



Em



- gle to free the op - pressed _____ From the for - ces of im -

A7



D



pe - ri - al ter - ror. _____ I be - long _____ to _____



_____ the peo - ple's camp, _____ And I came this way _____ to

F#m



A7



D



A7



light my lamp, _____ To hoist my flag, _____ 'cause I

29

D7 G Em A7 D

ain't no scamp— I'm the peo-ple's stan - dard bear - er.

Chorus 1

34

Bm Em

And you can't change the sys - tem

40

Bm

With a ter - ror - ist bomb in your hand.

44

Em A7 D

His - to - ry was nev - er a game to be played By a

49

Em A7 D Bm

sim - ple - mind - ed su - per - man. No, you can't cheat

54

Em

the peo - ple Out of play - ing their right -

58

Bm Em

- ful role, And when the voice of the peo - ple has

63

A7 D Em A7 D

yet to be heard, — The sto - ry has yet — to be told. —

Verse 2

69

— 2. Don't you call — me — a ter - ror - ist! —

74

F#m A7

— I'm an en - vi - ron - men - tal - ist. — Oth - er

79

D A7 D7 G Em

life - forms have — a right to ex - ist — Can you tell me, now,

84

A7 D

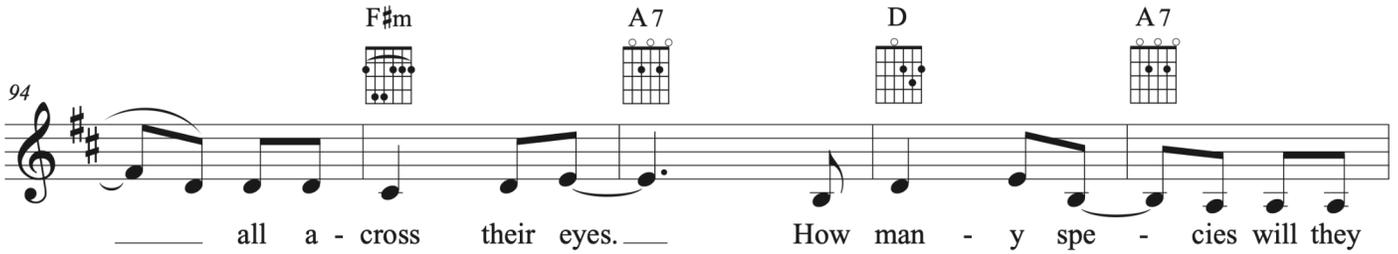
what could be fair - er? — But when the

89

men in suits — start to glob - al - ize, — They get dol - lar signs —

94

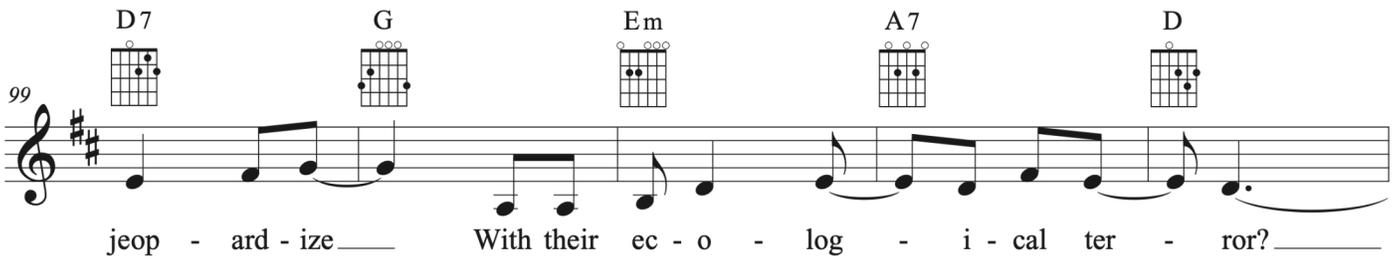
F#m A7 D A7



all a - cross their eyes. How man - y spe - cies will they

99

D7 G Em A7 D

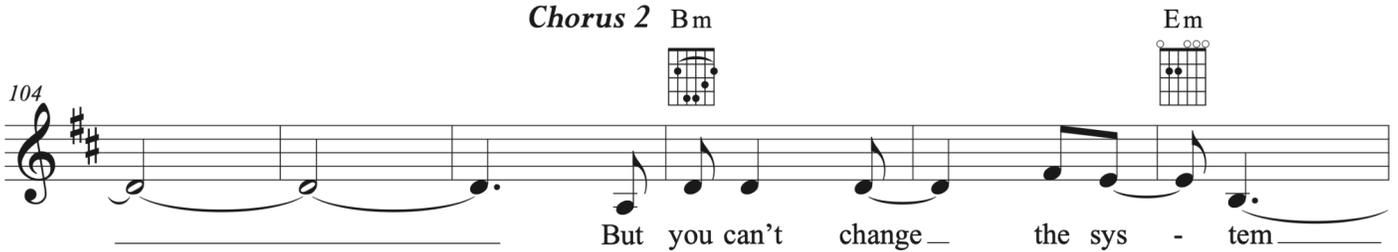


jeop - ard - ize With their ec - o - log - i - cal ter - ror?

Chorus 2

104

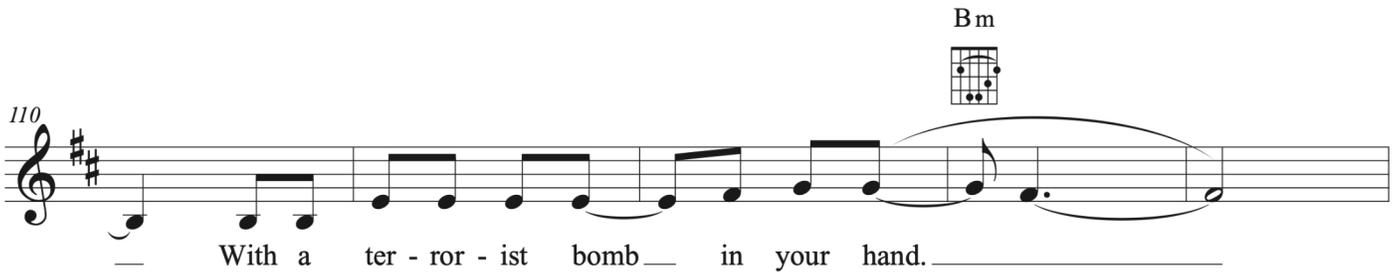
Bm Em



But you can't change the sys - tem

110

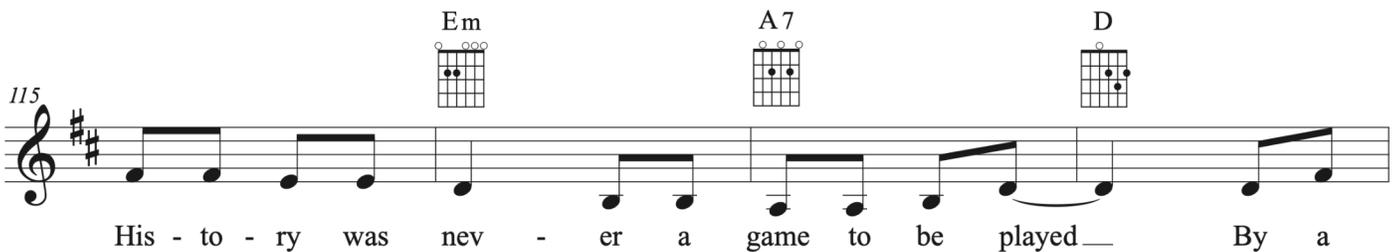
Bm



With a ter - ror - ist bomb in your hand.

115

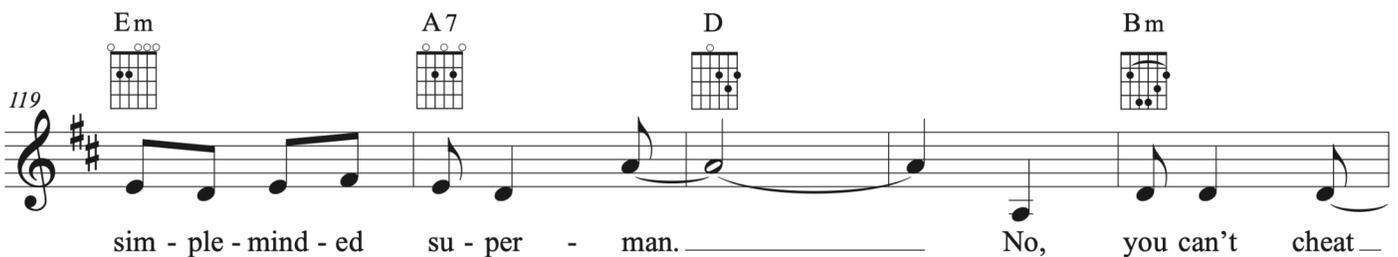
Em A7 D



His - to - ry was nev - er a game to be played By a

119

Em A7 D Bm



sim - ple - mind - ed su - per - man. No, you can't cheat

124

Em

the peo - ple _____ Out of play - ing their right - ful role, _____

129

Bm

Em

_____ And when the voice of the peo - ple has

133

A7

D

To Coda

Em

A7

D

yet to be heard, _____ The sto - ry has yet _____ to be told. _____

Verse 3

138

_____ 3. So if you want to find _____ your - self a

143

ter - ror - ist, _____ You got to look for them _____ where they

147

F#m

A7

D

A7

thrive and per - sist: _____ In the heart - land _____ of the

151

D7 G Em A7 D

cap - i - tal - ist, _____ Im - pe - ri - al sys - tem of ter - ror. _____

156

_____ And if the a - gent from _____ the

161

F#m

C. I. A. _____ Wants a ter - ror - ist _____ to way - lay, _____

166

A7 D A7 D7 G

_____ He can find one just _____ a - bout an - y old day _____ By

171

Em A7 D

D.S. al Coda
Chorus 2

look - ing in - to the mir - ror. _____ But

⊕ Coda

177

Em A7 D

sto - ry has yet _____ to be told. _____

Yellowcake



“George says to Tony, ‘Come and scratch my back
And help me find a reason to invade Iraq.’”

1. Well, George says to Tony, “Come and scratch my back
And help me find a reason to invade Iraq.
We need a good excuse, some kind of smoking gun.”
And Tony says to George, “I think there might be one.

CHORUS 1: “Yellowcake, yellowcake!

It ain’t the sort of recipe you’d want to bake,
But put it in a document, even one that’s fake,
And we could start a war over yellowcake.”

2. The story got passed along to Condly Rice,
Who passed it back to George, and so they told it twice.
Now, she said it clear, but he said it loud,
“The smoking gun could be a mushroom cloud.”

CHORUS 2: Yellowcake, yellowcake!

It ain’t the sort of recipe you’d want to bake,
But put it in a document, even one that’s fake,
And they could start a war over yellowcake.

3. Ambassador Wilson, he went to Niger,
A-looking for some evidence that wasn’t there.
It must have been a forgery, that memorandum
That said Saddam Hussein had bought uranium.

CHORUS 2

4. Then Judy Miller heard it from the White House,
A juicy bit of gossip about Wilson’s spouse,
When Scooter Libby said, “I mustn’t tell you her name,
But she’s an undercover agent known as Valerie Plame.”
5. Now, the wheels of Justice have ground mighty fine,
So Judy and Scooter both had to resign.
But ain’t Justice still got some bigger fish to fry,
And won’t she catch Tony and George in their lie?

CHORUS 2



The Lake Hill Band

Martin Redwood (left) on lead guitar and backup vocals.

Peter Brunette (centre) on rhythm guitar and lead vocals.

Ken Wodlinger (right) on bass and backup vocals.

Victoria, British Columbia

October 2014

Yellowcake

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 108

Verse 1

1. Well, George says to To - ny, "Come and scratch my back —

4 — And help me find a rea - son to in - vade I - raq. —

8 — We need a good ex - cuse, some kind of smok - ing gun." —

12 — And To - ny says to George, "I think there might be one. —

Chorus 1

17 — Yel - low - cake, — yel - low - cake! — It

23

G A7 D A7 D

ain't the sort of rec - i - pe you'd want to bake, — But put it in a

28

D7 G D

doc - u - ment, — e - ven one that's fake, — And we could start a

33

A7 D

Verses 2 & 3

war — o - ver yel - low - cake." — { 2. The sto - ry got passed —
(3.) - bas - sa - dor Wil -

38

A7 D

— a - long to Con - dy Rice, — Who
- son, — he went to Ni - ger, — A -

41

G A7 D A7

passed it back to George, and so they told it twice. — Now,
look - ing for some ev - i - dence that was - n't there. — It

45   

she said it clear, _____ But he said it loud: _____
 must have been a for - ger - y, That mem - o - ran - dum _____

48   

_____ "The smok - ing gun _____ could be a
 That said Sad - dam Hus - sein had bought u -

52     **Chorus 2**

mush - room cloud." _____ } Yel - low - cake, _____
 ra - ni - um. _____

57     

yel - low - cake! _____ It ain't the sort of rec - i - pe you'd

61     

want to bake, _____ But put it in a doc - u - ment, _____ e - ven one that's

To Coda \oplus A7

66

fake, _____ And they could start a war___ o - ver yel - low - cake. _

Verses 4 & 5

71

_____ { 3. Am -
4. Then Ju - dy Mil - ler heard it
(5.) wheels___ of Jus - tice___ have

75

from the White House,___ A juic - y bit of gos - sip a - bout
ground might - y fine,___ So Ju - dy and___ Scoot - er___ both

79

Wil - son's spouse,___ When Scoot - er Lib - by said, "I must - n't
had to re - sign. ___ But ain't Jus - tice still got some

83

tell you her name,___ But she's an un - der - cov - er
big - ger fish to fry,___ And won't she catch___

1.

A7 D

87

a - gent known as Val - er - ie Plame. 5. Now the
To - ny and and

2.

A7 D

91

George in their lie?

D.S. al Coda

⊕ Coda

A7 D

94

yel - low - cake.



The Folk Club's Autumn Retreat

With Starla and me on right, back row
Shawnigan Lake, British Columbia
November 11, 2012

Soldiers of W



“We cruise the streets of Baghdad in tanks and armoured trucks,
And all the while we feel like sitting ducks.”

1. We are the soldiers of W. Bush.
 We stand and deliver when shove comes to push.
 We cruise the streets of Baghdad in tanks and armoured trucks,
 And all the while we feel like sitting ducks.
 We ain't fighting for Blackwater, we're fighting for the flag,
 So we get all the glory, but they get all the swag.
 Let's send the mercenaries into the bloody fray
 And make them earn their thousand bucks a day.

2. And we are the officers of W. Bush.
 We bring up the rear when shove comes to push.
 We keep away from harm, 'cept for minor injuries
 From rubbing shoulders with the VIPs.
 Our strikes upon the targets are surgically precise.
 Our bombs are very smart, and our guns are very nice.
 They never hit civilians, so if a baby dies,
 She must be an insurgent in disguise.

3. And we are the advisors of W. Bush.
 We bring up the rear when shove comes to push.
 Thank God for Lynndie England! She really was the babe
 To be the pinup girl for Abu Ghraib.
 But please don't call it torture, no matter how they squirm,
 For clever White House lawyers have redefined the term.
 The stuff we do to captives inside some hell-hole jail
 Ain't torture 'less it makes their organs fail.

4. And we are the cabinet of W. Bush.
 We bring up the rear when shove comes to push.
 There's just a few bad apples rotting in the desert sand.
 Don't stick your nose up the chain of command.
 And while we're on the subject of how we treat the foe,
 If only Abu Ghraib had been at Guantanamo,
 The treaty of Geneva would be just like the Koran—
 We'd rip it up and flush it down the can.

5. And I am the ventriloquist of W. Bush.
 I bring up the rear when shove comes to push.

I sold you on the war, but now that it's headed south,
I put these words into the puppet's mouth:
"September 11th, let's milk that cow once more.
September 11th, such useful blood and gore!
September 11th, that's what changed everything.
It even changed a clown into a king."



Woody Guthrie

March 8, 1943

Soldiers of W

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 96

Verses

D



1. We are the sol - diers of
 (2.) we are the of - fi - cers of
 (3.) we are the ad - vis - ers of
 (4.) we are the cab - i - net of
 (5.) I am the ven - tril - o - quist of

G



D

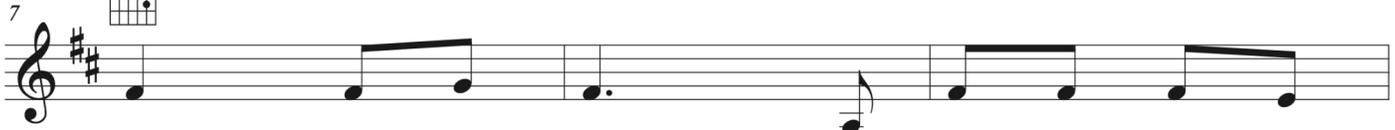


A7



Dou - ble U Bush. We stand and de - liv - er when
 Dou - ble U Bush. We bring up the rear _____ when
 Dou - ble U Bush. We bring up the rear _____ when
 Dou - ble U Bush. We bring up the rear _____ when
 Dou - ble U Bush. I bring up the rear _____ when

D



shove comes to push. We cruise the streets of
 shove comes to push. We keep a - way from
 shove comes to push. Thank God for Lynn - die
 shove comes to push. There's just a few bad
 shove comes to push. I sold you on the

G



A7



Bagh - dad in tanks and ar - moured trucks, And
 harm, 'cept for mi - nor in - ju - ries From
 Eng - land! She real - ly was the babe To
 ap - ples rot - ting in the des - ert sand. Don't
 war, but now that it's head - ed south, I

13



all the while we feel like sit - ting
 rub - bing shoul - ders with the V I
 be the pin - up girl for Ab - u
 stick your nose up the chain of com -
 put these words in - to the pup - pet's



ducks. _____ We ain't fight - ing for Black -
 Ps. _____ Our strikes up - on the
 Ghraib. _____ But please don't call it
 mand. _____ And while we're on the
 mouth: _____ "Sep - tem - ber e -



wa - ter, we're fight - ing for the flag, So
 tar - gets are sur - gi - c'ly pre - cise, Our
 tor - ture, no mat - ter how they squirm, For
 sub - ject of how we treat the foe, If
 lev - enth, let's milk that cow once more. Sep -



we get all the glo - ry, and but
 bombs are ver - y smart, our
 clev - er White House law - yers have
 on - ly Ab - u Ghraib had been
 tem - ber e - lev - enth, such



they get all the swag. Let's send the mer - ce -
 guns are ver - y nice. They nev - er hit ci -
 re - de - fined the term. The stuff we do to
 at Guan - ta - na - mo, The trea - ty of Ge -
 use - ful blood and gore! Sep - tem - ber e -

D7



26



nar - ies in - to the blood - y
 vil - ians, so if a ba - by
 cap - tives in - side some hell - hole
 ne - va would be just like the Ko -
 lev - enth, that's what changed eve - ry

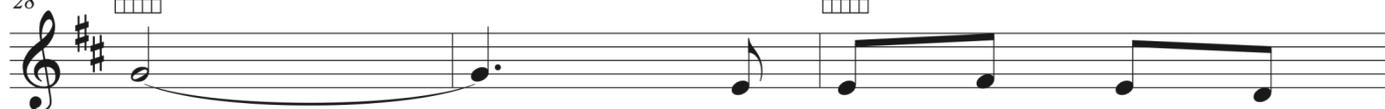
G



Em



28



fray _____ And make them earn their
 dies, _____ She must be an in -
 jail _____ Ain't tor - ture 'less it
 ran - _____ We'd rip it up and
 thing. _____ It e - ven changed a

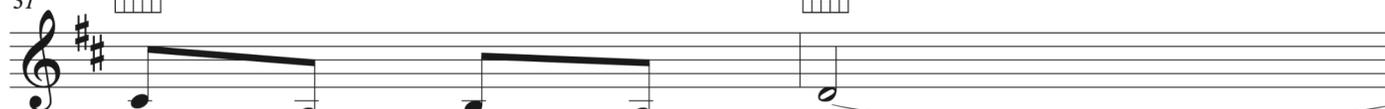
A7



D



31



1, 2, 3, 4.
 thou - sand bucks a day.
 sur - gent in dis - guise.
 makes their or - gans fail.
 flush it down the can.
 clown in - to a

5.

D



33



_____ 2. And king.
 _____ 3. And
 _____ 4. And
 _____ 5. And

The Emperor's New Skin



“My name is Obama, and I’m quite the charmer.”

NOTE. The reader will find some irregular spellings in the lyrics to this song, so I’d best explain them. They stem from certain characteristics of the political scene in the USA. This decadent but still ferociously predatory imperial power, not unlike other core states of the capitalist world-system, is ruled by a single party, the Party of Capital, which maintains a façade of electoral choice by partitioning itself into two ostensibly warring camps. Their rivalry, however clamorous, does not extend to matters that affect the wealth or power of the country’s billionaire overlords, the monstrous expansion of its military-industrial complex, or the supremacy of the global North over the global South. One camp calls itself Democratic, although it is anti-democratic, and the other Republican, although it is anti-republican. In an effort to counter such flagrant hypocrisy, I substitute a *k* for the *c* in each name. Moreover, given that the Republikans are notoriously prone to nepotism, I here further substitute an *i* for the *a*, yielding “Republikin” (a spelling that, by a happy coincidence, is better suited to the song’s rhyme scheme).

1. My name is Obama, and I'm quite the charmer,
 For I am a mighty fine fella.
 My book about hope was a favourite of Oprah's
 And quickly became a bestseller.
 But I'm a warmonger like Bush, only younger,
 And chocolate instead of vanilla.

CHORUS: Yes, I'm a colourful cat,
 And I'm a Demokrat,
 Not a Republikin.
 But I can promise you that
 You're only looking at
 The emperor's new skin.

2. Who cares about healthcare? You folks with the wealth care,
 So I'll treat you ever so gentle.
 Keep selling insurance. You've got my assurance
 These changes are so incremental,
 You'll see no decline in your bottom line.
 And don't even dream about dental.

CHORUS

3. So listen, you donors, you big-business owners,
 I know who the parlour game's played for.
 I'll come back in four years and ask you for more years.
 So what if I've been bought and paid for?
 My silver-tongued babble will hoodwink the rabble,
 The fools we put on this charade for.

CHORUS

ENDING: My name is Obama, and I'm quite the charmer.

The Emperor's New Skin

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 100

Verses

D



1. My name is O - ba - ma, and
(2.) cares a - bout health - care? You
(3.) lis - ten, you do - ners, you

G



D



G



I'm quite the charm - er, For I am a might -
folks with the wealth care, So I'll treat you ev -
big - bus' - ness own - ers, I know who the par -

A7



D



- y fine fel - la. My book a - bout hope -
- er so gen - tle. Keep sel - ling in - sur -
- lour game's played for. I'll come back in four -

G



A7



- was a fav' - rite of Op - rah's, And
- ance. You've got my as - sur - ance These
- years and ask you for more years. So

13

quick - ly be - came a best - sel - ler.
 chang - es are so in - cre - men - tal,
 what if I've been bought and paid for?

D Bm

16

But I'm a war - mon - ger like
 You'll see no de - cline in
 My sil - ver - tongued bab - ble will

Em Bm

19

Bush, on - ly young - er, And
 your bot - tom line. And
 hood - wink the rab - ble, The

Em A7 D

23

choc' - late in - stead of va - nil - la.
 don't e - ven dream a - bout den - tal.
 fools we put on this cha - rade for.

G sus **Chorus** D7 G

26

Yes, I'm a col - our - ful cat, And I'm a

31    



Dem - o - krat, — Not a Re - pub - li - kin. — But

36   



I can prom - ise you that — You're on - ly look - ing at —

40   



— The em - per - or's — new skin. —

1, 2.

46     



— { 2. Who skin. — My name is O - ba -
3. So

Ending rit.

52  



— ma, and I'm quite the charm - er. —



Entertaining the Folk

On the Victoria Folk Music Society's weekly open stage

Victoria, British Columbia

December 4, 2011

Ode to the National-Security State



“The system is perfectly rational.”

1. The system is perfectly rational.
 Race and history fashion all
 Nations distinctively national.
 How can things be otherwise?
 The unsubvertible patriot
 Is quite delighted with what he's got,
 And all this radical tommyrot
 Is a pack of commie lies.

2. The white man is simply superior.
 His prospects are certainly cheerier.
 So then it's his right the inferior
 Peoples to civilize.
 You can't blame him if he ravages
 The huts of some naked savages.
 It's only to prove the advantages
 Of good old free enterprise.

3. Now, it has been proven conclusively,
 The Reds will evade you elusively.
 You knock off a few, inobtrusively,
 Thousands more will soon arise.
 You need some healthy blood spillages,
 Rapes and arsons and pillages,
 Or soon you will find every village is
 A nest of commie spies.

4. *Repeat Verse 2*

Ode to the National-Security State

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 112

Verses

D



A7



1. The sys - tem is per - fect - ly ra - tion - al.
 (2.) white man is sim - ply su - pe - ri - or. His
 (3.) it has been prov - en con - clu - sive - ly, The
 (4.) *Repeat Verse 2*

D

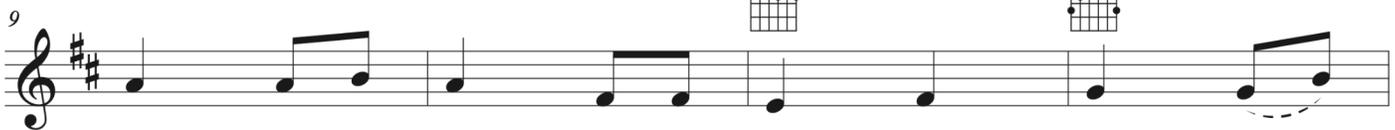


Race and his - to - ry fash - ion all
 pros - pects are cer - tain - ly cheer - i - er. So
 Reds will e - vade you e - lu - sive - ly. You

D7



G



Na - tions dis - tinc - tive - ly na - tion - al. How can
 then it's his right the in - fe - ri - or Peo -
 knock off a few, in - ob - tru - sive - ly, Thou - sands

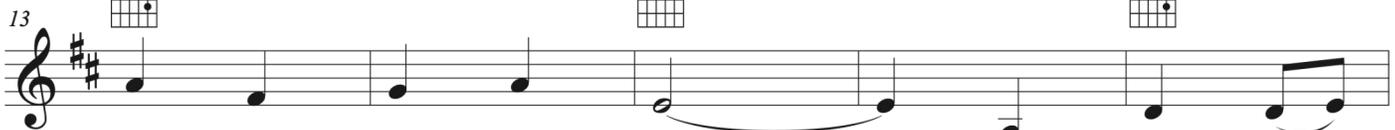
D



A7



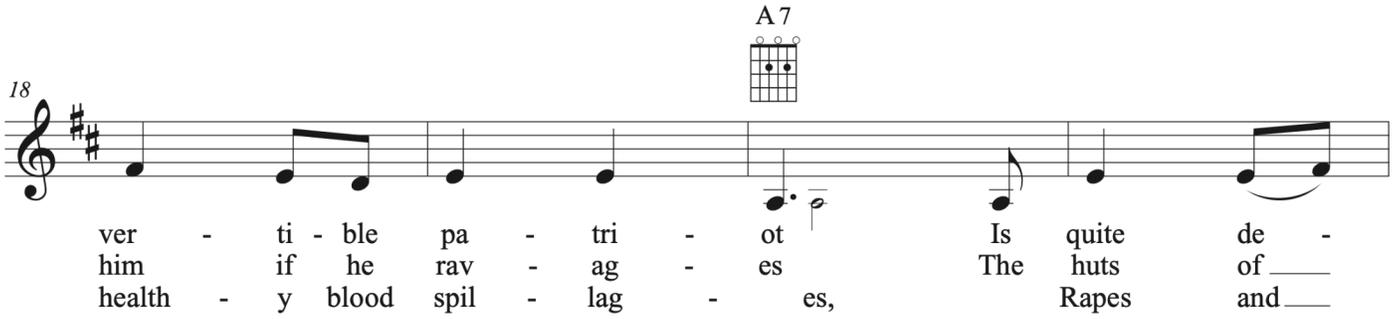
D



things be oth - er wise? The un - sub -
 ples to civ - i - lize. You can't blame
 more will soon a - rise. You need some

18

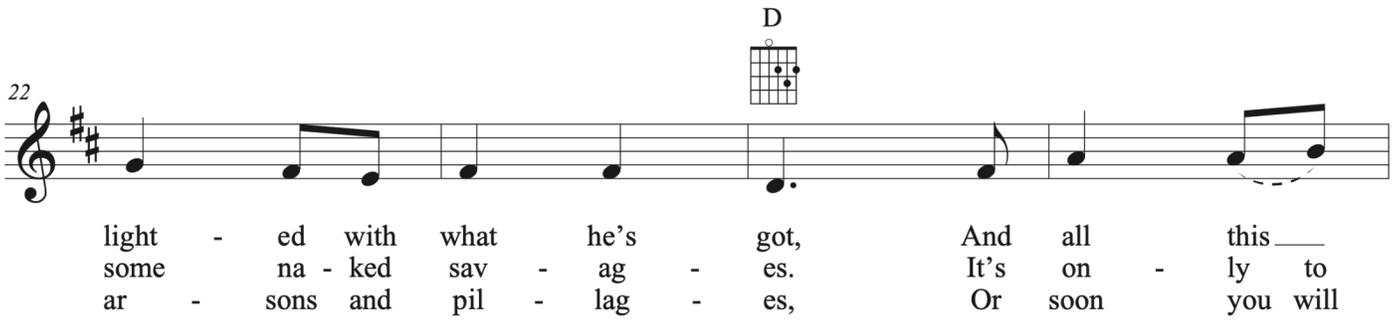
A7



ver - ti - ble pa - tri - ot Is quite de -
 him if he rav - ag - es The huts of
 health - y blood spil - lag - es, Rapes and

22

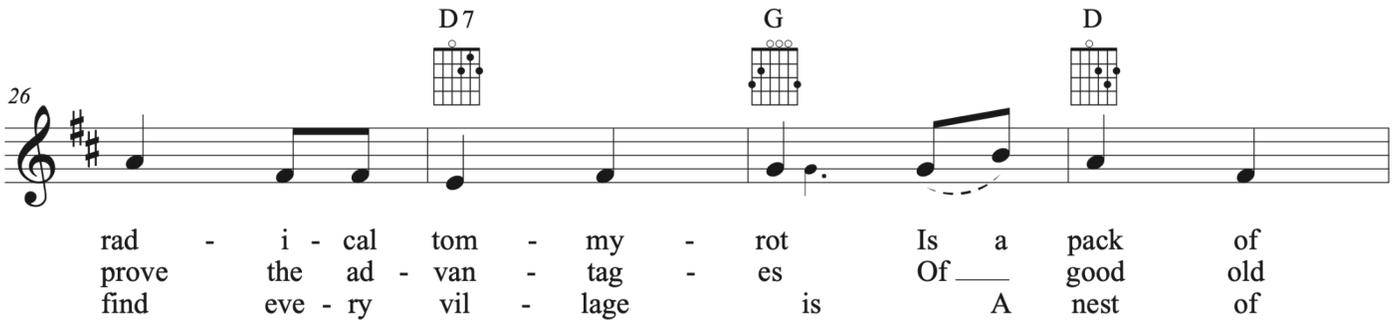
D



light - ed with what he's got, And all this
 some na - ked sav - ag - es. It's on - ly to
 ar - sons and pil - lag - es, Or soon you will

26

D7 G D



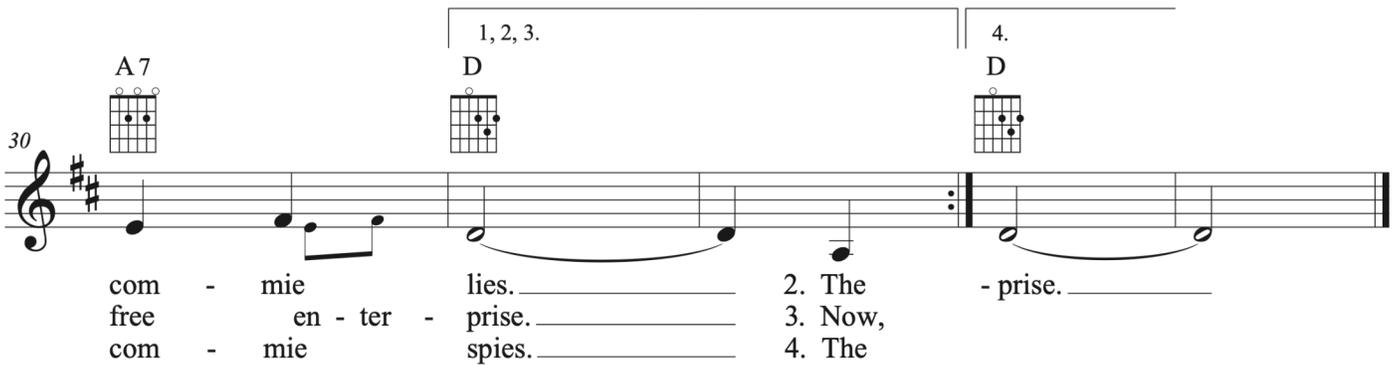
rad - i - cal tom - my - rot Is a pack good of
 prove the ad - van - tag - es Of good old
 find eve - ry vil - lage is A nest of

30

A7

1, 2, 3. D

4. D



com - mie lies. 2. The - prise.
 free en - ter - prise. 3. Now,
 com - mie spies. 4. The

Planetary Democracy

Manifesto of the Eco-Communist Party



“When the donkeys bray and the barn owls screech,
They’ll be exercising their freedom of speech.”

1. Well, I walked in their streets, and I rode on their rails,
 And I worked in their sweatshops, and I sat in their jails,
 And I climbed up their mountain, but the view wasn't great—
 Just miles and miles of their real estate.
 Now, that's what you call suburban sprawl.
 It's look-alike houses and a shoppin' mall

2. Where the merchants and bankers, always eager to please,
 Are a-hawkin' their mortgages and their SUVs.
 If you've got enough credit, you can have what you crave,
 But you're sellin' your soul as their loyal wage slave.
 Even Jesus, although he was friendly to strangers,
 Never made friends with the money changers.

3. I don't need any logo 'cause I'm just wearin' jeans,
 And you won't catch me talking to no robot machines.
 But if you want to know what I truly despise,
 It's the thing that they call their "free enterprise"—
 Though if you will forgive me a vulgarism,
 It's otherwise known as capitalism.

4. And capitalism means that some folks will thrive
 While others can barely keep their children alive,
 'Cause it's few hit the jackpot, though it's many that play,
 And then even the lucky ones can see it all slip away.
 When a game's been rigged to weed out the beginners,
 The losers are bound to outnumber the winners.

5. But a world's gonna change once we get our fists
 On the world that we built for the capitalists.
 Every field and forest, every mill and mine,
 Shall be held in common by all humankind,
 And the wealth that was claimed by the bourgeoisie
 Will belong to the plain folk like you and me.

6. From the rocky mountain to the valley floor,
 From the old, bald prairie to the salty seashore,

We'll be whoopin' and hollerin', and then, just for a lark,
 We'll declare the whole planet an international park
 So that folks from all countries, wherever they roam,
 Can pitch up their tents and feel right at home.

7. But if plants and animals get to feel a bit slighted,
 Then let all of the species on this Earth be united.
 In a planetary democracy,
 Every bird and beast should be wild and free,
 And the creepy-crawlies with more than a few legs
 Should have the same rights as the folks that have two legs.
8. So when the donkeys bray and the barn owls screech,
 They'll just be exercisin' their freedom of speech.
 And the thunderstorm will come join in the choir,
 Mixin' earth and air with his water and fire.
 And the mustard seed and the maple flower
 Will bud and bloom with their cosmic power.
9. Yes, and while they're so busy with their buddin' and bloomin',
 Well, us two-legged primates can learn how to be human—
 How to use that big brain, that opposable thumb,
 To turn this little planet into the kingdom come
 Where the lamb shall lie down next to the lion,
 'Cause life's about more than just a-sellin' and buyin'.

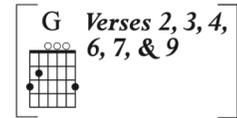
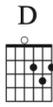
Planetary Democracy

Manifesto of the Eco-Communist Party

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 110

Verses



1. Well, I walked in their streets, _____
 (2.) mer - chants and bank -
 (3.) need an - y lo -
 (4 - 9.) *See additional lyrics on pp. 161-162*

D



D7



G



ers, _____ and I rode on their rails, _____
 go _____ al - ways ea - ger to please, _____
 'cause I'm just wear - in' jeans, _____

F#m



And I worked in their
 Are a - hawk - in' their
 And you won't catch me

Em



Bm



Em



sweat - shops, _____ and I sat in their
 mort - gag - es _____ and their S U _____
 talk - ing _____ to no ro - bot ma -

14 



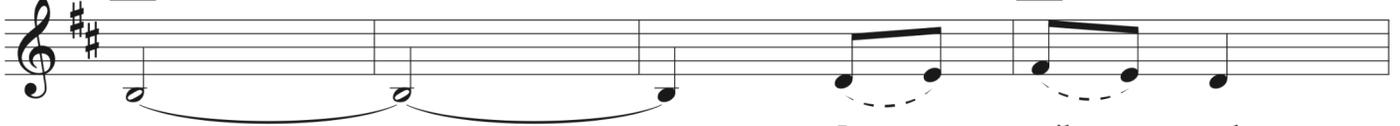
jails, _____ And I climbed up their
 Vs. _____ If you've got e - nough
 chines. _____ But if you want to

18  



moun - tain, _____ but the view was - n't
 cred - it, _____ you can have what you
 know _____ what I tru - ly de -

22   



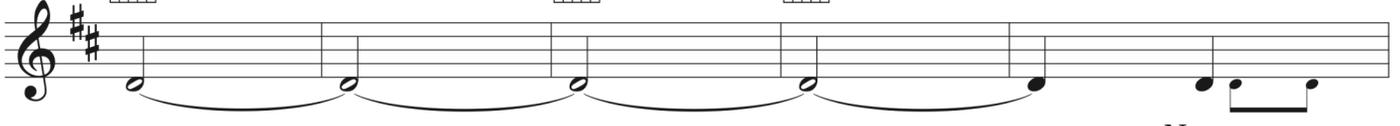
great - _____ Just _____ miles _____ and
 crave, _____ But you're sel - lin' your
 spise, _____ It's the thing that they

26  



miles _____ of their _____ re - al es -
 soul _____ as their _____ loy - al wage
 call _____ their _____ "free en - ter -

30   



tate. _____ Now,
 slave. _____ E - ven
 prise" - _____ Though if

35

G A7

that's Je - sus, what al you call sub -
 you will for - you though give me was a

37

D G D

ur - ban sprawl. It's
 friend - ly to stran - gers, It's
 vul - gar - ism, _____

40

G D A7

look - a - like hous - es and a shop - pin' mall
 Nev - er made friends with the mon - ey chang -
 oth - er - wise known as cap - i - tal - ism.

43

D A7 D

_____ 2. Where the
 - ers. _____ 3. I don't
 4 - 9. And _____

47

A7 D A7 D

- sel - lin' and buy - in'.

Cordillera

Theme Song of the Cordillera Campaign



“When the Brits arrived on their sea patrols,
There were cedar log-boats and totem poles
Where the great longhouses stood by the salty foam.”

1. Once an English queen called Victoria
Named a province British Columbia,
But it seems to me that the monarch got it wrong.
'Cause it ain't all that British anymore,
Chris Columbus never came to explore,
And we need a name we can fit into a song.

CHORUS: Cordillera, Cordillera—
Ancient forests climb her mountain stair.
Cordillera, Cordillera—
Temple of the salmon and the bear.

2. When the Brits arrived on their sea patrols,
There were cedar log-boats and totem poles
Where the great longhouses stood by the salty foam,
Where the people lived in such fine estate
They threw potlatches to celebrate
All the lavishness of the coastline they called home.

CHORUS

3. Pretty soon there followed from far and wide
The intrepid swell of a human tide,
From the Punjab, from East Asia, from the Sudan.
Yes, they came from Latin America,
Even from the proper Colombia,
And they wove their lives in the fabric of the land.

CHORUS

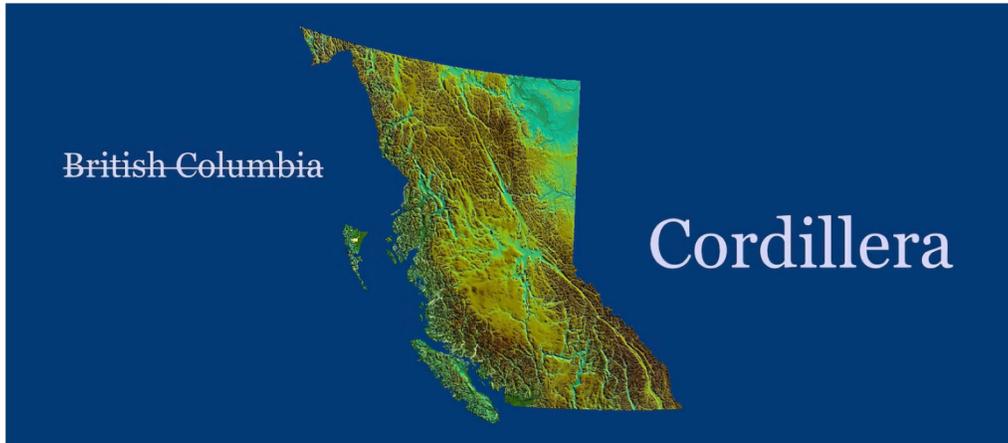
4. From the Rocky Mountains and Monashees
Down to Haida Guaii and the Salish Sea
Lies a country too majestic to describe.
Now we've milled her timber and plucked her fruit,
Let us come together to constitute
The unrivalled paradigm of a rainbow tribe.

CHORUS

ENDING: Temple of the salmon and the bear.
Temple of the salmon and the bear.

The Cordillera Campaign

A Grassroots Initiative to Rename Canada's Pacific Province



Cordillerans for a Non-British Non-Columbia is a group of concerned citizens dedicated to the proposition that Canada's Pacific province deserves a more appropriate, more descriptive, and more sweet-sounding name than the one it's currently saddled with.

Truth be told, the place known as British Columbia is not and never has been either British or Columbian.

It's true that Britain once laid claim to this far-flung corner of the globe, but it did so for not much more than a decade (1858–1871), or approximately 0.1 percent of the time that the land has been inhabited. The claim was, in any case, more than a little preposterous, considering that when the Brits advanced it they occupied less than five percent of the territory they professed to govern and were outnumbered a hundred to one by its indigenous people.

As for Christopher Columbus, the province's other ill-conceived namesake, he firmly denied that there could even be such a place. Instead, in the face of mounting evidence to the contrary, he clung to his stubborn belief that the Atlantic Ocean stretched all the way from Portugal to Japan.

Fortunately, there's another term for the majestic landscapes that run from the Canadian Rockies to the sea, a term already in use by geographers: Cordillera (core•dill•AIR•uh). According to the *New Oxford American Dictionary*, a cordillera is "a system or group of parallel mountain ranges together with the intervening plateaus and other features." Wondering what the "other features" might be? The *American Heritage Science Dictionary* points out that they "include valleys, basins, rivers, lakes, and plains." Ring any bells?

Here, say we Cordillerans, we have a name that not only suits our province to a tee, but also one that, compared to its current moniker, is easier on the ears and rolls more smoothly off the tongue.

Cordillera

Theme Song of the Cordillera Campaign
peterbrunette.ca/cordillera-campaign

Words and Music by
 Peter Brunette

Brightly, freely, with just a dab of swing ♩ ≈ 144

Verses 1 & 2

E



F#m



1. Once an Eng - lish queen called Vic - to - ri - a _____ Named a
 (2.) Brits ar - rived on their sea pa - trols, _____ There were

B7



E

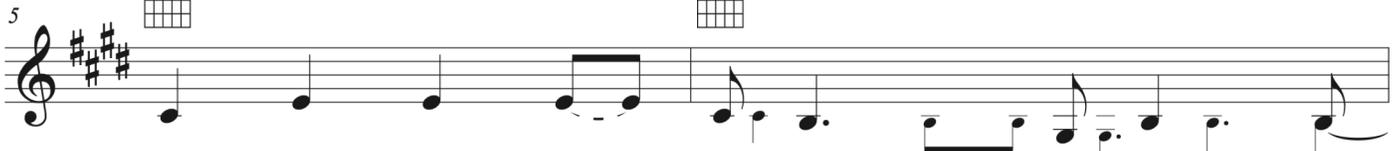


prov - ince Brit - ish Co - lum - bi - a, _____ But it
 ce - dar log - boats and to - tem poles _____ Where the

A



B7



seems to me that the mon - arch got it wrong, _____
 great long - hous - es _____ stood by the sal - ty foam, _____

E



'Cause it ain't all that Brit - ish
 Where the peo - ple lived in such

F#m



B7



an - y - more, _____ Chris Co - lum - bus nev - er came
 fine es - tate _____ They threw pot - latch - es to

12

E A

to ex - plore, — And we need a name we can
cel - e - brate — All the lav - ish - ness of the

14

B7 E

Chorus

fit in - to a song. — } Cor - dil - le -
coast - line they called home. — }

17

B7

- - ra, — Cor - dil - le - ra —

21

E

An - cient for - ests climb her moun - tain stair. —

24

E7

— Cor - dil - le - ra, — Cor - dil - le - ra —

28

A F#m B7

— Tem - ple of the sal - mon and the

Verses 3 & 4

31  

bear. _____

{ 2. When the
3. Pret - ty soon there fol - lowed from
(4.) Rock - y Moun - tains and

34   

far and wide _____ The in - trep - id swell of a
Mon - a - shees _____ Down to Hai - da Guaii and the

36   

hu - man tide, _____ From the Pun - jab, _____ from East
Sa - lish Sea _____ Lies a coun - try too _____ ma -

38   

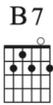
A - sia, from the Su - dan. _____ Yes, they
jes - tic to des - cribe. _____ Now we've

41  

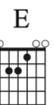
came from La - tin A - mer - i - ca, _____ E - ven
milled her tim - ber and plucked her fruit, _____ Let us

43   

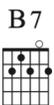
from the prop - er Co - lom - bi - a, _____ And they
come to - geth - er to con - sti - tute _____ The un -

45  

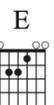
wove their lives in the fab - ric of the land. —
ri - valed par - a - digm — of a rain - bow tribe. —

47  **Chorus**

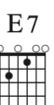
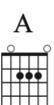
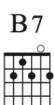
Cor - dil - le - ra, — Cor - dil - le -

51 

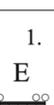
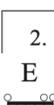
- - ra — An - cient for - ests climb her moun - tain

55 

stair. — Cor - dil - le - ra, — Cor - dil - le -

59    

- - ra — Tem - ple of the sal - mon and the

63  

bear. — 4. From the bear, —

Ending

67

F#m B7 E

Tem - ple of the sal - mon and the bear. _____

71

F#m B7 E

Tem - ple of the sal - mon and the bear. _____



My Granddaughters Samantha and Julie
 Manning Provincial Park, British Columbia Cordillera
 December 23, 2007



Part Five
Gospel Songs

The Book of Vice and Virtue



“When the angel blows his trumpet,
Will you look him in the eye?”

1. In the book of vice and virtue,
 There's a page that bears your name,
 Where your deeds are logged for the reckoning
 Of your share of praise and blame.
 When the angel blows his trumpet,
 Will you look him in the eye?
 Can you say this world is a better place
 For the fact that you passed by?

CHORUS: Stand beside me, sweet Jesus,
 When I lay this burden down.
 Stand beside me, sweet Jesus,
 When I hear the trumpet sound.

2. Did you give your hand in marriage
 Out of love or out of lust?
 Were you mindful of the vows you made?
 Were you worthy of the trust?
 When your children needed guidance,
 Did you let them sink or swim?
 And when troubles laid your neighbour low,
 Were you there to comfort him?

CHORUS

3. Did you fight for truth and justice
 In this shady vale of tears?
 Did you walk the path of righteousness,
 Overcome your doubts and fears?
 When the final toll is tallied
 For the rich man and the slave,
 Will the angels sing you a welcome song
 Or will the devil dance on your grave?

CHORUS

ENDING: In the book of vice and virtue,
 There's a page that bears your name.



Children's Choir
Victoria, British Columbia
December 2, 2023

The Book of Vice and Virtue

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 114

Verses

Bm



D6



Bm



1. In the book of vice and vir - tue, _____ There's a
(2.) give your hand in mar - raige _____ Out of
(3.) fight for truth and jus - tice _____ In this

D6



Em



3 page that bears your name, _____ Where your
love or out of lust? _____ Were you
shad - y vale of tears? _____ Did you

G6



F#m



Em



5 deeds are logged for the reck - on - ing _____ Of your
mind - ful of the _____ vows you made? _____ Were you
walk the path of _____ right - eous - ness, _____ O - ver -

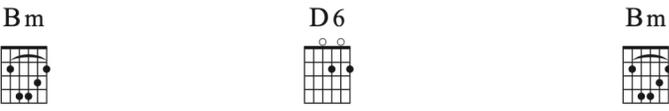
A7



D



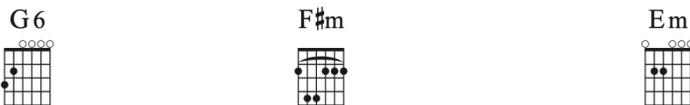
7 share of praise and blame. _____ When the
wor - thy of the and trust? _____ When your
come your doubts and fears? _____ When the

9  

an - gel blows his trum - pet, Will you
 chil - dren need - ed guid - ance, Did you
 fi - nal toll is tal - lied For the

11  

look him in the eye? Can you
 let them sink or swim? And when
 rich man and the slave, Will the

13  

say this world is a bet - ter place For the
 trou - bles laid your neigh - bour low, Were you
 an - gels sing you a wel - come song, Or will the

15  

fact that you passed by?
 there to com - fort him?
 Dev - il dance on your grave?

17  **Chorus** 

Stand be - side me, sweet Je - sus,

21

Bm D Em

When I lay this bur - den down.

25

A7 Bm D7

Stand be - side me, sweet Je - sus,

29

G Em A7

When I hear the trum - pet sound.

32

D A7

2. Did you hear the trum - pet sound.
3. Did you

35

D Bm D6

Ending

In the book of vice and vir -

38

rit. Bm D6 Bm

- tue, There's a page that bears your name.

The Lord's Prayer



“Let sins all be forgiven.
Lord, oh Lord, thy will be done
On Earth as it is in Heaven.
Lord, oh Lord, thy kingdom come.”

NOTE. I hope no Christian will be offended by the few small liberties I've taken with the wording of this quintessential prayer, which is also, in my estimation, one of the most beautiful poems in world literature. Though I've departed slightly from the letter of the text, I trust I've kept faith with its spirit.

1. Oh Lord on Heaven's throne,
 All blessings be thine own—
 The kingdom and the power and the glory.
 Lord, set our spirits free
 Of pride and vanity
 And let us keep thy name forever holy.

CHORUS: Let sins all be forgiven.
 Lord, oh Lord, thy will be done
 On Earth as it is in Heaven.
 Lord, oh Lord, thy kingdom come.

2. Oh Lord, give us this day
 Our daily bread, we pray,
 And lead us not where Satan's wiles may tempt us.
 The mercy that you show,
 Let us in turn bestow
 On those who fall his prey and sin against us.

CHORUS

ENDING: Lord, oh Lord, thy kingdom come.
 Lord, oh Lord, thy kingdom come.

The Lord's Prayer

Words by Jesus of Nazareth
freely interpreted by Peter Brunette
Music by Peter Brunette

Moderately ♩ ≈ 134

Verses



1. Oh Lord on heav - en's throne, All bles - sings be thine
(2.) Lord, give us this day Our dai - ly bread, we

G7

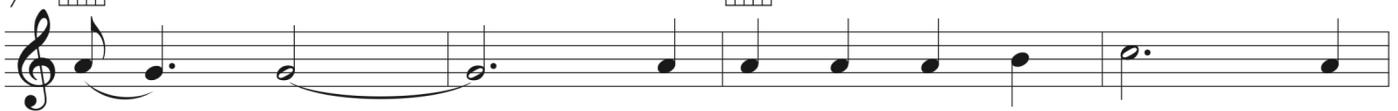


own - pray, The king - dom and the pow - er and the
And lead us not where Sa - tan's wiles may

C



F



glo - ry. Lord, set our spir - its free Of
tempt us. The mer - cy that you show, Let

Dm



G7



C



Dm



G7



pride and van - i - ty And let us keep thy name for - ev - er
us in turn be - stow On those who fall his prey and sin a -

C



Chorus

F



C



ho - ly. } Let sins all be for - giv - en.
gainst us. }

21

F Dm G7

— Lord, oh Lord, thy will be done _____ On

26

C F C Dm

Earth _____ as it is in Heav - en. _____ Lord, oh

31

G7 C C

Lord, thy king - dom come. _____ 2. Oh come. _____

Ending

36

Dm G7 C

— Lord, oh Lord, thy king - dom come. _____

rit.

41

Dm G7 C

Lord, oh Lord, thy king - dom come. _____

Butterfly



“Spread your wings, for the garden is calling,
And the sunshine and flowers are there.”

1. Flit on by, butterfly, free and easy,
Touched so lightly by gravity's sway,
While I trudge through the town
With my visage cast down
And my mind on the deeds of the day.

CHORUS 1: Spread your wings, for the garden is calling,
And the sunshine and flowers are there.
Flit on by, butterfly,
You're much freer than I
While I stand in the shade of despair.

2. "In the sweat of thy brow," says the Bible,
"Shalt thou eat all of thy daily bread,"
And I work for my pay,
Trade my whole life away
Just to keep a roof over my head.

CHORUS 1

3. But I hear Jesus speak of the lilies,
And the parable makes my heart glad,
For without sweat or toil
Do they spring from the soil
And in glorious garments are clad.

CHORUS 2: Spread your wings, for the kingdom is coming,
Where the last and the first shall change place.
Flit on by, butterfly,
You're no freer than I
While I stand in the light of his grace.

ENDING: Flit on by, butterfly,
You're no freer than I
While I stand in my dear saviour's grace.

Butterfly

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately ♩ ≈ 154

Verses

C



C7



F



1. Flit on by, but - ter - fly, free and eas - y,
 (2.) sweat of thy brow," says the Bi - ble,
 (3.) hear Je - sus speak of the lil - ies,

Dm



G7



Touched so light - ly by grav - i - ty's
 "Shalt thou eat all of thy dai - ly
 And the par - a - ble makes my heart

C



sway, While I trudge through the town With my
 bread," And I work for my pay, Trade my
 glad, For with - out sweat or toil Do they

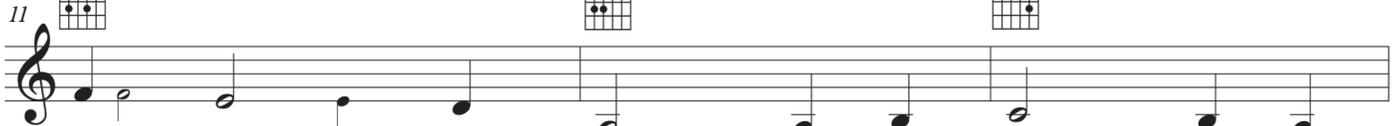
C7



F



Dm



vis - age cast down And my mind on the
 whole life a - way Just to keep a roof
 spring from the soil And in glo - ri - ous

G7



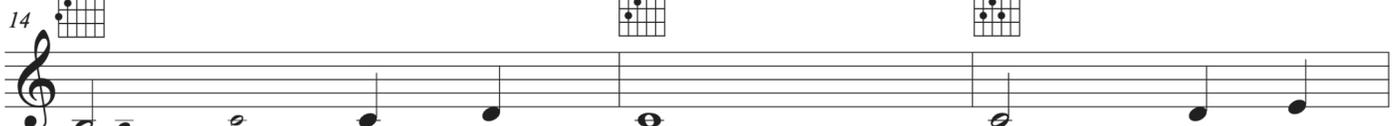
C



C7



Choruses



deeds of the day.
 o - ver my head.
 gar - ments are clad.

1. Spread your
 2. Spread your

17

F Dm Em Am C

wings, for the gar - den is cal - ling, _____ And the sun - shine and
 wings, for the king - dom is com - ing, _____ Where the last and the

22

Dm G7 C

flow - ers are there. _____ Flit on by, but - ter -
 first shall change place. _____ Flit on by, but - ter -

26

C7 F Dm G7

fly, You're much fre - er than I While I stand in the shade of de -
 fly, You're no fre - er than I While I stand in the light of his

31

1, 2. C 3. C

spair. _____ } 2. "In the grace. _____ Flit on
 3. But I

Ending

37

C7 F

by, but - ter - fly, You're no fre - er than I While I

41

Dm G7 C

stand in my dear sav - iour's grace. _____



Part Six
Songs about Imaginary Lovers

Rosalie



“Oh, my darling Rosalie, like a sentry by the sea,
Unwavering, I stand here at my post.”

1. It was down by the sea where I met my Rosalie,
Down where all the deepest rivers run,
But she told me someday she would have to fly away
To find her own true place beneath the sun.

CHORUS: Oh, my darling Rosalie, like a sentry by the sea,
Unwavering, I stand here at my post.
Oh, my darling Rosalie, like a river running free,
You're bound to find your way home to the coast.

2. All too soon she was gone, and although the road was long,
She knew she'd have to follow every bend.
There were things on her mind. There were mountains to be climbed,
Dreams to chase beyond the rainbow's end.

CHORUS

3. Once she wrote me a card, said the traveling had been hard.
I don't know what she was going through,
Where she's been, what she's done, but I know she's still the one.
Rosalie, I'm still in love with you.

CHORUS

ENDING: It was down by the sea where I met my Rosalie,
Down where all the deepest rivers run.

Rosalie

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately fast, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 138

Verses

D



1. It was down by the sea where I
(2.) soon she was gone, and al -
(3.) wrote me a card, said the

D7



G



Em



met my Ros - a - lie, Down where all the ____
though the road was long, She knew she'd have to ____
trav' - ling had been hard. I don't know what ____

A7

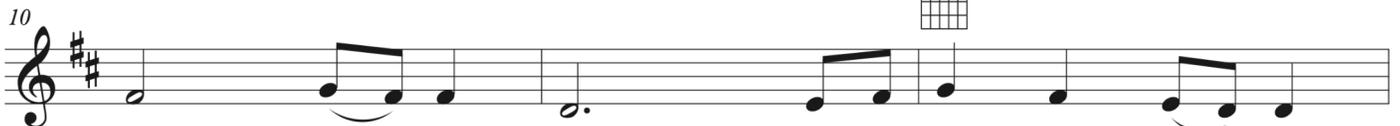


D



deep - est riv - ers run, But she
fol - low eve - ry bend. There were
she was go - ing through, Where she's

D7



told me some - day she would have to fly a -
things on her mind. There were moun - tains to be
been, what she's done, But I know she's still the

13

G Em A7

way _____ To find her own true place be-neath the
 climbed, Dreams to chase be-yond the rain-bow's
 one. Ros - a - lie, I'm still in love with

16

D D7 *Chorus* G

sun. _____ } Oh, my dar - ling Ros - a -
 end. _____
 you. _____

20

A7 D Bm Em

lie, like a sen - try by the sea, Un - wa - ver - ing, I

24

A7 D D7 G

stand here at my post. Oh, my dar - ling Ros - a -

28

A7 D Bm Em

lie, like a riv - er run - ning free, You're bound to find your

32

A7

1, 2.

D

way home to the coast.

2. All too
3. Once she

36

3.

D

Ending

coast. It was down by the

40

D7

G

rit.
Em

sea Where I met my Ros - a - lie, Down where all the

44

A7

D

deep - est riv - ers run.

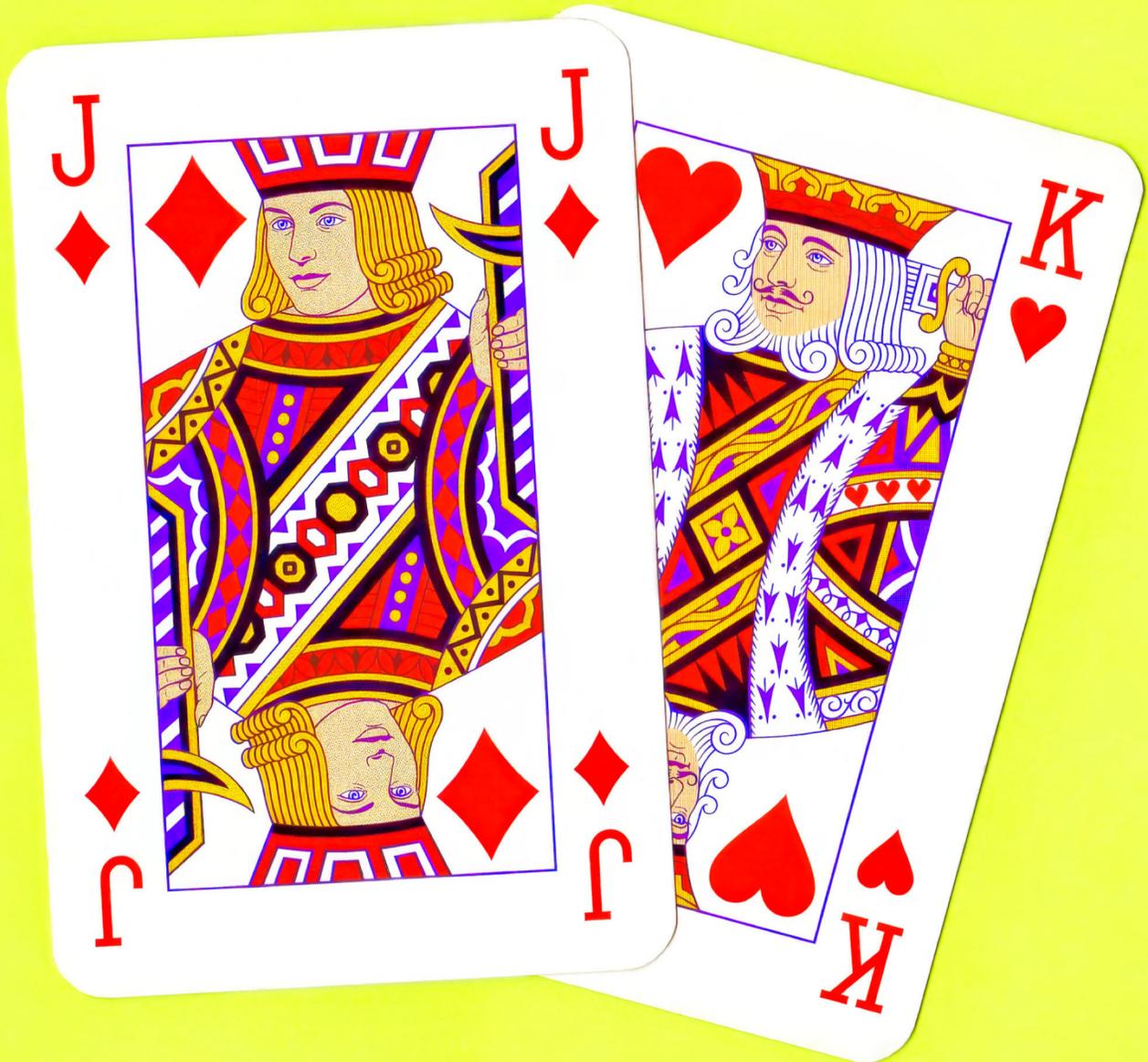


The Lake Hill Band

With my grandchild Sasha sitting in on banjo
Vancouver, British Columbia

March 4, 2015

Jack of Diamonds



“She chose the jack of diamonds
Over the king of hearts.”

1. A stranger was courting my sweetheart
 One night at the countryside waltz.
I told her that I would be faithful.
 I told her that he would be false.
Yes, and even if he ever loved her,
 It would only be in fits and starts.
But she chose the jack of diamonds
 Over the king of hearts.

 2. At first, when we both sought her favour,
 She seemed not to know her own mind,
But he told her so many sweet nothings
 That I soon fell a few steps behind.
I could see she'd been smitten by something—
 Must have been one of Cupid's stray darts—
For she chose the jack of diamonds
 Over the king of hearts.

 3. The love that she showed me that summer
 Was as plain as a perfect blue sky.
But some things are too sweet to be trusted,
 Like the calm at the hurricane's eye.
Yes, and she thought that love was a drama
 Where the gamblers had all the best parts,
And she chose the jack of diamonds
 Over the king of hearts.
- ENDING: She chose the jack of diamonds
 Over the king of hearts.

Jack of Diamonds

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately ♩ ≈ 136

Verses

D



A7



D



1. A stran - ger was court - ing my sweet - heart _____
 (2.) first, when we both sought her fa - vour, _____
 (3.) love that she showed me that sum - mer _____

G



One night at the coun - try - side
 She seemed not to know her own
 Was as plain as a per - fect blue

D



D7



waltz. _____ I told her that I would be
 mind, _____ But he told her so man - y sweet
 sky. _____ But some things are too sweet to be

G



faith - ful. _____ I told her that
 no - things _____ That I soon fell at
 trust - ed, _____ Like the calm at the

Em



A7



D



he would be false. _____ Yes, and e - ven if
 few steps be - hind. _____ I could see she'd been
 hur - ri - cane's eye. _____ Yes, and she thought that

18

A7 D

he ev - er loved her, It would on - ly be
smit - ten by some - thing — Must have been one of
love was a dra - ma — Where the gam - blers had

22

G D

in fits and starts. But
Cu - pid's stray darts — For she chose the
all the best parts, And

26

D7 G Em A7

jack of dia - monds O - ver the king of

31

1, 2. D 3. D

Ending rit.

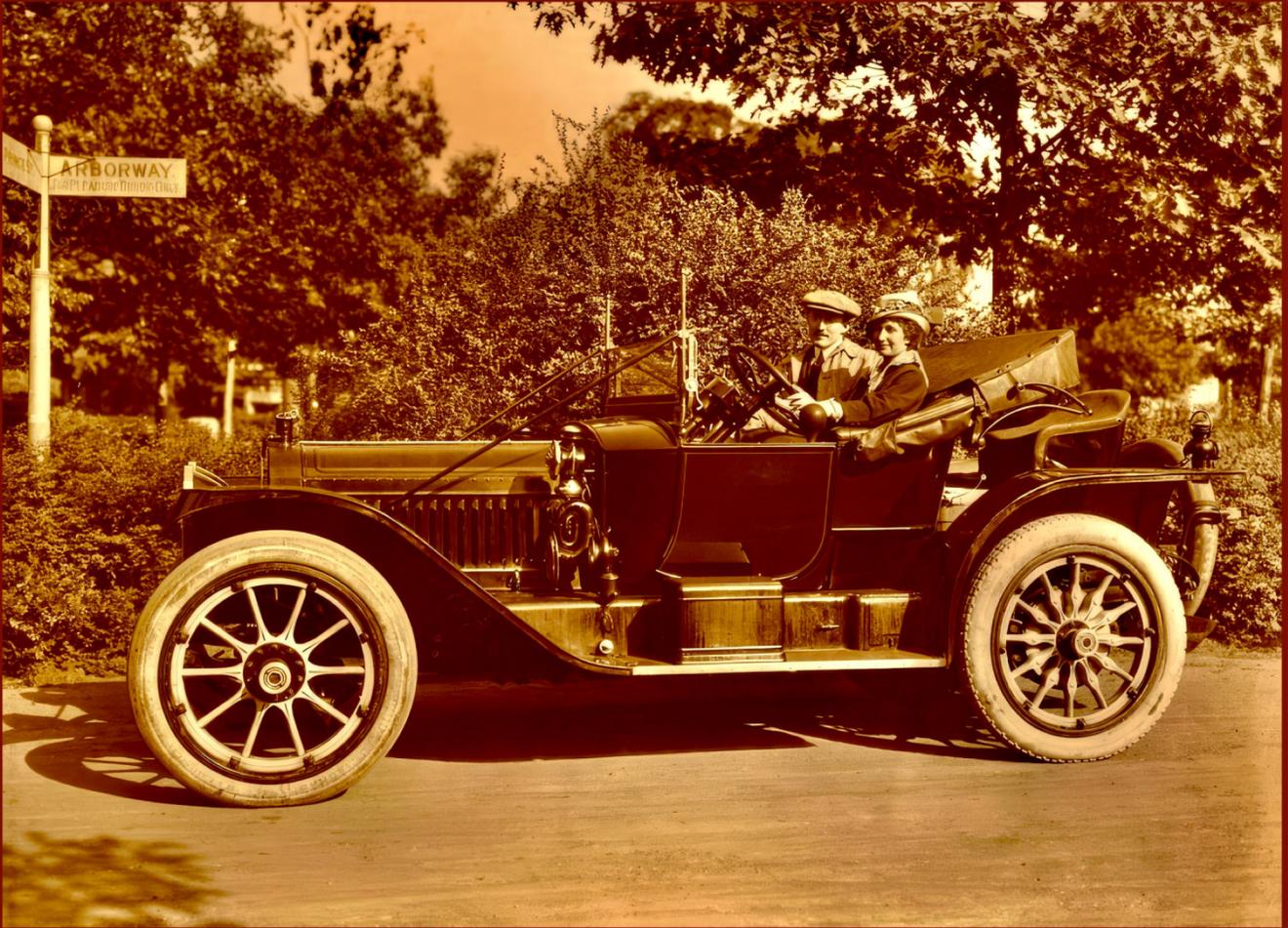
hearts. } 2. At hearts. She chose the jack of
3. The

37

D7 G F#m A7 D

dia - monds O - ver the king of hearts.

I Gave You My Heart



“To you our romance was a joy ride
With me in the passenger seat.”

CHORUS: Whose turn will it be to love you tomorrow—
To laugh with you, babe, while I weep?
You gave me your heart, but only to borrow,
And I gave you my heart to keep.

1. To you our romance was a joyride
With me in the passenger seat.
You toyed with my heart, then you tore it apart,
While yours never once missed a beat.

CHORUS

2. And now that my poor heart is broken,
I'm guessing your heart's on the mend.
You left me behind, a new love for to find,
But I never will love again.

CHORUS

ENDING: I gave you my heart to keep.

I Gave You My Heart

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately fast, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 152



Chorus

D



A7



D



Em



Whose turn will it be _____ to love you to-mor-

A7



D



A7



- row— To laugh with you, babe, _____ while I _____ weep? _____

D



A7



D



F#m



— You gave me your heart, _____ but on - ly _____ to bor-

Bm



Em

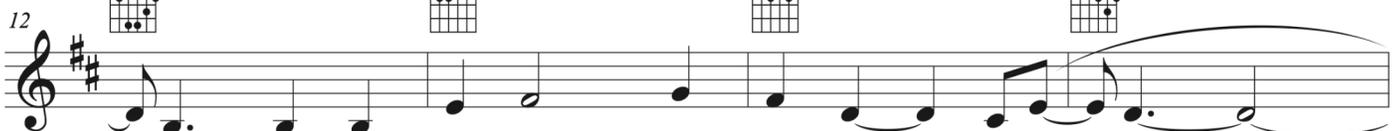


To Coda ⊕

A7



D



- row, _____ And I gave you my heart _____ to keep. _____

D7



Verses G



D



{ 1. To you our ro - mance was a joy - ride _____
2. And now that my poor heart is bro - ken, _____

20

Bm Em A7

With me in the pas - sen - ger
I'm gues - sing in your heart's on the

23

D D7 G

seat. You toyed with my heart, then you
mend. You left me be - hind, a

27

F#m Bm Em

tore it a - part While yours nev - er
new love for to find, But I nev - er

30

1. Em7 A7 2. Chorus Em7 A7

once missed a beat. Whose will love a - gain.

35

D.S. al Coda Chorus

36

⊕ Coda A7 D

Whose my heart to keep.

Ending

39

Em A7 D

I gave you my heart to keep.

Sweet Marie



“Oh, the hyacinth is fragrant
As it glistens with the dew,
But the sweetest flower of all, my dear,
Isn't half as sweet as you.”

1. Oh, the columbine is lovely,
 And the rose more lovely still,
But the sweetest flower of all, my dear,
 Is the golden daffodil.
Oh, the hyacinth is fragrant
 As it glistens with the dew,
But the sweetest flower of all, my dear,
 Isn't half as sweet as you.

CHORUS: You're as vibrant as the meadow
 And as bracing as the stream.
Oh, my sweet Marie, you will always be
 The darling of my dreams.
You're as sprightly as the swallow
 And as constant as the dove.
Oh, my sweet Marie, you will always be
 My one and only love.

2. I will love you in the morning,
 I will love you at high noon,
But I'll love you best in the still of night
 Underneath the silver moon.
I will love you in the summer,
 I will love you in the fall,
But I'll love you best in the wintertime
 When the storm clouds come to call.

CHORUS



Starla at the Piano

With our daughter Liza and son Nedjo
Vancouver, British Columbia

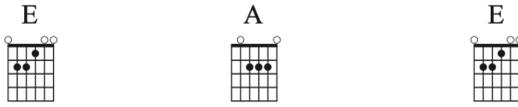
1974

Sweet Marie

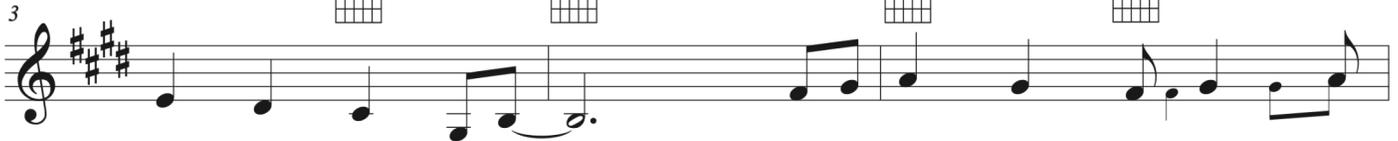
Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 120

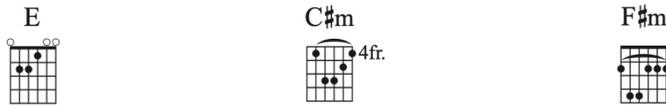
Verses



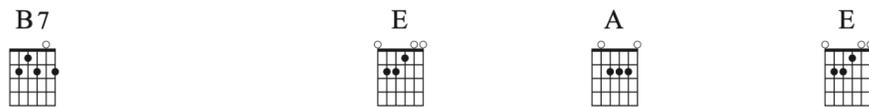
1. Oh, the co - lum - bine is love - ly, _____ And the
(2.) love you in the morn - ing, _____ I will



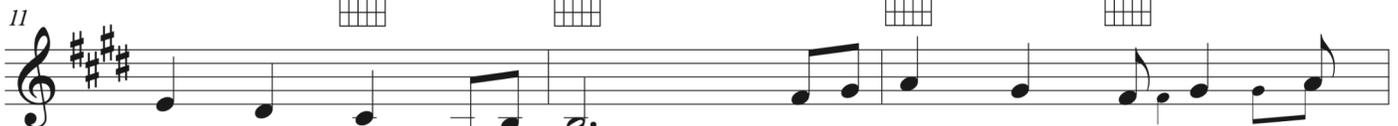
rose more love - ly still, _____ But the sweet - est flow - er of
love you at high noon, _____ But I'll love you best in the



all, my dear, Is the gold - en daf - fo - dil. _____
still of night Un - der - neath the sil - ver moon. _____



_____ Oh, the hy - a - cinth is fra - grant _____ As it
_____ I will love you in the sum - mer, _____ I will



glis - tens with the dew, _____ But the sweet - est flow - er of
love you in the fall, _____ But I'll love you best in the

14

E C#m F#m B7

all, my dear, Is - n't half as sweet as you. —
win - ter - time When the storm clouds come to call. —

16

E E7 Chorus A E

— } You're as vi - brant as the mead - ow And as

20

E7 A B7

brac - ing as the stream. — Oh, my sweet Ma - rie, you will

23

E F#m B7 E B7

al - ways be — The dar - ling of my dreams. —

27

E7 A E

— You're as spright - ly as the swal - low And as

30

E7 A B7

con - stant as the dove. — Oh, my sweet Ma - rie, you will

33

E

1. F#m B7 E

al - ways be ___ My ___ one and on - ly love. ___

36

2. F#m B7 E

___ 2. I will one and on - ly love. ___



At the Vancouver Folk Music Festival

Vancouver, British Columbia

Mid-1970s

Love's Epitaph



1. He keeps a lock of her fine auburn hair;
 She keeps an old photograph.
Fragments of poetry still linger there,
 Graven on love's epitaph.
Gone are the halcyon days of their youth,
 Days when they drank, free of care,
From that pure fountain of beauty and truth
 Made for young lovers to share.

2. Did bitter destiny draw them apart,
 Unbending reason and rhyme?
Or was it merely a failure of heart,
 Merely the passage of time?
What angry daemon from what flaming hell,
 What hollow gestures of pride,
Made them forget what they once knew so well,
 Knew somewhere deep down inside?

3. Pale, scattered petals of yesterday's blooms,
 Carried away on the wind;
Fleeting encounters in dark hotel rooms;
 Words on which frail hopes are pinned;
Figures in shadows that fade to a blur,
 Hauntingly distant and dim:
These are the things that remind him of her,
 Things that remind her of him.

4. He makes his way through the aspens and pines;
 She makes her way through the firs—
Pilgrims en route to their differing shrines,
 His path as lonely as hers.
He keeps a lock of her fine auburn hair;
 She keeps an old photograph.
Fragments of poetry still linger there,
 Graven on love's epitaph.

Love's Epitaph

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately ♩ ≈ 116

Verses

D



Dmaj7



Bm



D



1. He keeps a lock of her fine au - burn hair;
2. Did bit - ter des - ti - ny draw them a - part,
3. Pale, scat - tered pet - als of yes - ter - day's blooms,
4. He makes his way through the as - pens and pines;

Em



Bm



A7



She keeps an old pho - to - graph. _____
 Un - bend - ing rea - son and rhyme? _____
 Car - ried a - way on the wind; _____
 She makes her way through the firs - _____

D



Em



D7



G



Frag - ments of po - et - ry still lin - ger there,
 Or was it mere - ly a fail - ure of heart,
 Fleet - ing en - coun - ters in dark ho - tel rooms;
 Pil - grims en route to their dif - fer - ing shrines,

Bm



A7



D



D7



Grav - en on love's ep - i - taph. _____
 Mere - ly the pas - sage of time? _____
 Words on which frail hopes are pinned; _____
 His path as lone - ly as hers. _____

17

G Em F#m D

Gone are the hal - cy - on days of their youth,
 What an - gry dae - mon from what flam - ing hell,
 Fig - ures in shad - ows that fade to a blur,
 He keeps a lock of her fine au - burn hair;

21

A7

Days when they drank, free of care,
 What hol - low ges - tures of pride,
 Haunt - ing - ly dis - tant and dim:
 She keeps an old pho - to - graph.

25

D Em D7 G

From that pure foun - tain of beau - ty and truth
 Made them for - get what they once knew so well,
 These are the things that re - mind him of her,
 Frag - ments of po - et - ry still lin - ger there,

29

Bm A7 D

Made for young lov - ers to share.
 Knew some - where deep down in - side?
 Things that re - mind her of him.
 Grav - en on love's ep - i - taph.

4x

Come Sit by the Window



“Come sit by the window, here on the loveseat.”

1. Your voice at the doorstep is the best thing I've heard
Since you walked out and left me without saying a word.
I just knew I had hurt you without quite knowing how.
Come sit by the window and talk to me now.
Come sit by the window where we first kissed.
Please let me tell you how much you've been missed.
You're the wind in my mainsail, the sun and the rain.
Come sit by the window and love me again.

2. Some thoughtless expressions that once crossed my lips
Made your tender love fall through my fingertips.
My darling, I'll take them back in a heartbeat.
Come sit by the window, here on the loveseat.
Come sit by the window in the soft northern light.
My raven-haired beauty, you're a ravishing sight.
You're the wind in my mainsail, the sun and the rain,
Come sit by the window and love me again.

3. The sound of your laughter was sweeter than wine,
And heaven was holding your dear hands in mine—
Those hands that still carry the key to my heart.
Come sit by the window. Let's make a new start.
Come sit by the window where I've waited for you.
It's never too late for a love so strong and true.
You're the wind in my mainsail, the sun and the rain.
Come sit by the window and love me again.

ENDING: You're the wind in my mainsail, the sun and the rain.
Come sit by the window and love me again.

Come Sit by the Window

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately ♩ ≈ 136

Verses 1 & 2

D



1. Your voice at the door - step _____
(2.) thought - less ex - pres - sions _____

D7



G

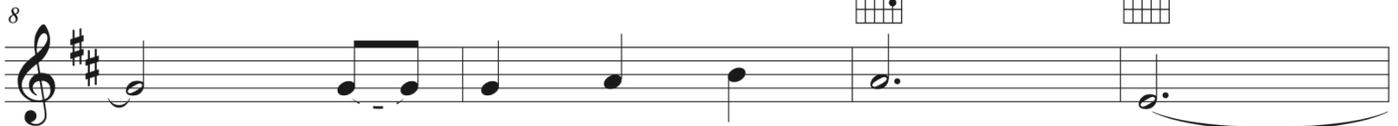


_____ is the best thing I've heard _____
_____ that once crossed my lips _____

D



A7



_____ Since you walked out and left me _____
_____ Made your ten - der love fall _____

D



_____ with - out say - ing a word. _____
_____ through my fin - ger - tips. _____

Bm



F#m



_____ I just knew I had hurt you _____
_____ My dar - ling, I'll take them _____

20

Em  Bm 

with - out quite know - ing how.
back in a heart - beat.

24

Em  A7 

Come sit by the win - dow
Come sit by the win - dow,

28

And talk to me now.
Here on the love - seat.

32

D 

Come sit by the win - dow
Come sit by the win - dow

36

D7  G 

where we first kissed.
in the soft north - ern light.

40

D  A7 

My Please let me tell you
ra - ven - haired beau - ty,

44  

— how much you've been missed. _____
 — you're a rav - ish - ing sight. _____

48   

— } You're the wind in my main - sail, _____

52   

— the sun and the rain. _____

56   

— Come sit by the win - dow _____

60  

— and love me a - gain. _____

Verse 3

64 **2x** 

— { 2. Some _____
 — 3. The sound of your laugh - ter _____

68

D7 G

— was sweet - er than wine, —

72

D A7

— And hea - ven was hold - ing —

76

D

— your dear hands in mine—

80

Bm F#m

— Those hands that still car - ry —

84

Em Bm

— the key to my heart. —

88

Em A7

— Come sit by the win - dow. —

92

Let's make a new start.

96

Come sit by the win - dow

D

100

Where I've wait - ed for you.

D7

G

104

It's nev - er too late for

D

A7

108

a love so strong and true.

D

112

You're the wind in my main - sail,

Bm

F#m

116

the sun and the rain.

120

Come sit by the win - dow and

1. *Ending*

125

love me a - gain. You're the

2.

129

love me a - gain.

The Willow and the Pear



“Is the moon out tonight?
Does she cast her pearly light
On the willow and the pear?”

1. I'm sending you this letter by the plain, old-fashioned post.
 The words we put on paper are the ones that mean the most.
 These questions I have scribbled don't call for no reply.
 Just think of them, my darling, as a sad, sweet lullaby.

CHORUS: Is the moon out tonight?
 Does she cast her pearly light
 On the willow and the pear?
 And the one I left behind,
 Does she ever cast her mind
 On the love we used to share?

2. Too soon I grew impatient with the delicate moonbeams,
 Caught the mainland ferry across the sea of dreams.
 And you tossed me two kisses from the landing on the bay,
 The tenderest of kisses that would ever fall my way.

CHORUS

3. I went to seek my fortune, as young men often will,
 To stand beneath the limelight in the city on the hill.
 But fortune turned to ashes, the light turned cold and blue,
 And now I live on memories, as old men often do.

CHORUS

The Willow and the Pear

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, with a medium swing ♩ ≈ 114

Verses

G



D



1. I'm send - ing you ___ this let - ter ___ by the
(2.) soon I grew ___ im - pa - tient ___ with the
(3.) went to seek ___ my for - tune, ___ as

G

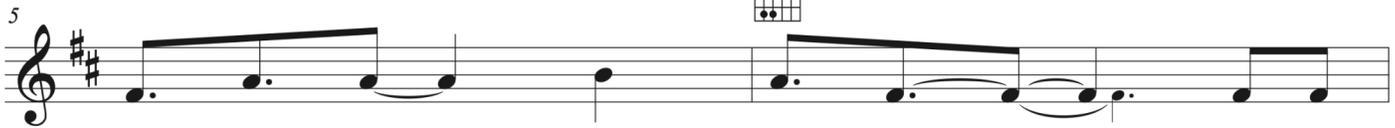


Bm



plain, old - fash - ioned post. ___ The
del - i - cate ___ moon - beams.
young men of - ten will, ___ To

F#m



words we put ___ on pa - per ___ are the
Caught the main - land fer - ry ___ a -
stand be - neath ___ the lime - light ___ in the

Em



A7



D7



ones that mean ___ the most. These
cross the sea ___ of the dreams. And
cit - y on ___ the hill. But

9

G  D 



ques - tions I _____ have scrib - bled _____ don't
 you tossed me _____ two kis - ses _____ from the
 for - tune turned _____ to ash - es, _____ the

11

G  Bm 



call for no _____ re - ply. Just
 land - ing on _____ the bay, _____ The
 light turned cold _____ and blue, _____ And

13

F#m  *rit.*



think of them, _____ my dar - ling, _____ as a
 ten - der - est _____ of kis - ses _____ that would
 now I live _____ on mem' - ries, _____ as

15

Em  A7 

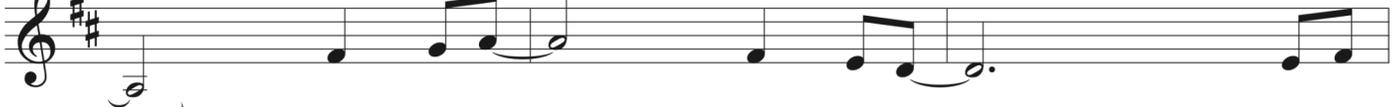


sad, sweet lul - la - by. _____
 ev - er fall _____ my _____ way. _____
 old men of - ten _____ do. _____

17

Chorus
a tempo

D  A7  D 



Is the moon _____ out to - night? _____ Does she

20

D7 G A7

cast her pearl - y light _____ On _____ the wil -

23

D

- low and the pear? _____ And the one _

26

A7 D D7

_ I left be - hind, _ Does she ev - er cast her mind _

29

G A7

_____ On _____ the love _____ we used _____ to share? _

32

1, 2. 3.

D G D D G D

_____ { 2. Too (share?) _____
3. I _____



Youth Choir

With my grandchild Ardeo (front row, third from right)

Victoria, British Columbia

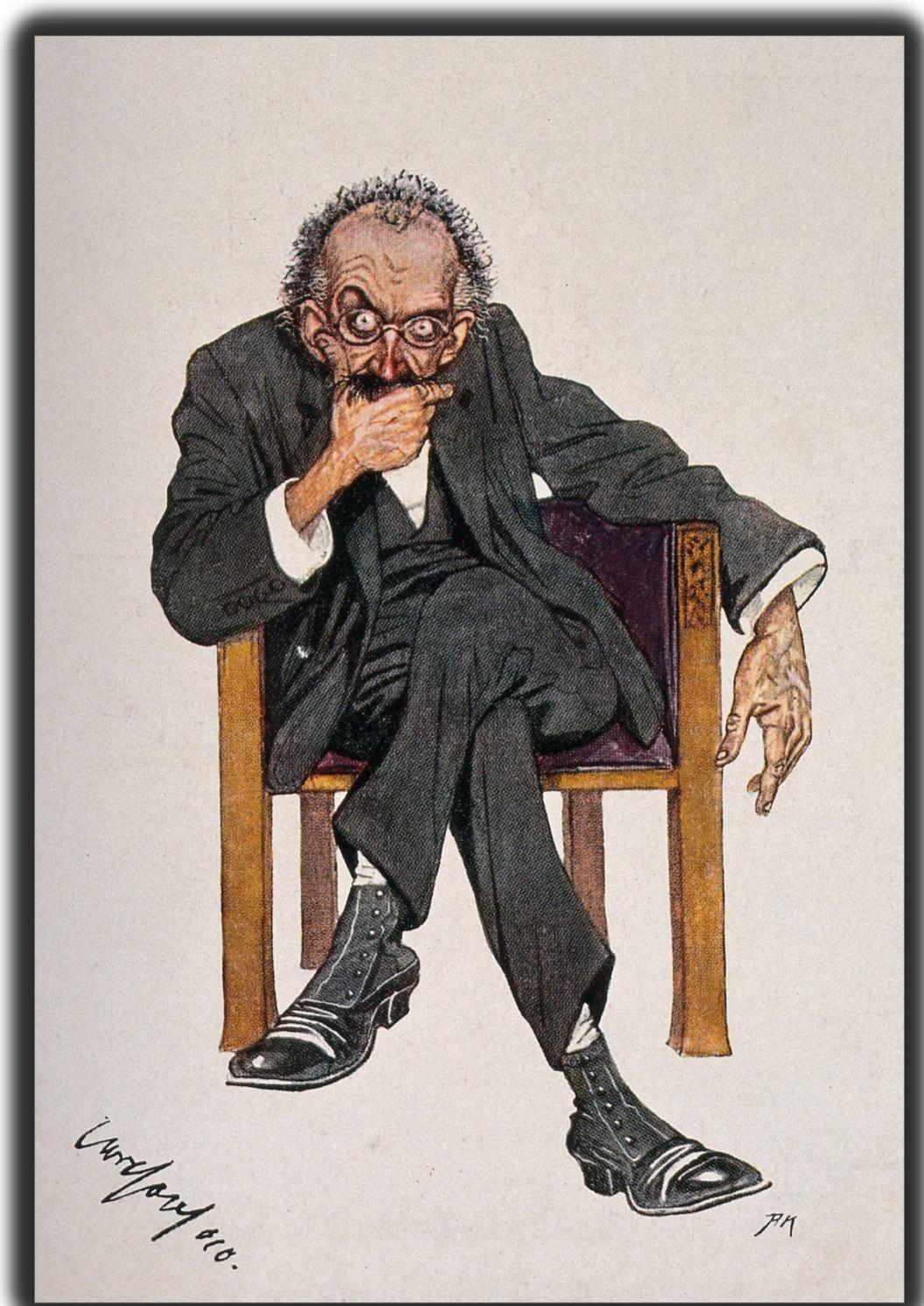
December 11, 2011



Part Seven

Novelty Songs and a Dance Tune

That Certain Someone



“I went to see my doctor. He’s a doctor of the mind.”

1. I could take that certain someone for a stroll across the heather
 If my poor knees would just calm down and quit knocking together.
 But every time I pucker up and try to get romantic,
 The words I say get twisted round and turn out sounding frantic.
 My heart beats so that it sets my head to spinning.
 In the dating game, I got no chance of winning.

2. I went to see my doctor. He's a doctor of the mind.
 He said, "My boy, what's troubling you is easily defined.
 I fear you are afflicted with all the symptoms of
 A neurotic fixation which is commonly called love.
 But don't panic. There might still be hope for you.
 You'd be surprised what therapy can do.

3. "Now, science has decided that the cure for all your ills
 Is to take a long vacation in the Himalayan hills,
 A cold shower each morning, and these little yellow pills,
 And forget all about this lady who's been causing you such thrills."
 I said, "Doctor, I've tried all these things before.
 They just seem to make me want her even more."

4. My next stop was the preacher, but I found him charming snakes.
 He said, "My friend, this trade I'm in has seen a few tough shakes.
 But the swami down the street taught me how business could be sweeter
 If I swapped in my gospel books for his Bhagavad Gita.
 So listen up, now, and don't you look so frightened.
 With Krishna's help, you too can be enlightened.

5. "Your girlfriend's just bad karma. She'll chain you to the earth
 For yet another go-round on the cosmic wheel of birth.
 The flesh is an illusion. Just concentrate on this.
 Abandon all attachments and you soon will find your bliss."
 I told the sage, "There's wisdom in your words,
 But I'd sooner listen to the mockingbirds.

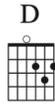
6. "The mockingbirds? Why, heck, I'd sooner listen to a pigeon
 Than all his modern medicine and your old-time religion.
 Just give me love and I'll give you the meaning of existence."
 If I ain't got charisma, well, at least I got persistence.
 So, baby, won't you shed your rosy glow
 On this incorrigible, knock-kneed Romeo?

That Certain Someone

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, with a touch of swing ♩ ≈ 130

Verse 1



1. I could take that cer - tain some - one _____ For a

G

D

A7

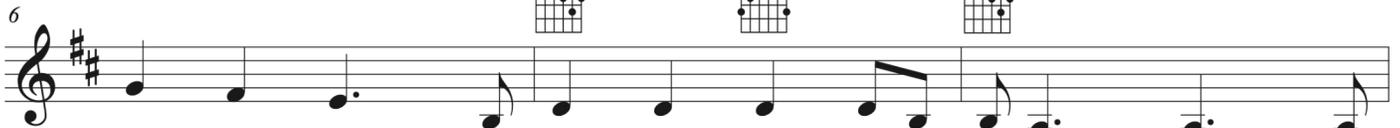


stroll a - cross the heath - er _____ If my poor knees would

D

G

D



just calm down and quit knock - ing to - geth - er. _____ But

G

D



eve - ry time I puck - er up _____ and try to get ro - man -

A7



- tic, _____ The words I say get twist - ed round _____ and

D

G

D

G



turn out sound - ing fran - tic. _____ My heart beats so that it

18

D A7 D

sets — my head to spin - ning. — In the

21

Em A7 D

dat - ing game, — I got no chance of win - ning. —

Verse 2

24

— 2. I went to see my doc - tor. — He's a

27

G D A7

doc - tor of the mind. — He said, "My boy, what's

30

D G D

trou - bling you — is eas - i - ly de - fined. — I

33

G D

fear you are af - flic - ted — with all the symp - toms of —

36  A neu - rot - ic fix - a - tion _____ which is

39     com - mon - ly _____ called love. _____ But don't pan-ic. There might

42    still _____ be hope for you. _____ You'd

45    be sur-prised _____ what ther - a - py can do. _____

Verse 3

48 _____ 3. "Now, sci - ence has de - cid - ed _____ that the

51    cure for all your ills _____ Is to take a long va - ca -

54

D G D

- tion _____ in the Him - a - la - yan hills, _____ A

57

G D

cold show - er each mor - ning, _____ and these lit - tle yel - low pills, _____

60

A7

_____ And for - get all a - bout this la - dy _____ who's been

63

D G D G

caus - ing you such thrills." _____ I said, "Doc - tor, I've tried

66

D A7 D

all _____ these things be - fore. _____ They just

69

Em A7 D

seem to make _____ me want her e - ven more." _____

Verse 4

72

4. My next stop was the preach - er, _____ but I

75

G D A7

found him charm - ing snakes. _____ He said, "My friend, this

78

D G D

trade I'm in _____ has seen a few tough shakes. _____ But the

81

G D

swa - mi down the street _____ taught me _____ how busi - ness could be sweet -

84

A7

- er _____ If I swapped in my gos - pel books _____ for

87

D G D G

his Bha - ga - vad Gi - ta. _____ So lis - ten up, now, and

90

D A7 D

don't — you look so fright - ened. _____ With

93

Em A7 D

Krish - na's help, you too can be en - light - ened. _____

Verse 5

96

— 5. "Your girl - friend's just bad kar - ma. She'll

99

G D A7

chain you to the earth _____ For yet an - oth - er go -

102

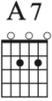
D G D

- round _____ on the cos - mic wheel of birth. _____ The

105

G D

flesh is an il - lu - sion. _____ Just con - cen - trate on this. —

108 



A - ban - don all at - tach - ments _____ and you

111    



soon will find your bliss." _____ I told the sage, "There's

114   



wis - dom in your words, _____ But I'd

117   



soon - er lis - ten to the mock - ing birds. _____

Verse 6

120 _____ 6. "The mock - ing - birds? _____ Why, heck, I'd soon - er

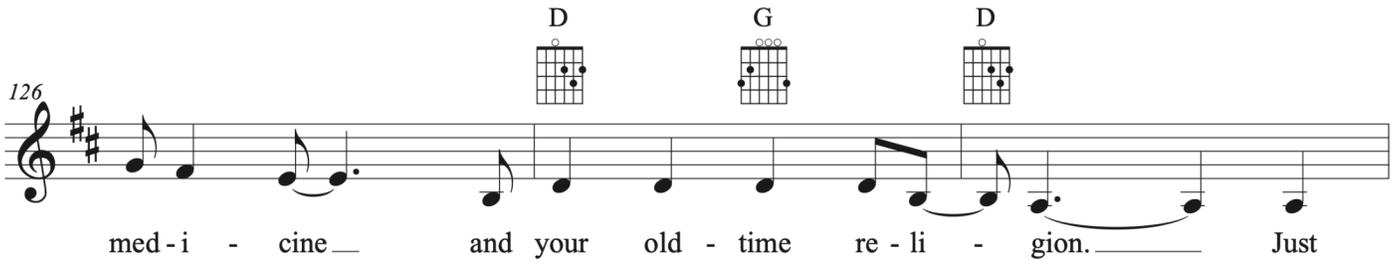


123   



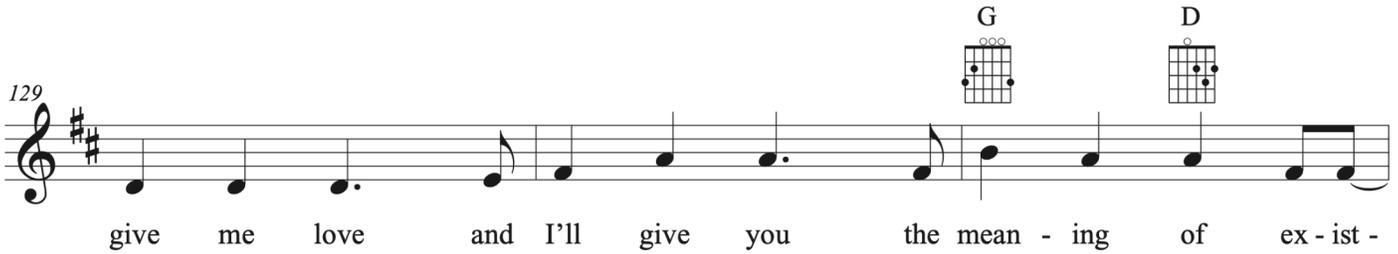
lis - ten to a pi - geon _____ Than all his mod - ern

126



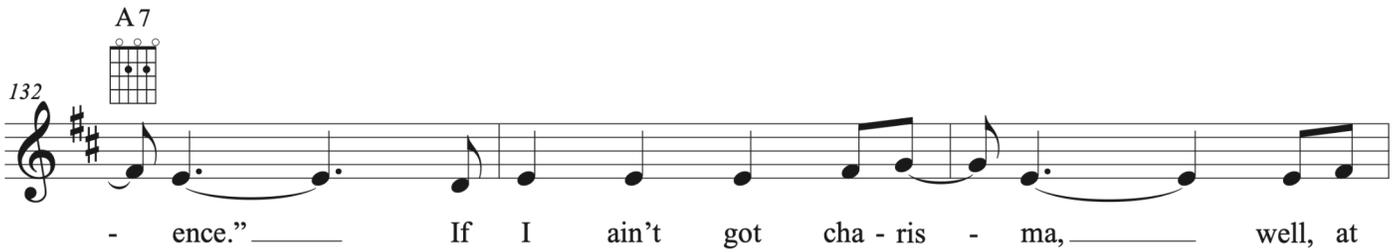
med-i - cine and your old - time re - li - gion. Just

129



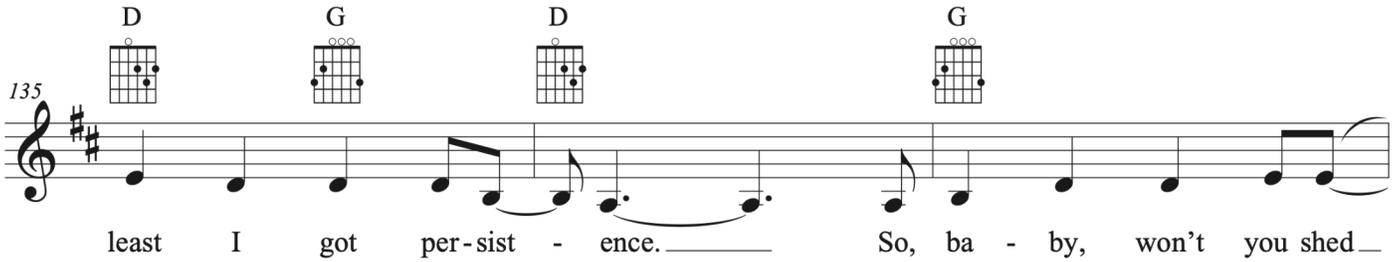
give me love and I'll give you the mean - ing of ex - ist -

132



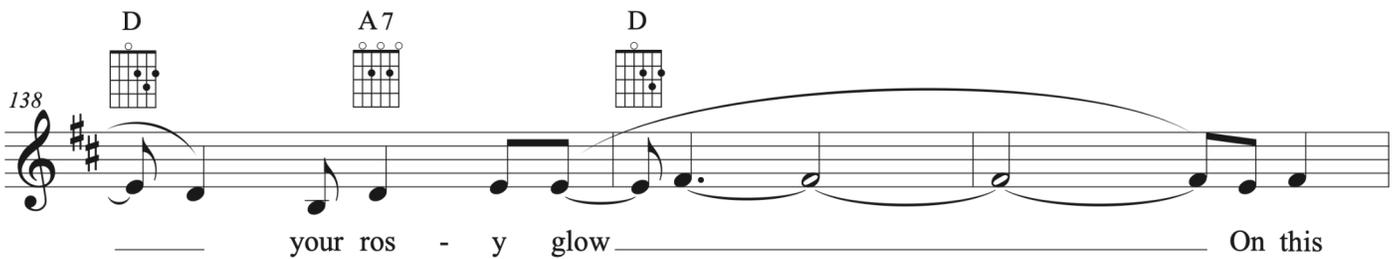
- ence." If I ain't got cha - ris - ma, well, at

135



least I got per - sist - ence. So, ba - by, won't you shed

138



your ros - y glow On this

141



in - cor - ri - gi - ble, knock - kneed Ro - me - o?

A Generic Love Song



“It’s just boy meets girl—
Or perhaps boy meets boy—
Even be girl meets girl, for that matter.”

1. Here's a love song that's truly generic,
'Cause I've stripped it of all needless chatter.
Now it's just boy meets girl—
Or perhaps boy meets boy—
Even be girl meets girl, for that matter.
2. Every verse I shall plug in an image
From a stock that I purchased on clearance,
So a blue turtledove
Or a white satin glove
Could be slated to make an appearance.
3. Now the sun—or the moon—will be shinin',
And a rose will grace somebody's bonnet,
And some blue eyes—or brown—
Wear a smile—or a frown.
Yes, indeed, you may wager upon it.
4. But then I shouldn't put any money
On the lovers' undyin' affection,
For their stars could get crossed,
And though kisses get tossed,
I can't tell you in quite which direction.
5. So the heroine—or else the hero—
Must be left either laughin' or hurtin'.
Will the wedding bells chime,
Or will someone do time?
It remains just a trifle uncertain.
6. Yes, the end could be joyful or tragic,
Or else both things in swift alternation.
Someone says, "I love you,"
Someone says, "I'm so blue,"
And the rest is just interpretation.
7. Now, you might say the poetry falters
And the message is too esoteric.

Can't say I'd disagree—
 That's the trouble, you see,
 With a love song that's truly generic.

8. So I guess, as my wee ditty closes
 And the last chords reverb on the Hammond,
 Shoulders may have been shrugged,
 But if heartstrings got tugged,
 Well, you might want to have them examined.



A Love Song for Starla
 (definitely not the generic kind)

At our 25th-anniversary party
 Accompanied by Kate, who later married our nephew Scott
 Vancouver, British Columbia
 November 6, 1999

A Generic Love Song

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, with a large dollop of talk-singing ♩ ≈ 130

Verses 1 – 4

E



1. Here's a love song that's truly ge -
 (2.) verse I shall plug in an -
 (3.) sun— or the moon— will be
 (4.) I should - n't put an - y

A

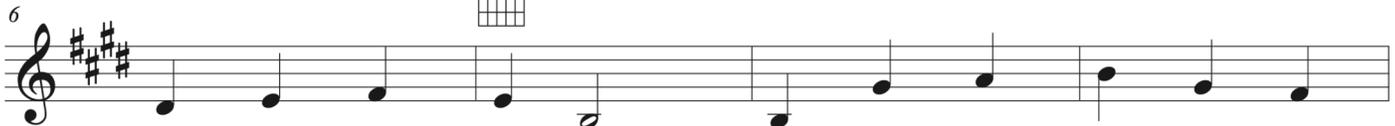


B7



ner - ic, 'Cause I've stripped it of
 im - age From a stock that I
 shin - in', And a rose will grace
 mon - ey On the lov - ers' un -

E



all need - less chat - ter. Now it's just boy meets
 pur - chased on clear - ance, So a blue tur - tle -
 some - bod - y's bon - net, And some blue eyes— or
 dy - in' af - fec - tion, For their stars could get

E7



A

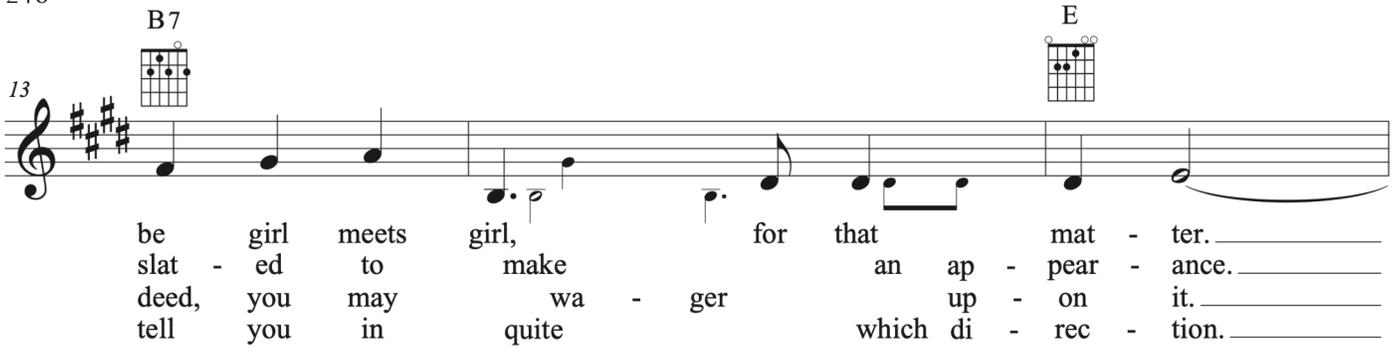


girl— Or per - haps boy meets boy— E - ven
 dove Or a white sat - in glove Could be
 brown— Wear a smile— or a frown. Yes, in -
 crossed, And though kis - ses - get tossed, I can't

13

B7

E

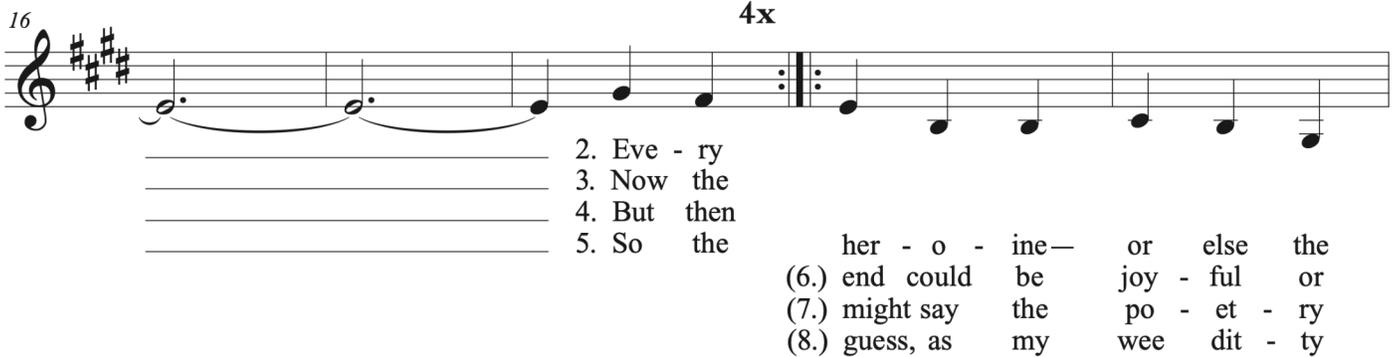


be girl meets girl, for that mat - ter.
 slat - ed to make an ap - pear - ance.
 deed, you may wa - ger up - on it.
 tell you in quite which di - rec - tion.

Verses 5 – 8

16

4x



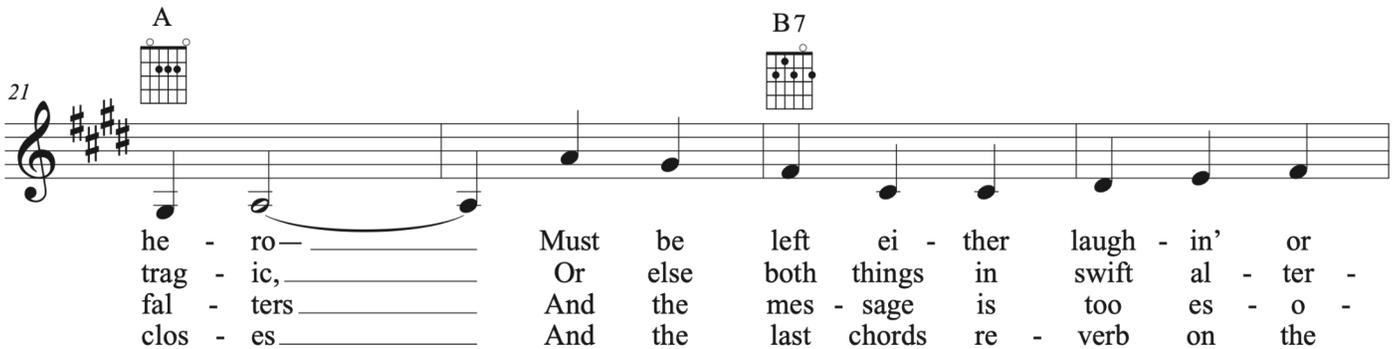
2. Eve - ry
 3. Now the
 4. But then
 5. So the

her - o - ine— or else the
 (6.) end could be joy - ful or
 (7.) might say the po - et - ry
 (8.) guess, as my wee dit - ty

21

A

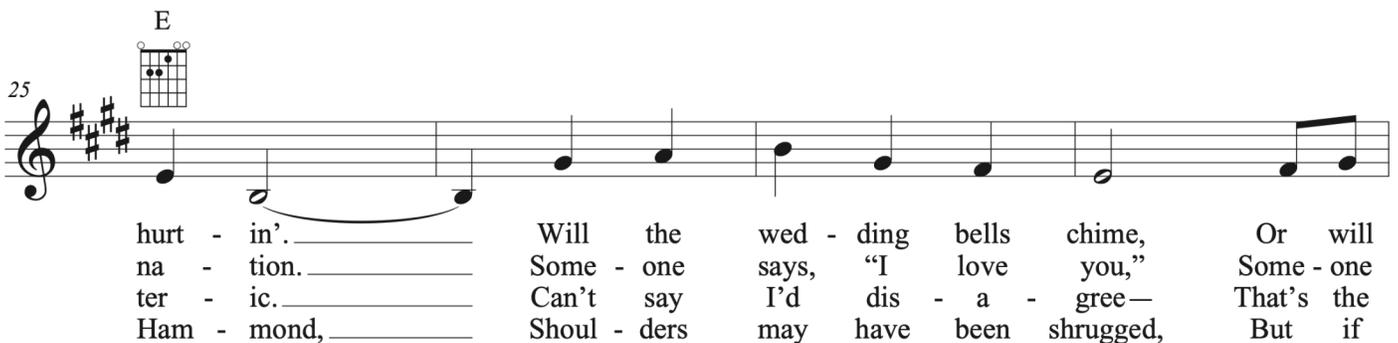
B7



he - ro— Must be left ei - ther laugh - in' or
 trag - ic, Or else both things in swift al - ter -
 fal - ters And the mes - sage is too es - o -
 clos - es And the last chords re - verb on the

25

E



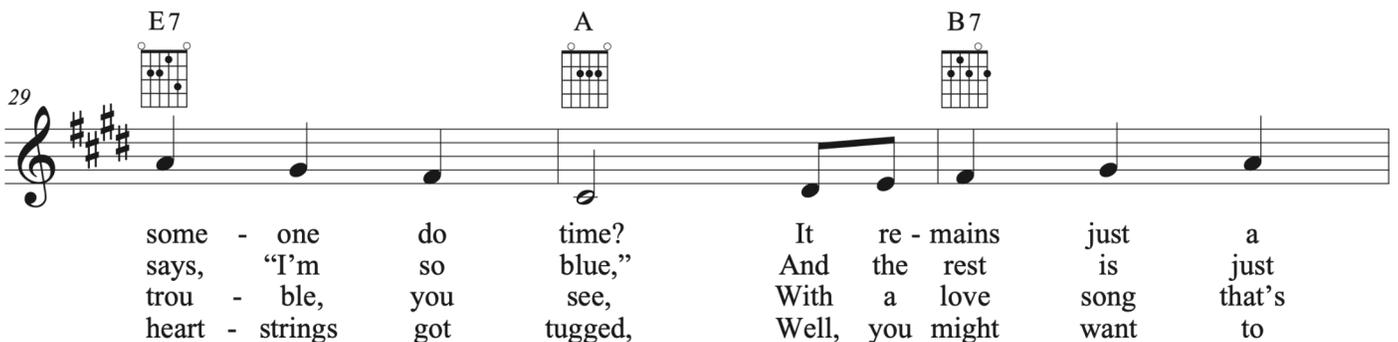
hurt - in'. Will the wed - ding bells chime, Or will
 na - tion. Some - one says, "I love you," Some - one
 ter - ic. Can't say I'd dis - a - gree— That's the
 Ham - mond, Shoul - ders may have been shrugged, But if

29

E7

A

B7



some - one do time? It re - mains just a
 says, "I'm so blue," And the rest is just
 trou - ble, you see, Well, you might song that's
 heart - strings got tugged, Well, you might want to

1, 2, 3.

E



32



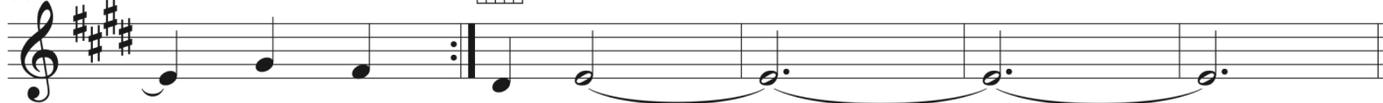
tri - fle un - cer - tain.
 in - ter - pre - ta - tion.
 tru - ly ge - ner - ic.
 have them ex -

4.

E



36



— 6. Yes, the - am - ined.
 — 7. Now, you
 — 8. So I



My Daughter Dana

On percussion during a singalong at her 50th-birthday party
 Vancouver, British Columbia
 December 16, 2017

Suzy Q



“Once you taste her kisses, she’s cast her spell on you.
Even saints and sages fall in love with Suzy Q.”

1. I'm talking 'bout a woman by the name of Suzy Q.
 Her lips are red as burgundy and fresh as mountain dew,
 And once you taste her kisses, she's cast her spell on you.
 Even saints and sages fall in love with Suzy Q.
 But her love is like a grizzly bear you come on by surprise:
 It's wild and free, and you don't want to look it in the eyes.
 It's like a witch's potion, stronger than cocaine.
 For seven years now, Suzy's had me singing this refrain:

CHORUS: Aw, Suzy Q, my Suzy Q,
 I been waiting here for you,
 Looking for you almost every day.
 Aw, Suzy Q, my Suzy Q,
 Tell me what you're gonna do.
 Tell me when you're coming home to stay.

2. When Suzy goes out dancing, she really goes for broke,
 Ratchets up the thermostat till the floorboards start to smoke.
 The fellows swarm around her like bees around the hive—
 The whole dancehall's a-buzzing when Suzy does the jive.
 The man that's got that worried look is the one she came in with.
 He's way down on her dancing card behind Jones and Brown and Smith.
 When you bear a torch for Suzy, you join the *hoi polloi*.
 She's lit as many candles as the bishop's altar boy.

CHORUS

3. Well, they say that one man's poison is another fellow's meat.
 So stay out of the kitchen, boys, if you can't stand the heat.
 'Cause folks can call me crazy—it's the common point of view—
 But I swear the love I'll die for is the love of Suzy Q.
 She gives it much too easy, but she gives it all the same—
 Gives it to so many men, it's an aching, bleeding shame—
 But I'll take the share I'm granted, sound no shrill alarms,
 And savour every hour I can spend in Suzy's arms.

CHORUS

Suzy Q

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

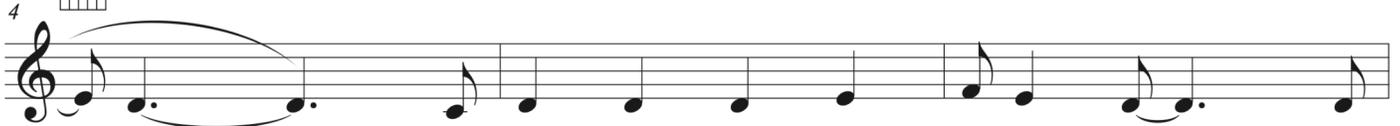
Lively, with a touch of swing and some talk-singing ♩ ≈ 154

Verse 1 C



1. I'm talk - ing 'bout a wo - man _____ by the name of Su - zy Q. —

G7



Her lips are red as bur-gun - dy _____ and

C



F



C



fresh as moun - tain dew, _____ And once you taste her kiss -

C7



F



- es, _____ she's cast her spell on you. E - ven saints and

G7



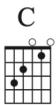
C

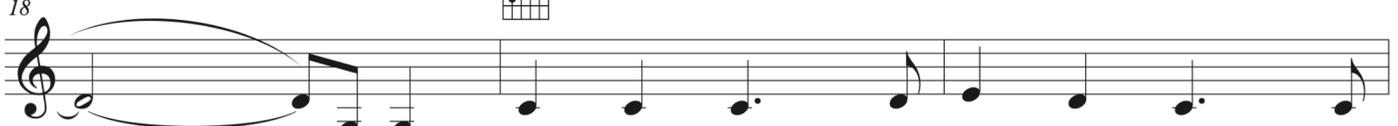


G7

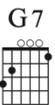


sag - es fall in love with Su - zy Q. _____

18  C

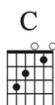
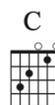


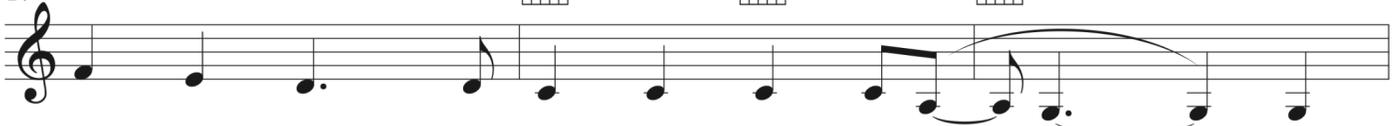
But her love is like a griz - zly bear you

21  G7



come on by sur - prise: _____ It's wild and free, and

24  C  F  C



you don't want to look it in the eyes. _____ It's

27  C7  F

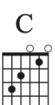


like a witch - 's po - tion, strong - er than co - caine. _____ For

31  G7



sev - en years now, Su - zy's had me sing - ing this re - frain: _

34  C  G7  C **Chorus**  F  C  F  C



Aw, Su - zy Q, my Su - zy Q, _____

38

I been wait - ing here for you, _____ Look - ing for you

41

al - most eve - ry day. _____ Aw, Su - zy Q, my

45

Su - zy Q, _____ Tell me what you're gon - na do. _____

48

Tell me when you're com - ing home _____ to stay. _____

51

Verse 2

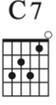
2. When Su - zy goes out danc - ing, _____ she real - ly goes for broke, _____

55

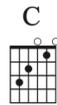
Ratch - ets up the ther - mo - stat _____ till the

58   

floor - boards start to smoke. _____ The fel - lows swarm a-round _

61  

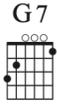
— her _____ like bees a-round _ the hive— _____ The

64  

whole dance - hall's a-buzz - ing _____ when Su - zy does the jive. _____

68  

_____ The man that's got that wor-ried look is the

72 

one she came in with. _____ He's way down on her

75   

danc-ing card _ be - hind Jones and Brown and Smith. _____ When you

C7

F

78

bear a torch for Su - zy, you join the hoi pol-loi. She's

G7

82

lit as man - y can - dles as the bish-op's al - tar boy.

§

85

Aw, Su - zy Q, my Su - zy Q,

F

G7

89

I been wait - ing here for you, Look-ing for you

C

F

C

92

al - most eve - ry day. Aw, Su - zy Q, my

F

C

F

G7

96

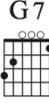
Su - zy Q, Tell me what you're gon - na do.

To Coda \oplus

99 

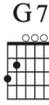


Tell me when you're com-ing home to stay.

102   *Verse 3*

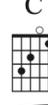


3. Well, they say that one man's poi-son is an - oth - er fel - low's

106 



meat. So stay out of the kitch-en, boys, if

109   



you can't stand the heat. 'Cause folks can call me

112  



cra - zy— it's the com - mon point of view— But I swear the love I'll

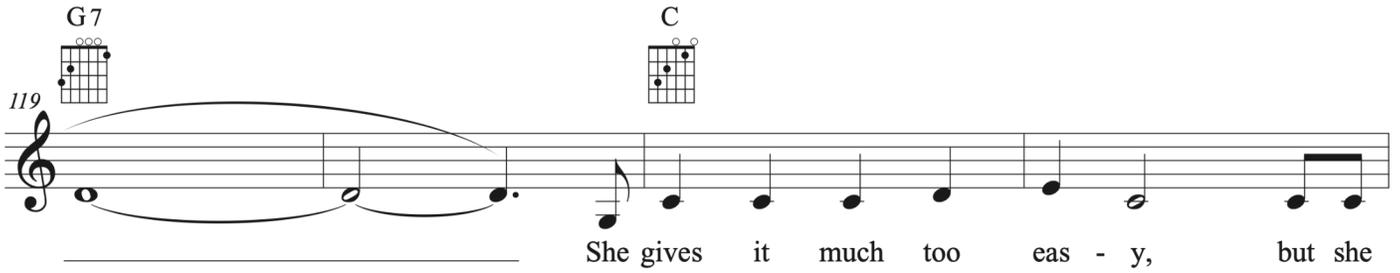
116  



die for is the love of Su - zy Q.

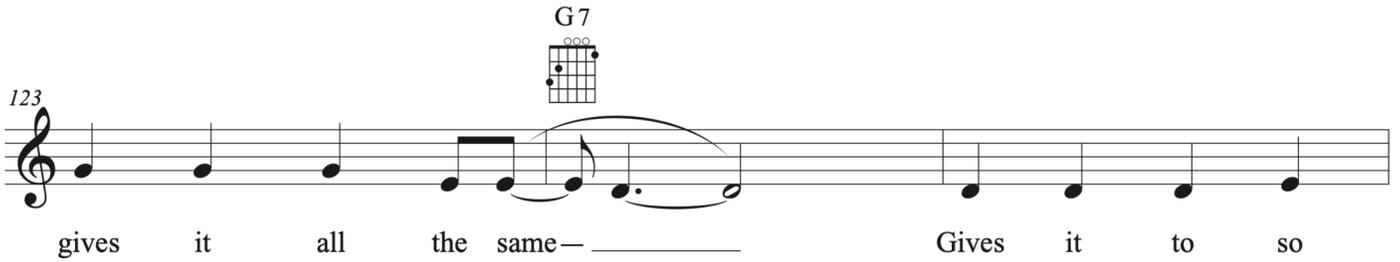
256

G7 C



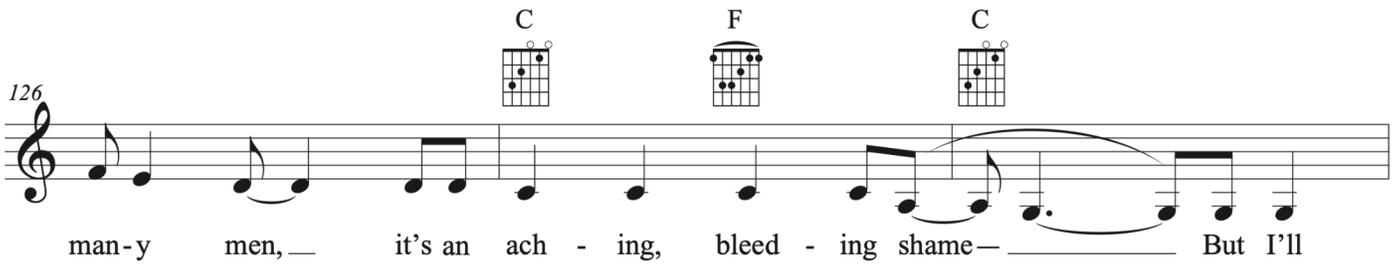
119 She gives it much too eas - y, but she

G7



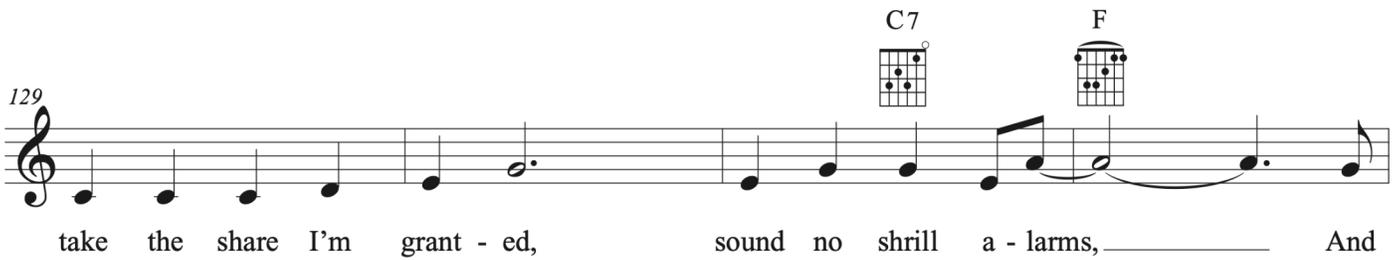
123 gives it all the same— Gives it to so

C F C



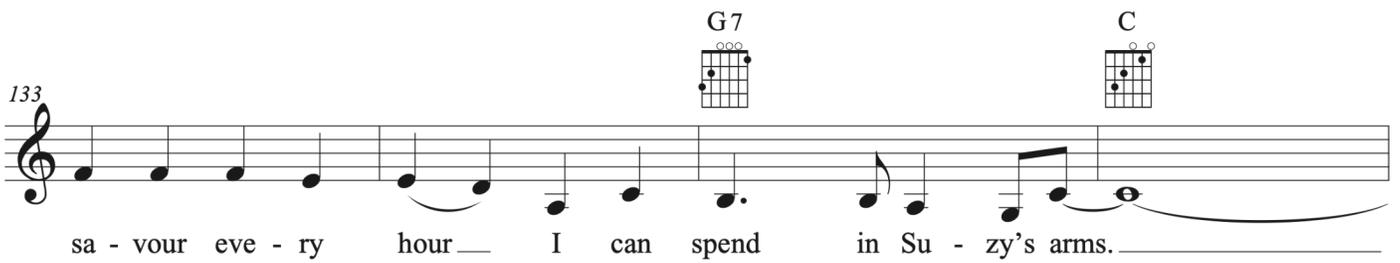
126 man-y men, it's an ach - ing, bleed - ing shame— But I'll

C7 F



129 take the share I'm grant - ed, sound no shrill a - larms, And

G7 C

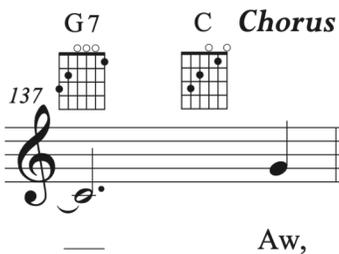


133 sa - vour eve - ry hour I can spend in Su - zy's arms.

D.S. al Coda

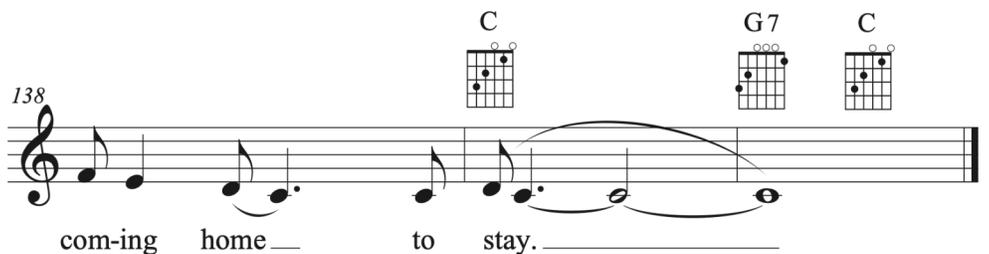
Coda

G7 C **Chorus**



137 Aw,

C G7 C



138 com-ing home to stay.



A Highland Sing-Along

Alpine Club of Canada, Vancouver Island Section
Elizabeth Parker Hut, Yoho National Park, British Columbia
August 13, 2008

Santa Claus Town



“Some little elf cut the traces.
Dasher and Dancer broke free.
Now they’re in all the wrong places
For Santa’s itinerary.”

CHORUS: Santa's been chasing his reindeer
 All over Santa Claus Town.
 Seems even Rudolph, his main deer,
 Has been pretty tough to track down.
 Some little elf cut the traces.
 Dasher and Dancer broke free.
 Now they're in all the wrong places
 For Santa's itinerary.

1. Vixen's dancing very slow
 Underneath the mistletoe.
 She's got Prancer for her beau,
 And he don't seem to mind.
 Cupid went into a bar.
 Donner got in Blitzen's car.
 Comet shot off like a star
 And left them all behind.

CHORUS

2. Santa Claus was in a funk,
 Knew his ship was truly sunk.
 He found Rudolph stinking drunk
 And went completely nuts.
 "Rudolph, with your nose so red,
 Why are you in Dancer's bed?
 Have you gone clean off your head?
 It's Christmas Eve, you putz!"

CHORUS

3. All the little girls and boys,
 Looking for their games and toys,
 Made a sad and mournful noise—
 They sang the Christmas blues:
 "Baby Jesus, you're okay,
 But what happened to the sleigh?
 Next year for our holiday
 It's Hanukkah we'll choose."

ENDING: Santa's been chasing his reindeer
All over Santa Claus Town.



Playing Father Christmas
in a video performance of "Santa Claus Town"
peterbrunette.ca/santa-claus-town

Santa Claus Town

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 114

Chorus

D



G



San - ta's been chas - ing his rein - deer

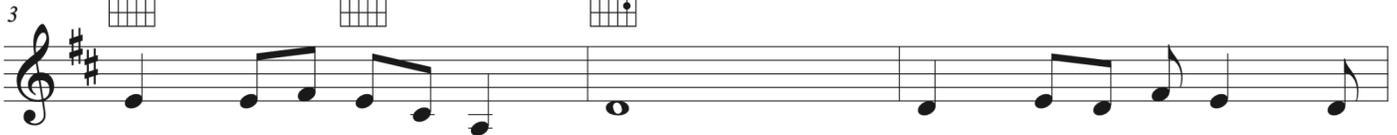
Em



A7



D



All o - ver San - ta Claus Town. Seems e - ven Ru-dolph, his

G



A7



D



main deer, Has been pret - ty tough to track down. —

G



Em



A7



Some lit - tle elf — cut the trac - es. Dash - er and Danc - er broke

D



A7



free. Now they're in all — the wrong plac - es For

Verses

15

San - ta's i - tin - er - ar - y.

1. Vix - en's danc - ing ve -
2. San - ta Claus was in
3. All the lit - tle girls

18

- ry slow Un - der - neath the mis -
 - a funk, Knew his ship was tru -
 - and boys, Look - ing for their games

20

- tle - toe. She's got Pran - cer for
 - ly sunk. He found Ru - dolph stink -
 - and toys, Made a sad and mourn -

22

- her beau, And he don't seem to mind.
 - ing drunk And went com - plete - ly nuts.
 - ful noise They sang the Christ - mas blues:

24

Cu - pid went in - to
 "Ru - dolph, with your nose
 "Ba - by Je - sus, you're

A7



26



— a bar. — Don - ner got — in — Blit -
 — so red, — Why — are you — in — Danc -
 — o - kay, — But — what hap - pened — to —

D



28



- zen's car. — Com - et shot — off like —
 - er's bed? — Have — you gone — clean off —
 — the sleigh? — Next — year for — our hol -

G



A7



30



— a star — And left — them all — be - hind. —
 — your head? — It's Christ - mas Eve, — you putz!" —
 - i - day — It's Ha - nuk - kah — we'll choose." —

D



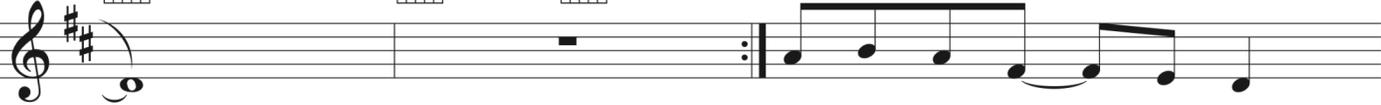
A7



D



32



Ending
3x

— San - ta's been chas - ing his

rit.

G



Em



A7



D

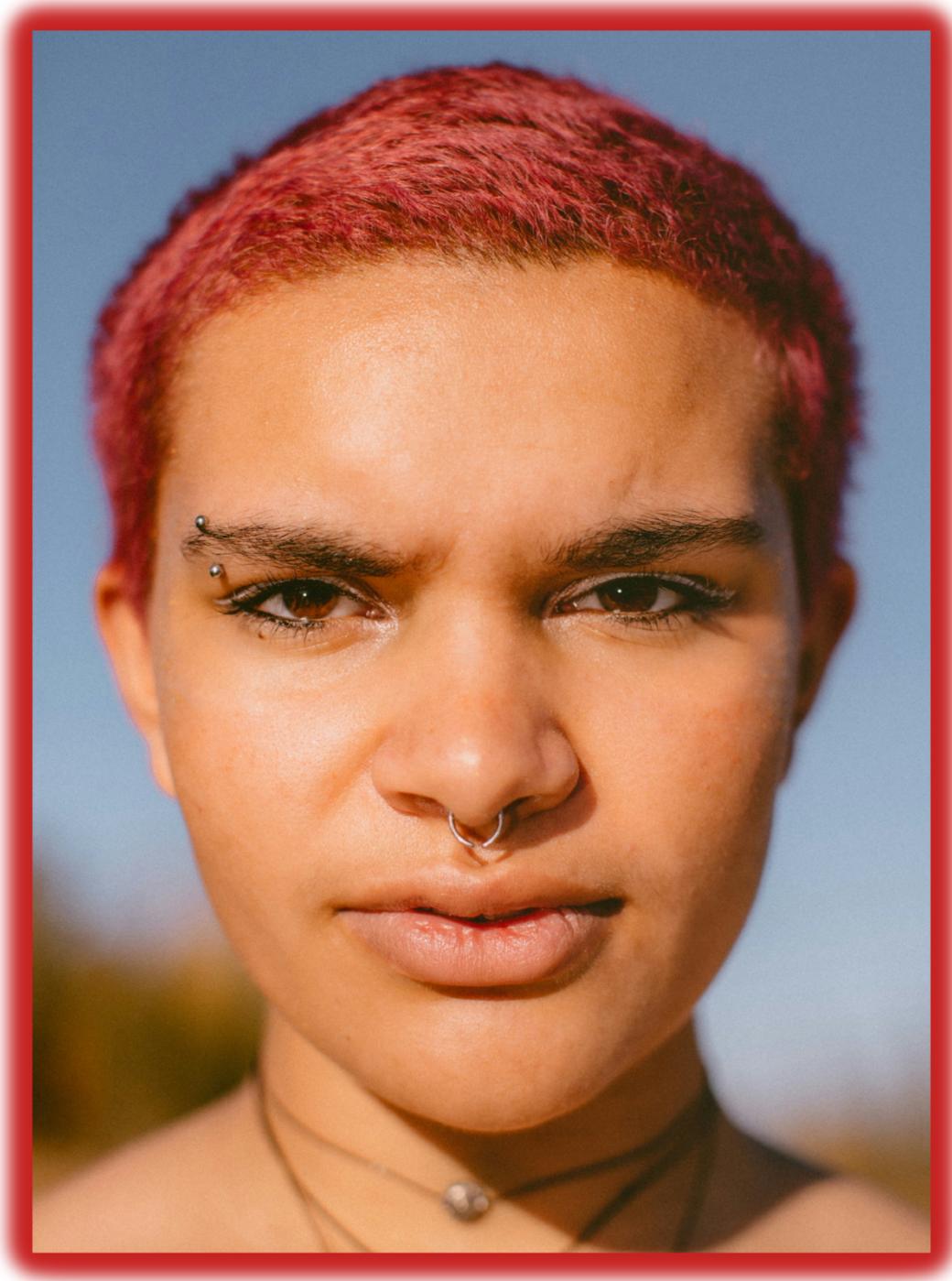


35



rein - deer All o - ver San - ta Claus Town. —

My Love Is Gender Neutral



“My love is gender neutral, not a dude and not a dame.
But a rose would smell as sweet, I’m told, by any other name.
There ain’t no label for my love, not a word from A to Zee.
But this I know: as pronouns go, the one I like is ‘we.’”

1. My love is gender neutral, and it's set my head awhirl.
I can't tell if I'm smooching with a fellow or a girl.
And I can't help but wonder, when we go out on a date,
What that makes me. I mean, you see, well, am I gay or straight?
2. My love is gender neutral, and it's like to drive me mad.
I can't tell if I'm smooching with a lassie or a lad.
But, either way, it's thrilling, though a little bit complex,
To kiss that *Homo sapiens* of undetermined sex.
3. My love is gender neutral, but now here's the tricky bit:
Should I refer to "him" or "her"? I surely can't say "it"!
Some words are way too butch, it seems, and others way too femme,
But will I ever, ever learn to call my sweetheart "them"?
4. My love is gender neutral, not a dude and not a dame.
But a rose would smell as sweet, I'm told, by any other name.
There ain't no label for my love, not a word from A to Zee.
But this I know: as pronouns go, the one I like is "we."

ENDING: My love is gender neutral, and that's A-OK with me.

My Love Is Gender Neutral

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately fast, with some talk-singing ♩ ≈ 144

Verse 1

A

D

A

Bm

1. My love is gen - der neu - tral, and it's set my head a -

E7

A

whirl. _____ I can't tell if I'm smooch - ing with a

D

E7

A

D

fel - low or a girl. _____ And I can't help but

A

Bm

E7

won - der, when we go out on a date, What

rit.

A

D

Bm

that makes me. I mean, you see, well, am I gay or

16 **E7** *a tempo* **Verse 2** **A** **D** **A**

straight? _____ 2. My love is gen - der neu - tral, and it's

20 **Bm** **E7** **A**

like to drive me mad. _____ I can't tell if I'm smooch-ing with a

24 **D** **E7** **A** **D**

las - sie or a lad. _____ But, ei - ther way, it's

27 **A** **Bm** **E7** (Talk-singing) - -

thrill - ling, though a lit - tle bit com - plex, _____ To

rit. 30 **A** **D** **Bm**

kiss that Ho-mo sa - pi - ens of un - de - ter - mined

33 **E7** *a tempo* **Verse 3** **A** **D** **A**

sex. _____ 3. My love is gen - der neu - tral, but now

Bm  E7  A  (Talk-singing) -----

37 here's the trick-y bit: _____ Should I re - fer to

D  Bm  E7 

40 "him" or "her"? I sure - ly can't say "it"! Some

A  D  A  Bm 

43 words are way too butch, it seems, and oth - ers way too

E7  *rit.* (Talk-singing) ----- A 

46 femme. But will I ev - er, ev - er learn to

D  Bm  E7  *a tempo* Verse 4 A  D 

49 (Talk-singing) call my sweet-heart "them"? 4. My love is gen - der

A  Bm  E7 

53 neu - tral, not a dude and not a dame. But a

56

A D E7

rose would smell as sweet, I'm told, by any other

59

A D A

name. There ain't no label for my love, not a

62

Bm E7 rit.

(Talk-singing) -----

word from A to Zee. But this I know: as

65

A D Bm E7

pro-nouns go, the one I like is "we."

68

a tempo **Ending** A D A

My love is gender neutral, and that's

71

Bm E7 A

A - O - K with me!

Animal Shows



“The rabbits go dancing . . .”

1. On the TV screen, Dr. David Suzuki
Is showin' me stuff that's a little bit spooky.
The honeymoon story of the black widow
Will shiver your short hairs, I'm tellin' you, kiddo.
It seems that her hubby wasn't good in bed.
Before they were finished, she bit off his head.
Now, there was no doubt that he wanted inside her,
But that didn't mean she could eat the poor spider.

CHORUS: Animal shows, animal shows!
Nothin's too private for them to expose.
For family viewin', a critter that's woin'
Should really put on a few clothes.
Animal shows, animal shows!
What makes me watch 'em, God only knows.
But, Dr. Suzuki, they're drivin' me kooky,
Them X-rated animal shows.

CHORUS

2. Before I know it, I'm channel jumpin',
And what do I find but two elephants humpin'.
It seems I'm stuck in the same old furrow:
If it ain't Suzuki, it's Attenborough.
The duck-billed platypus, the gypsy moth,
The ring-necked pheasant and the three-toed sloth,
The katydid and the Komodo dragon
Have one thing in common: I've seen 'em all shaggin'.

CHORUS

3. I've learnt every twist in the sexual habits
Of leatherback turtles and cottontail rabbits.
The rabbits go dancin' to score with the women;
The turtles just nail 'em before they start swimmin'.
The wildebeests do it in sizeable herds.
Dung beetles do it on wildebeest turds.
If I watch another animal do it,
I'll have myself neutered. That's all there is to it.

FINAL CHORUS AND ENDING:

Animal shows, animal shows!
 Nothin's too private for them to expose.
 For family viewin', a critter that's wootin'
 Should really put on a few clothes.
 Animal shows, animal shows!
 What makes me watch 'em, God only knows.
 But, Dr. Suzuki, they're drivin' me kooky,
 Them X-rated animal, X-rated animal,
 X-rated animal shows.
 Them X-rated animal shows!



A Critter That's Wootin', Properly Attired

If it looks like a duck, walks like a human, and quacks like a folksinger,
 it's a figurine by my daughter Zan.

Animal Shows

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, with a light swing and some talk-singing ♩ ≈ 110

Verse 1

C  Dm  G7 

1. On the T V screen, Doc-tor Da-vid Su-zu - ki Is

5  C 

show - in' me stuff that's a lit - tle bit spook - y.

10  C  Dm 

The hon - ey-moon sto - ry of _____ the black wid - ow Will

15  C 

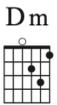
shiv - er your short _____ hairs, I'm tel - lin' you, kid - do.

20  C  Dm

It seems that her hub - by was - n't good in bed. _____ Be -

25  Am

fore they were fin - ished, she bit off his head. _____ Now,

29  Dm



there was no doubt — that he want - ed in - side — her, But

33  Dm7  G7  C



that did - n't mean — she could eat the poor spi - der.

Chorus

37  G7  C  F  C  F  C



An - i - mal shows, — an - i - mal shows! —

43  G7



No - thin's too pri - vate for them to ex - pose. — For

47  C  F  Csus



fam - i - ly view - in', a crit - ter that's woo - in' Should

51  F  C  F



real - ly put on — a few clothes. — An - i - mal shows, —

56

C F C

an - i - mal shows! — What makes me watch 'em,

61

G7 C

God on - ly knows. — But, Doc - tor Su - zu - ki, they're

65

F C Dm G7

driv - in' me kook - y, Them X - rat - ed an - i - mal shows. —

69

C G7 C

Verse 2

2. Be - fore I know it, I'm

75

Dm G7

chan - nel jump - in', And what do I find but two el - e - phants

80

C F C Dm

hum - pin?. It seems I'm stuck in the same old

86  

fur - row: If it ain't Su - zu - ki, it's At - ten - bor - ough.

91   

The duck - billed plat - y - pus, the gyp - sy moth, —

96 

— The ring - necked pheas - ant and the three - toed sloth, — The

101 

ka - ty - did — and the Ko - mo - do drag - on Have

105   

one thing in com - mon: I've seen 'em all shag -

110    **Chorus**  

- gin'. An - i - mal shows, —

115

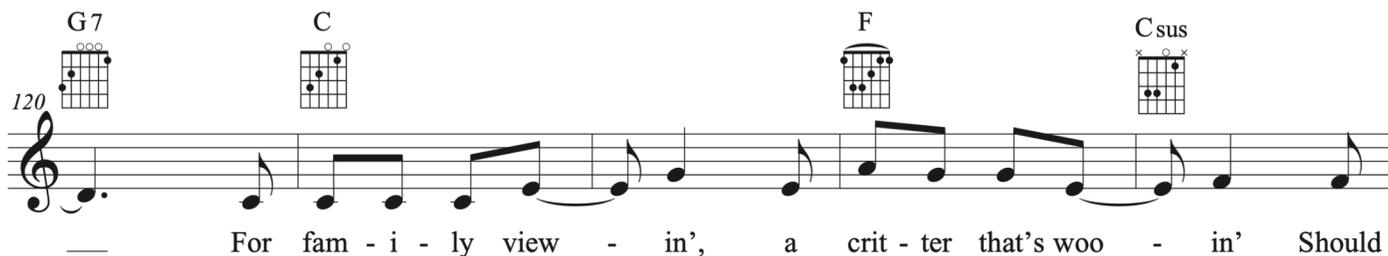
F C



an - i - mal shows!... No - thin's too pri - vate for them to ex - pose....

120

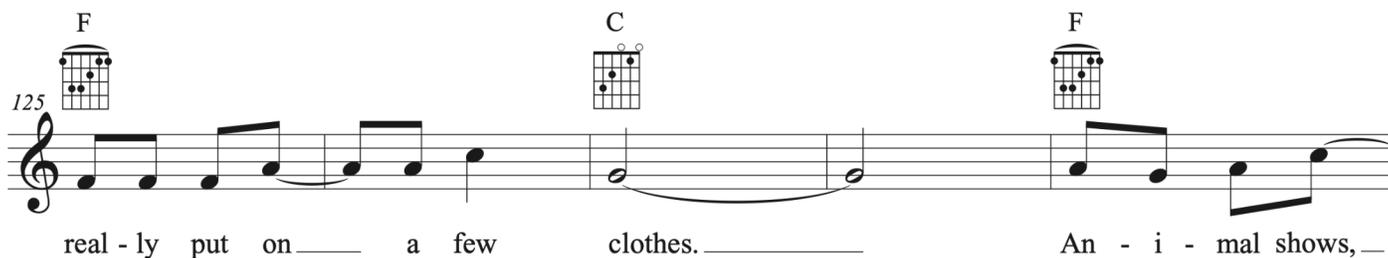
G7 C F Csus



For fam - i - ly view - in', a crit - ter that's woo - in' Should

125

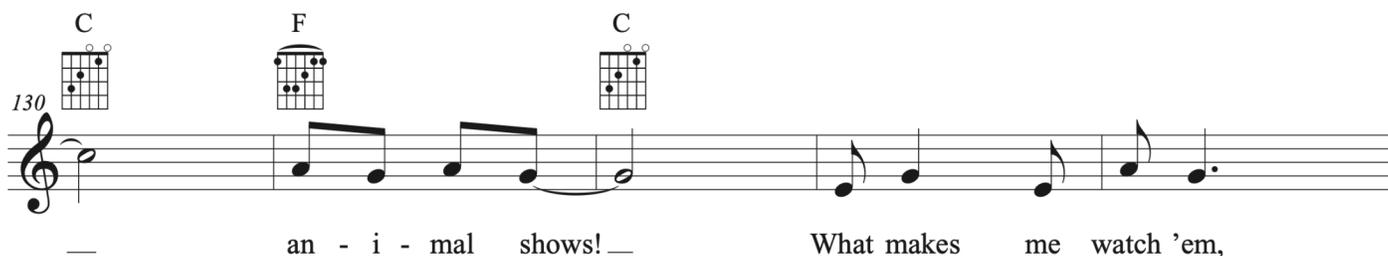
F C F



real - ly put on a few clothes. An - i - mal shows,...

130

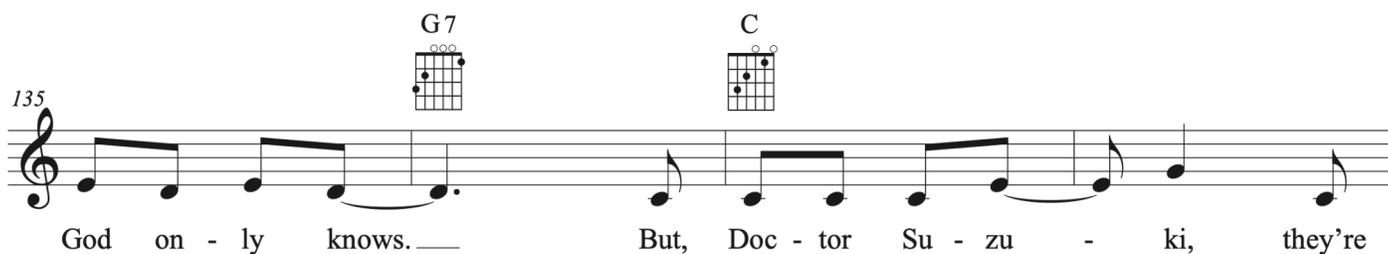
C F C



an - i - mal shows!... What makes me watch 'em,

135

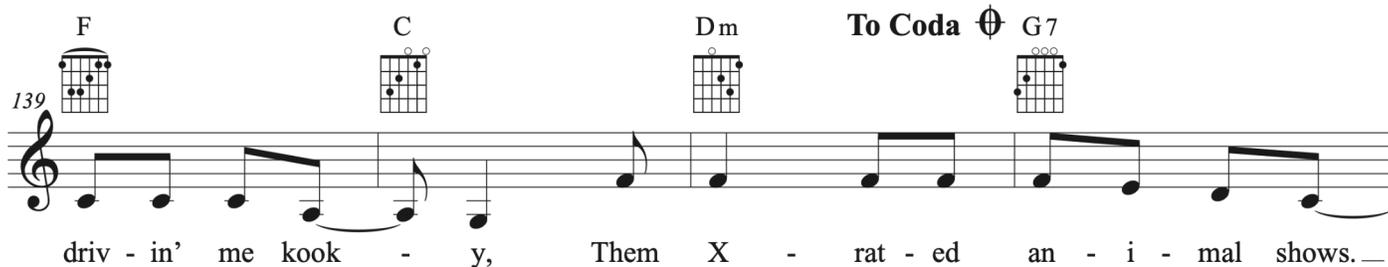
G7 C



God on - ly knows. But, Doc - tor Su - zu - ki, they're

139

F C Dm To Coda G7



driv - in' me kook - y, Them X - rat - ed an - i - mal shows....

143    *Verse 3*

3. I've learnt eve - ry twist in the

149  

sex - u - al hab - its Of leath - er - back tur - tles and

153   

cot - ton - tail rab - bits. The rab - bits go

158  

danc - in' to score with the wo - men; The tur - tles just

162   

nail 'em be - fore they start swim - min'. The

167 

wil - de - beasts do it in size - a - ble herds. —

Am



171



Dung bee - tles do it on wil - de - beest turds. _____ If

Dm



175



I watch an - oth - er an - i - mal do _____ it, I'll

Dm7 G7 C **D.S. al Coda**



179



have my - self neu - tered. That's all there is to _____ it.

Coda



183



an - i - mal, X - rat - ed an - i - mal, X - rat - ed an - i - mal

C F C



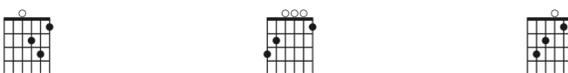
188



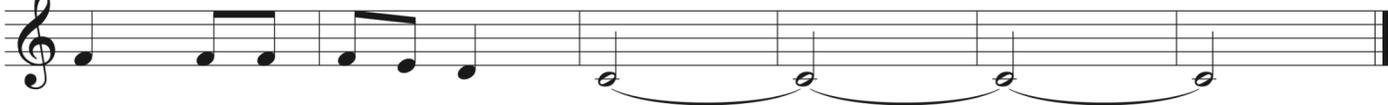
(Vocals break off into wolf howls) -----

shows. _____ Them

Dm G7 C



194



X - rat - ed an - i - mal shows! _____

Tangerine



“She’s sweeter than orange and tangier than lemonade,
And her pair of ripe grapefruits put all other gals in the shade.”

1. Tangerine is my baby, I'm crazy 'bout Tangerine.
Tangerine is my baby, I'm crazy 'bout Tangerine.
When I give her a squeeze, she's so juicy. You know what I mean.
2. Well, I met her on Friday, by Saturday we were shackled up.
I met her on Friday, by Saturday we were shackled up.
Now in case I get thirsty, there's Tangerine juice in my cup.
3. Well, she's sweeter than orange and tangier than lemonade.
She's sweeter than orange and tangier than lemonade,
And her pair of ripe grapefruits put all other gals in the shade.
4. *Repeat Verse 1.*

Tangerine

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 110



Verse 1

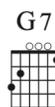
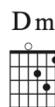


1. Tan-ge - rine is my ba - by, I'm cra - zy 'bout Tan - ge - rine. —

Tan-ge-rine is my ba - by, I'm

cra - zy 'bout Tan - ge - rine. — When I

To Coda



give her a squeeze, — she's so juic - y. You know what I mean. —

2. Well, I met her on Fri - day, by

14

Dm G7 C F C

Sat - ur - day we were shackled up. I

17

F C F G7

met her on Fri - day, by Sat - ur - day we were shackled

19

C F C

up. Now in case I get thirst - y, there's

22

Dm G7 C

Tan - ge - rine juice in my cup.

24

G7 C *Verse 3*

3. Well, she's sweet - er than or - ange and

26

Dm G7 C F C

tang - i - er than lem - on - ade. She's

29

F C F G7

sweet - er than or - ange and tang - i - er than — lem - on -

31

C F C

ade, ——— And her pair ——— of ripe grape - fruits put

D.S. al Coda
Verse 4
(same as Verse 1)

34

Dm G7 C G7 C

all oth - er gals ——— in the shade. ——— 4. Tan - ge -

Coda

37

Dm G7 C G7 C

juic - y. You know what I mean. ———



Jam Session

With my son Nedjo on vocals and accordion
Fort Street Café, Victoria, British Columbia
September 26, 2012

Everybody's Dancing



“Everybody’s dancing at the Mardi Gras.”

CHORUS: Everybody's dancing.
 Listen to the drums.
 Let the music move you
 Till the morning comes.
 Put your best foot forward.
 Let your hair hang low.
 Everybody's dancing
 To the zydeco.

1. In the clubs and bars and even in the street,
 Everybody's dancing to the Creole beat,
 Every son and daughter, every ma and pa.
 When they throw a party down in New Orleans,
 You can shake your booty with the kings and queens.
 Everybody's dancing at the Mardi Gras.

CHORUS

2. When the marching bands and all the floats go past,
 Everybody's dancing in a jester's mask,
 Even though on most days it's against the law.
 Now, there's folks dressed up for going to the ball,
 Others hardly wearing anything at all,
 But everybody's dancing at the Mardi Gras.

CHORUS

ENDING: Everybody's dancing
 To the zydeco.
 Everybody's dancing
 To the zydeco.

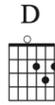
Everybody's Dancing

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Fast and bright, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 164



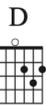
Chorus



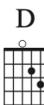
Eve-ry-bod-y's danc - ing. _____ Lis-ten to the drums. _____



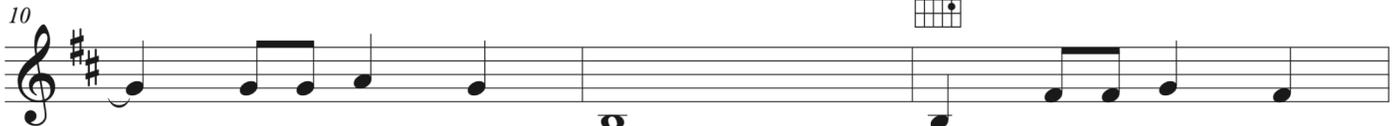
— Let the mu - sic move you _____ Till the morn - ing comes. —



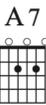
_____ Put your best foot for - ward. _____



To Coda ⊕

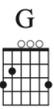


— Let your hair hang low. _____ Eve - ry - bod - y's



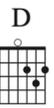
danc - ing _____ To the zy - de - co. _____

D7 Verses

16  



— { 1. In the clubs and bars and e - ven in the street, —
 — 2. When the march - ing bands and all the floats go past, —

18 

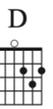
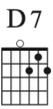


— Eve - ry - bod - y's danc - ing to the Cre - ole beat, —
 — Eve ry - bod - y's danc - ing in a jest - er's mask, —

20 

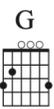


— Eve - ry son and daugh - ter, —
 — E - ven though on most days —

23  

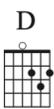
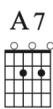


— eve - ry ma and pa. — When they throw a par -
 — it's a - gainst the law. — Now, there's folks dressed up —

26 



— ty down in New Or - leans, — You can shake your boo -
 — for go - ing to the ball, — Oth - ers hard - ly wear -

28  



— ty with the kings and queens. —
 — ing an - y - thing at all, —

30

1.

— Eve - ry - bod - y's danc - ing _____ at the Mar - di Gras. —
 — But eve - ry - bod - y's

33

D *Chorus* 2.

Eve - ry - bod - y's danc - ing _____

36

D *Chorus* **D.S. al Coda**

— at the Mar - di Gras. _____ Eve - ry - bod - y's

Coda *Ending*

39

A7 **D**

danc - ing _____ To the zy - de - co. _____ Eve - ry - bod - y's

43

A7 **D**

danc - ing _____ To the zy - de - co. _____ Eve - ry - bod - y's

47

A7 **D** **A7** **D**

danc - ing _____ To the zy - de - co. _____



My Daughter Liza
Vancouver, British Columbia
December 1977



Part Eight

First-Person Ballads

While these last four songs aren't the only ones that lean on my personal experiences, they do so rather more heavily than the others. Like most memoirists, however, I haven't necessarily let the facts get in the way of a good story.

Strait of Georgia



“It’s summertime on the Strait of Georgia,
Where the snowcapped mountains meet the sea.”

1. Came from California. Started out to roam.
 Didn't want to go to Vietnam.
 Stole across the border, looking for a home.
 Now I know just who and where I am.

CHORUS: It's summertime on Vancouver Island—
 Ain't no other place I'd rather be—
 Summertime on the Strait of Georgia,
 Where the snowcapped mountains meet the sea.

2. First place that I landed was Vancouver town.
 Stopped there for a while just to bide my time.
 Met a girl I fancied. Swore I'd settle down.
 Promised her the world if she'd be mine.

CHORUS

3. Raised up four strong children, working at a trade.
 Never dreamed I'd be a carpenter.
 My fair lady told me, "We've got mouths to feed.
 Kids can't live on poetry and verse."

CHORUS

4. Tides kept on a-turning. Empires rose and fell.
 Now our kids have children of their own.
 Moved across the water. Seems to suit us well.
 Grandkids come to see our island home.

FINAL CHORUS AND ENDING:

It's summertime on Vancouver Island—
 Ain't no other place I'd rather be—
 Summertime on the Strait of Georgia,
 Where the snowcapped mountains meet the sea,
 Where the snowcapped mountains meet the sea,
 Where the snowcapped mountains meet the sea.



Family Portrait

Front (left to right): Nedjo, Liza, Stephen, Dana

Back: Peter, Starla

Queen Elizabeth Park, Vancouver, British Columbia

November 6, 1974

Strait of Georgia

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 142

Verse 1

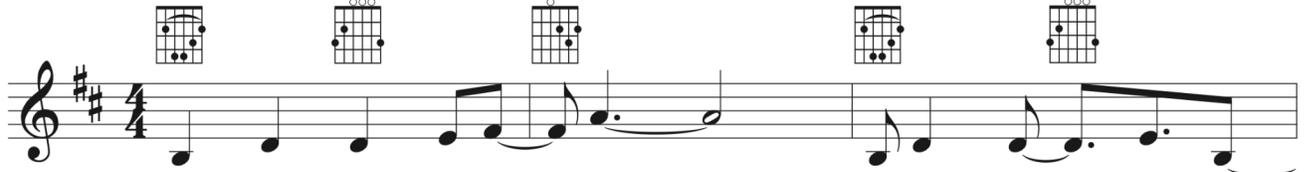
Bm

G

D

Bm

G



1. Came from Cal - i - for - nia. _____

Start-ed out _____ to roam. _____

Bm

F#m

Em



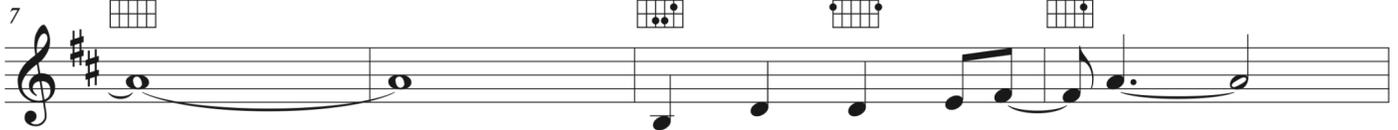
_____ Did-n't want _____ to go _____ to Vi - et - nam. _____

A7

Bm

G

D



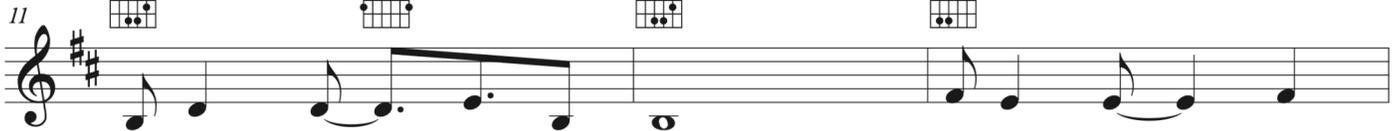
_____ Stole a - cross the bor - der, _____

Bm

G

Bm

F#m



look - ing for _____ a home. _____

Now I know _____ just

Em

A7

Chorus D



who and where _____ I am. _____

It's sum - mer - time _____

18

on Van - cou - ver Is - land— Ain't no oth - er place—

22

— I'd rath - er be— Sum - mer - time—

26

on the Strait of Geor - gia, Where the snow - capped

30

moun - tains— meet the sea.—

Verse 2

33

2. First place that I land - ed— was Van - cou - ver town.—

36

— Stopped there for a while— just to bide— my time.—

39

A7 Bm G D

Met a girl I fan - cied.

43

Bm G Bm F#m

Swore I'd set - tle down. Prom - ised her the world

46

Em A7 *Chorus* D

if she'd be mine. It's sum - mer - time

50

D7 G

on Van - cou - ver Is - land. Ain't no oth - er place

54

D A7 D

I'd rath - er be. Sum - mer - time

58

D7 G Em

on the Strait of Geor - gia, Where the snow - capped

62

A7 D G D

moun - tains meet the sea.

Verse 3

65

Bm G D Bm G

3. Raised up four strong chil - dren, work - ing at a trade.

68

Bm F#m Em

Nev - er dreamed I'd be a car - pen - ter.

71

A7 Bm G D

My fair la - dy told me,

75

Bm G Bm F#m

"We've got mouths to feed. Kids can't live on

78

Em A7 Chorus D

po - et - ry and verse." It's sum - mer - time

82

on Van - cou - ver Is - land— Ain't no oth - er place —

86

— I'd rath - er be— Sum - mer - time —

90

on the Strait of Geor - gia, Where the snow - capped

94

moun - tains — meet the sea. —

Verse 4

97

4. Tides kept on a - turn - ing. — Em - pires rose and fell. —

100

— Now our kids have chil - dren of — their own. —

To Coda \oplus

103

A7 Bm G D

Moved a - cross the wa - ter.

107

Bm G Bm F#m

Seems to suit us well. Grand - kids come to see

110

Em A7

D.S. al Coda
Chorus

our is - land home. It's

113

A7 D G D Em

Coda **Ending**

moun - tains meet the sea, Where the snow - capped

117

A7 D G D Em

moun - tains meet the sea, Where the snow - capped

121

A7 D G D

moun - tains meet the sea.



Grandkids Come to See Our Island Home

Left to right: Amanda, Julie, Samantha, Ardeo, Sasha, Samadhi

Victoria, British Columbia

September 8, 2005

A Plain Old Song



“If I take a trip, it’ll be on a ship
That’s powered by a couple of oars.”

1. Oh, the life I'm living is a plain old life,
 And this ordinary life of mine,
 It don't all seem to be peaches in cream.
 It ain't all champagne wine.
 It's a little laughing, a little loving,
 And a whole lot of sweeping the floors.
 And if I take a trip, it'll be on a ship
 That's powered by a couple of oars.

CHORUS 1: 'Cause it seems I spent
 Most of my money
 On the rent
 And the hydro, honey.
 The rest of it went
 On the peanut butter and jam.
 'Cause I'm just so plain
 And so ordinary,
 It numbs my brain
 Like a Bloody Mary.
 It's a doggone shame
 Just how ordinary I am.

2. Oh, the life I'm living is a plain old life.
 Been that way for a considerable while,
 Since I gave up rambling, gave up my gambling—
 The family kind of cramped my style.
 Now, a roll of the dice can be awfully nice
 When you don't care if you land on the skids,
 And raising hell used to be pretty swell,
 But I'm too busy raising my kids.

CHORUS 2: And it seems I spent (*etc.*)

3. And the song I'm singing is a plain old song.
 It was fashioned for the common folk.
 It ain't slick enough to be top-forty stuff.
 Lady Gaga would call it a joke.

But it wasn't made for the hit parade
 Or for glamorous Hollywood stars,
 And if they don't play it on their old Broadway,
 Well, you can join me when I hum a few bars.

CHORUS 3 (*hum or scat first six lines*):

Na, na, na.
 Na-na, na, na-na.
 Na, na, na.
 Na-na, na, na-na.
 Na-na-na, na.
 Na-na-na, na. Na-na-na, na.
 'Cause I'm just so plain
 And so ordinary,
 It numbs my brain
 Like a Bloody Mary.
 It's a doggone shame
 Just how ordinary I am.

ENDING: Do I have to explain?
 Well, I could draw you a diagram.
 You can't hop on a train
 When you're always pushing a pram.
 It's a doggone shame
 Just how ordinary I am.

A Plain Old Song

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately fast, with a light swing and some talk-singing ♩ ≈ 128

Verse 1

D

G

D

1. Oh, the life I'm liv - ing is a plain old life, And this

Em

A7

5

or - di - nar - y life of mine, _____ It don't all

Bm

Em

A7

10

seem to be peach - es in cream. _____ It ain't all cham-pagne wine. _____

D

15

_____ It's a lit - tle laugh - ing, a lit - tle lov -

D7

G

A7

D

20

- ing, And a whole lot of sweep - ing the floors. _____

Bm



24

And if I take a trip, it' - ll be on a ship That's

Em

A7

D

A7

D

Chorus 1

29

pow-ered by a cou - ple of oars. 'Cause it



G

D

Bm

Em

35

seems I spent Most of my mon - ey On the rent

A7

D

G

D

40

And the hy - dro, hon - ey. The rest of it went On the

G

Em

A7

45

pea - nut but - ter and jam.

D7

G

D

Bm

50

'Cause I'm just so plain And so or - di - nar - y, It

55

Em A7 D G

numbs my brain — Like a blood - y Ma - ry. It's a dog-gone shame —

60

D Em A7 **To Coda** D A7

— Just how or - di - nar - y I am. _____

66

Verse 2 D G D

— 2. Oh, the life I'm liv - ing is a plain old life. Been that

71

Em A7

way for a con - sid' - ra - ble while, _____ Since I

75

Bm Em

gave up ram-bling, gave up my gam - bling— The fam' - ly kind of

80

A7 D

cramped my style. _____ Now, a roll of the dice can be

85

D7 G A7 D

aw - fly nice — When you don't care if you land on the skids, —

90

Bm

— And rais - ing hell — used to be pret - ty swell, — But I'm

95

Em A7 D A7 D

D.S. al Coda
Chorus 2

too bus - y rais - ing my kids. — And it

⊕ **Coda**

101

D A7 D

Verse 3

am. — 3. And the song I'm sing - ing is a

107

G D Em

plain old song. It was fash - ioned for the com - mon folk. —

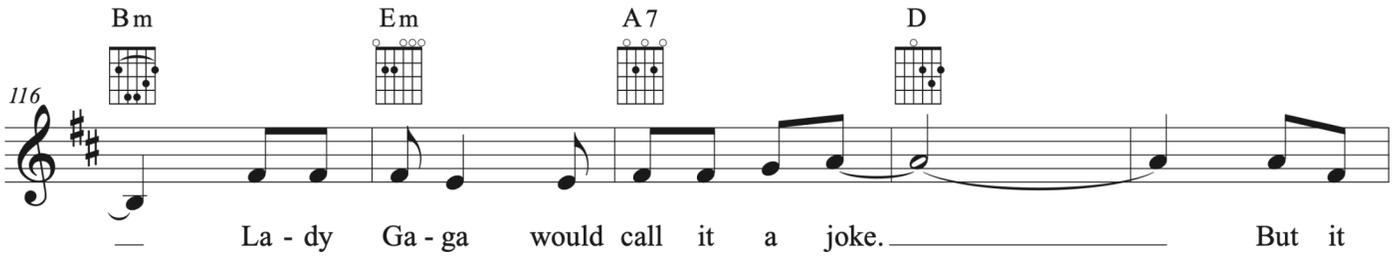
111

A7

— It ain't slick e - nough to be top - for - ty stuff. —

116

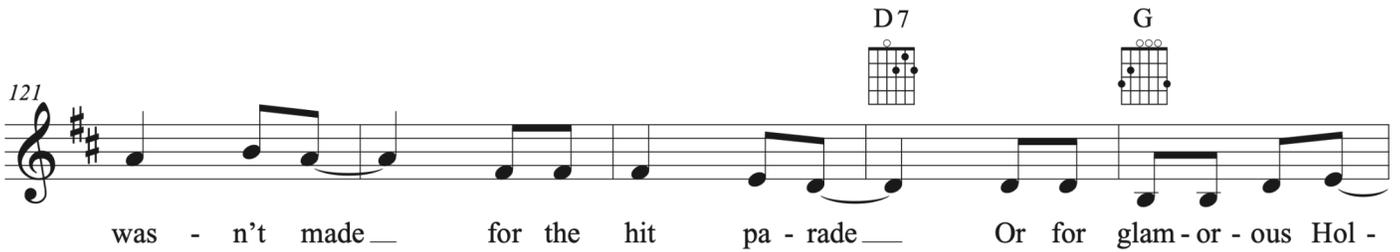
Bm Em A7 D



La - dy Ga - ga would call it a joke. But it

121

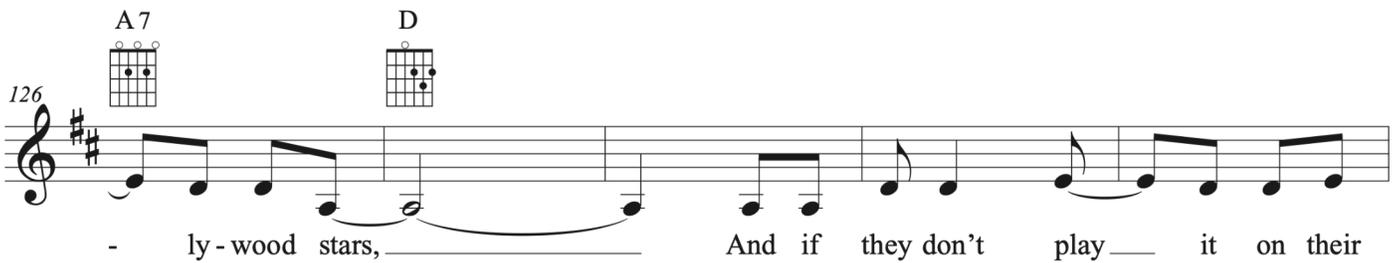
D7 G



was - n't made for the hit pa - rade Or for glam - or - ous Hol -

126

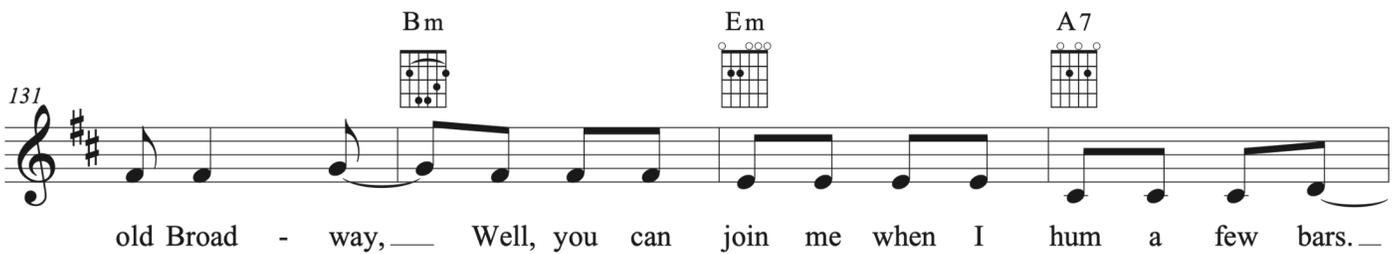
A7 D



- ly - wood stars, And if they don't play it on their

131

Bm Em A7

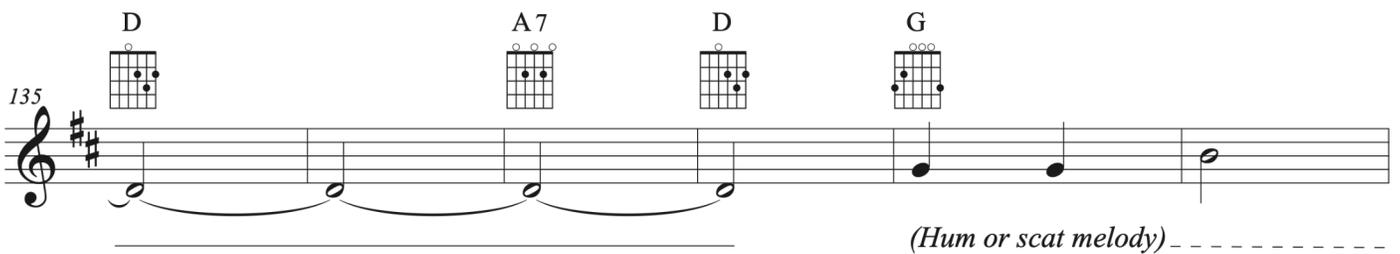


old Broad - way, Well, you can join me when I hum a few bars.

Chorus 3

135

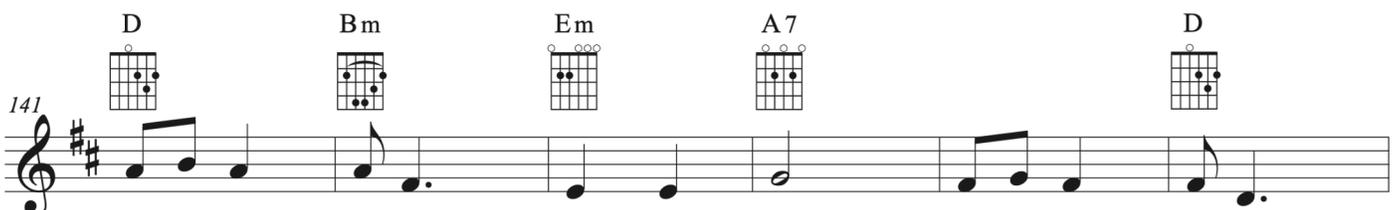
D A7 D G



(Hum or scat melody)

141

D Bm Em A7 D



(Hum or scat melody)

147

G D G Em A7

'Cause I'm just so plain And so or-di-nar-y.

153

D7 G D

'Cause I'm just so plain And so or-di-nar-y.

158

Bm Em A7 D

'Cause I'm just so plain And so or-di-nar-y.

163

G D Em A7 D

'Cause I'm just so plain And so or-di-nar-y.

168

A7 D *Ending* G D

Ending

'Cause I'm just so plain And so or-di-nar-y.

173

Em A7 D A7 D

'Cause I'm just so plain And so or-di-nar-y.

179

G D Em A7 D

hop on a train — When you're al - ways push - ing a pram. —

184

A7 D G D

It's a dog - gone shame — Just how

189

Em A7 D A7 D

or - di - nar - y I am. —

The Saskatchewan Shuffle



“We joined the jive class for beginners
At the rec centre right down the street.”

1. One evening I said to my darling,
 "Let's go out and paint the town red,
 'Cause I worked nine to five,
 Now I just want to jive."
 And this is what my darling said:

She said, "Honey, I'm wild to go jiving,
 But I gave away my dancing clothes.
 You know I love you, Pete,
 But you got two left feet.
 I'm afraid that you'll step on my toes."

2. I said, "Babe, then let's take a few lessons."
 "They ain't no use to me," she replied.
 "I got talent to burn.
 There ain't much I can learn,
 But I'll tag along just for the ride."

So we joined the jive class for beginners
 At the rec center right down the street,
 Walked in the door,
 Took some turns round the floor,
 And the dance teacher said to my sweet,

3. "Now, that's the Saskatchewan shuffle.
 It's a cross 'tween a jig and a waltz.
 But you never step back,
 So—alas and alack!—
 To call it the jive would be false.

"Yeah, that's the Saskatchewan shuffle
 That you learnt in some neighborhood dive,
 And it looks like great fun,
 But when all's said and done,
 It's the shuffle—it sure ain't the jive."

4. My turtledove turned to the teacher,
 Looked the poor man right square in the eyes,

As if to lay down the law,
 And said, "Back in Moose Jaw,
 At the jive contest I took first prize."

The teacher just stood there and sputtered,
 "I don't know what you call it out West,
 But just do as I say,
 And six weeks from today
 You'll be jiving along with the best."

5. Well, that was our first and last lesson,
 And I didn't learn very much.
 So when Fridays roll round,
 We go out on the town
 And we take in a movie or such.

But I'm fixing to say to my darling,
 As soon as this workweek is through,
 "Give me just one more chance,
 'Cause I'm longing to dance
 The Saskatchewan shuffle with you.

ENDING: "Give me just one more chance,
 'Cause I'm longing to dance
 The Saskatchewan shuffle with you."

The Saskatchewan Shuffle

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

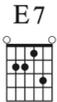
Bright and jaunty, with some talk-singing ♩ ≈ 152

Verse 1



1. One eve - ning I said to my dar - ling, _____ "Let's

Bm

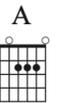


5 go out and paint the town red, _____ 'Cause I worked nine to

E7



10 five, Now I just want to jive." _____ And this is what my dar - ling



15 said: _____ She said, "Hon - ey, I'm wild to go jiv - ing, _____

Bm



20 _____ But I gave a - way my danc - ing clothes. _____ You know

25

A D A Bm

I love you, Pete, But you got two left feet. I'm a - fraid that you'll

30

E7 A

Verse 2

step on my toes." _____ 2. I said, "Babe, then let's take a few

35

D Bm E7 A

les - sons." _____ "They ain't no use to me," she re - plied. _____

40

E7 A

_____ "I got tal - ent to burn. There ain't much I can learn, But I'll

45

E7 A

tag a - long just for the ride." _____ So we joined the jive

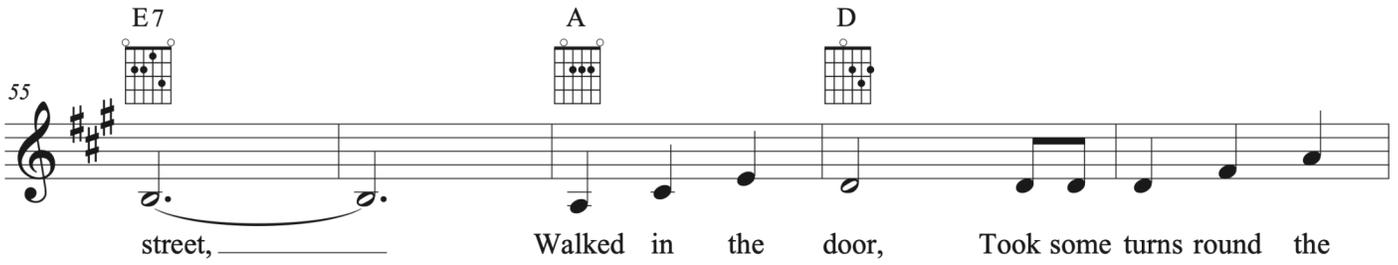
50

D A Bm

class for be - gin - ners _____ At the rec cen - tre right down the

55

E7 A D

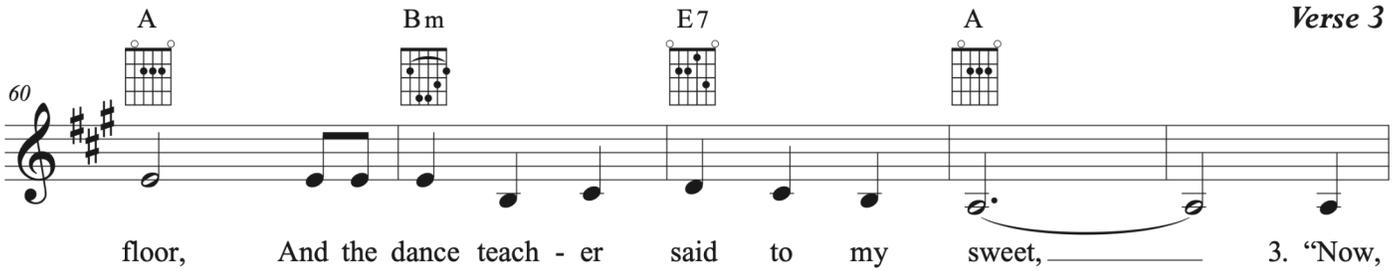


street, _____ Walked in the door, Took some turns round the

60

A Bm E7 A

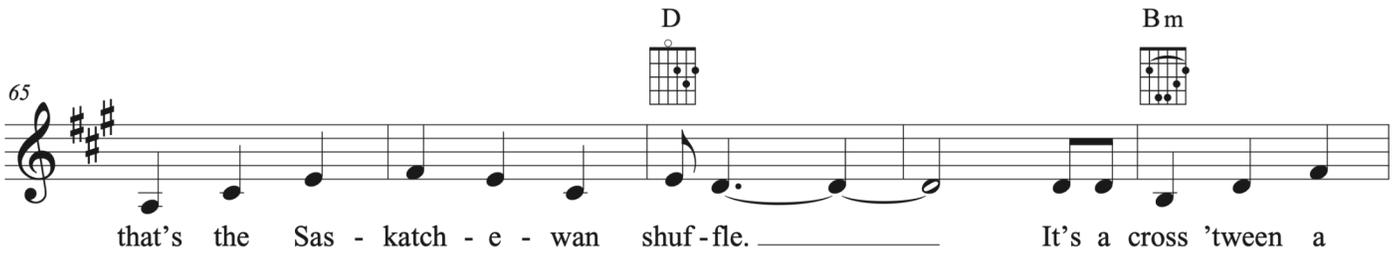
Verse 3



floor, And the dance teach - er said to my sweet, _____ 3. 'Now,

65

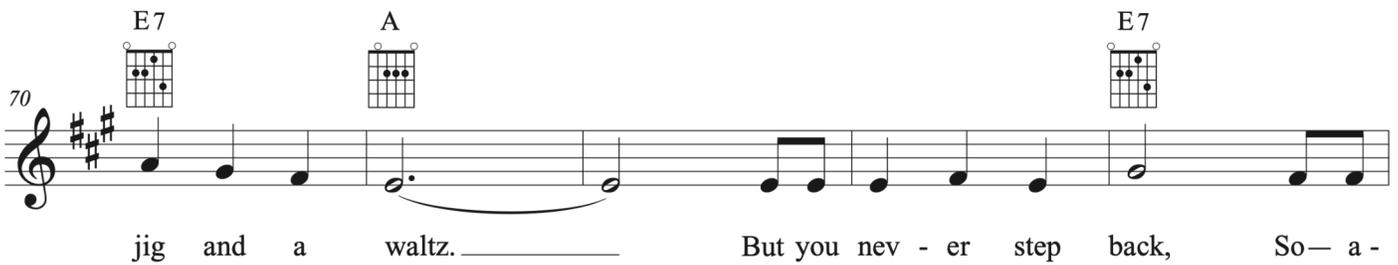
D Bm



that's the Sas - katch - e - wan shuf - fle. _____ It's a cross 'tween a

70

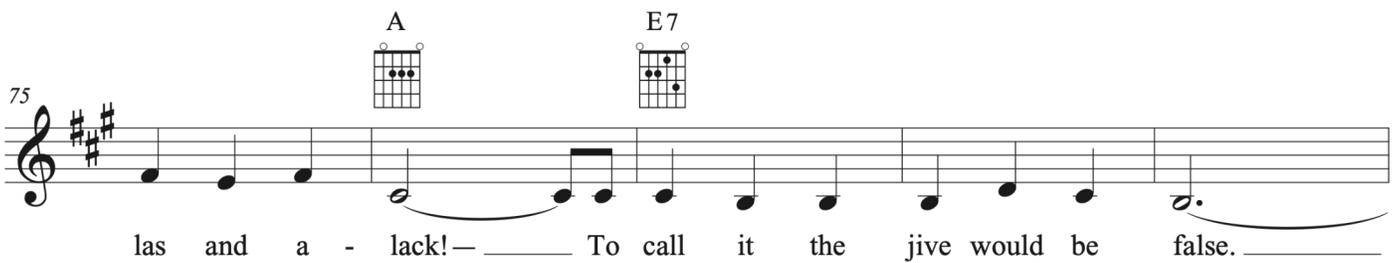
E7 A E7



jig and a waltz. _____ But you nev - er step back, So - a -

75

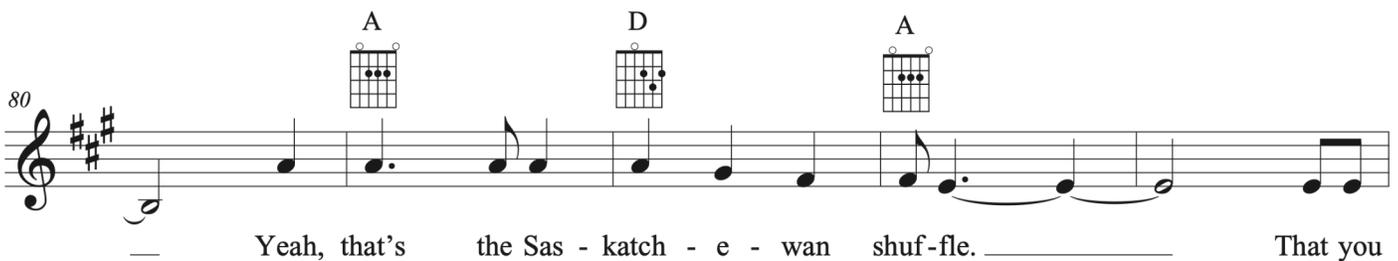
A E7



las and a - lack! - _____ To call it the jive would be false. _____

80

A D A



— Yeah, that's the Sas - katch - e - wan shuf - fle. _____ That you

85

Bm E7 A

learnt in some neigh - bour - hood dive, _____ And it looks like great

90

D A Bm E7

fun, But when all's said and done, It's the shuf - fle— it sure ain't the

95

A Verse 4 D

jive." _____ 4. My tur - tle - dove turned to the teach - er, _____

100

Bm E7 A

— Looked the poor man right square in the eyes, _____ As if to

105

E7 A E7

lay down the law, And said, "Back in Moose Jaw, At the jive con - test

110

A D

I took first prize." _____ The teach - er just stood there and

115

A Bm E7

sput-tered, _____ "I don't know what you call it out West, _____

120

A D A

But just do as I say, And six weeks from to-day You'll be

125

Bm E7 A *Verse 5*

jiv - ing a - long with the best." _____ 5. Well, that was our

130

D Bm E7

first and last les-son, _____ And I did - n't learn ver - y

135

A E7

much. _____ So when Fri - days roll round, We go out on the

140

A E7

town And we take in a mov - ie or such. _____ But I'm

145

A D A

fix - ing to say to my dar - ling, _____ As soon as this

150

Bm E7 A D

work-week is through, _____ "Give me just one more chance, 'Cause I'm

155

A Bm E7 A

long - ing to dance The Sas-katch - e - wan shuf - fle with you. _____

Ending

160

D

Give me just one more chance, 'Cause I'm long - ing to

164

A Bm E7 A

dance The Sas-katch - e - wan shuf - fle with you."



Doing the Shuffle with My Darling
Vancouver, British Columbia
July 11, 1992

Rocky Mountain Rambler



“I’m rambling along over meadows and boulders,
Rambling along where the views open wide,
A song in my heart and the sun on my shoulders,
Up where the waters divide.”

1. Down in the city of concrete and steel,
Spinning around on the workaday wheel,
A prisoner of habit, with nowhere to roam,
I heard the Rockies calling me home.

And now I'm rambling along through the blossoming heather,
Rambling along where the views open wide,
Free as a lark and light as a feather,
Up where the waters divide,
Where the spirit is strong,
Just a-rambling along.

2. Down in the city and aching to find
Some way to quiet the storm in the mind,
Lost in the shuffle, a face in the crowd,
I heard the Rockies calling so loud.

And now I'm rambling along over meadows and boulders,
Rambling along where the views open wide,
A song in my heart and the sun on my shoulders,
Up where the waters divide,
Where the spirit is strong,
Just a-rambling along.

3. Down in the city where, late after dark,
Pushers and con men close in on a mark,
Pegged for the patsy, a pawn in their game,
I heard the Rockies calling my name.

And now I'm rambling along where the springs are like fountains,
Rambling along where the views open wide,
Over the hills and the snow-covered mountains,
Up where the waters divide,
Where the spirit is strong,
Just a-rambling along,

ENDING (*repeat ad lib. and fade*): Just a-rambling along . . .

Rocky Mountain Rambler

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 96

Verses

D



Bm



Em



1. Down in the cit - y of con - crete and steel, —
 2. Down in the cit - y and ach - ing to find —
 3. Down in the cit - y where, late af - ter dark, —

A7



D



— Spin - ing a - round — on the
 — Some way to qui - et — the
 — Push - ers and con — men — close

A7



D



work - a - day wheel, — A pris' - ner of
 storm in the in the mind, — Lost in the
 in on a mark, — Pegged for the

D7



G



hab - it, with no - where to roam, —
 shuf - fle, a face in the crowd, —
 pat - sy, a pawn in their game, —

13

Bm Em A7

I heard the Rock - ies call - ing me
 I heard the Rock - ies call - ing so
 I heard the Rock - ies call - ing my

18

D D7 G

home. And now I'm ram - bling a - long
 loud. And now I'm ram - bling a - long
 name. And now I'm ram - bling a - long

23

D

through the blos - som - ing heath - er,
 o - ver mead - ows and boul - ders,
 where the springs are like foun - tains,

26

A7

Ram - bling a - long where the views o - pen wide,
 Ram - bling a - long where the views o - pen wide,
 Ram - bling a - long where the views o - pen wide,

29

D A7 D

Free as a lark and
 song in my heart and the
 O - ver the hills and the

32

G6 D

light as a feath - er,
 sun on my shoul - ders,
 snow - cov - ered moun - tains,

Up where the wa -

35

F#m Em A7

- ters di - vide, _____ Where the

40

D Em A7

spir - it is strong, _____ Just a - ram - bling a - long. -

1, 2.

45

D Bm D A7 D

- ram - bling a - long, _____

3.

51

Bm D Ending A7 D Repeat ad lib. and fade

Just a - ram - bling a - long ... _____



Hiking in the Rockies with My Sweetheart

Lake McArthur, Yoho National Park, British Columbia

August 19, 2009



Illustration Credits

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- Page 12.** Peter and Starla. Wreck Beach, Vancouver, British Columbia. Summer 1974. Photo by Peter Brunette. Posterized by Peter Brunette.
- Page 14.** Starla and Peter at George Pringle Memorial Camp. Photo by a member of the Victoria Folk Music Society.
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- Page 30.** Peter and Starla. Photo by Peter Brunette.
- Page 34.** Starla. Wreck Beach, Vancouver, British Columbia. Summer 1974. Photo by Peter Brunette. Posterized by Peter Brunette.
- Page 40.** Peter on the summit of Mt. Colwell, Strathcona Provincial Park, British Columbia. July 25, 2006. Photo by a member of the Alpine Club of Canada. Posterized by Peter Brunette.
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- Page 55.** Peter. Photo by Nedjo Rogers.
- Page 58.** Mountain stream. Tchaikazan Valley, British Columbia. Summer 1986. Photo by Peter Brunette.
- Page 60.** Amanda and Kellen. Photo by Peter Brunette.
- Page 63.** Ardeo and Peter. Photo by Peter Brunette.
- Page 64.** Rocket ship. Image by Rstm. *Adobe Stock*.
- Page 69.** Samadhi. Photo by Peter Brunette.
- Page 70.** Beggar appearing before a king. Anonymous. Public domain. *Wikimedia Commons*.

- Page 76.** Labour solidarity delegation to Colombia (2021). From a poster by the Alliance for Global Justice. Posterized by Peter Brunette.
- Page 84.** *Ship on Stormy Seas*. Oil on canvas. Ivan Aivazovsky. Public domain. *Wikimedia Commons*.
- Page 86.** Peter's cousin Nedjo (left), sister Veronica Linda (centre left), aunt Mara (centre right), and grandfather Obren (right). People whose faces are blurred or partly obscured include Peter, his aunt Stana, and his cousins Obrad and Branka. Photo by George Brunette.
- Page 90.** Western Hemisphere. Map by Sean Baker. Creative Commons Attribution 2.0 Generic. *Wikimedia Commons*. Modified by Peter Brunette.
- Page 98.** Class struggle. *Workers of the Future* (vk.com/@-74128436-bazis-nadstroika).
- Page 109.** Ernesto Che Guevara. Photo by Alberto Korda. Public domain. *Wikimedia Commons*.
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- Page 113.** Karl Marx. Memorial sculpture by Gerhard Thieme, Schwanenteich Park, Neubrandenburg, Germany. Photo by anon. Modified by Peter Brunette. Creative Commons Attribution 3.0. *Wikimedia Commons*.
- Page 122.** "We Can Do It!" Poster by J. Howard Miller. Public domain. *Wikimedia Commons*. Modified by Peter Brunette.
- Page 124.** Protest march. Photo by Starla Anderson.
- Page 128.** Flying bomb-thrower. From a postcard commemorating the bombing of Warsaw, 1914. *Muzeum Dulag 121* (dulag121.pl/pruskovianaa/wielkawojna-pruszkow-i-okolice/).
- Page 136.** British prime minister Tony Blair (left) and U.S. president George W. Bush. Photo by Eric Draper. George W. Bush Presidential Library. Public domain. *Wikimedia Commons*. Posterized by Peter Brunette.
- Page 138.** Lake Hill Band. Photo by Peter Brunette.
- Page 143.** Participants at the Victoria Folk Music Society's Autumn Retreat. Photo by Peter Brunette.
- Page 144.** U.S. president George W. Bush with troops. Photo by Eric Draper. George W. Bush Presidential Library. Public domain. *Wikimedia Commons*. Posterized by Peter Brunette.
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- Page 155.** Peter at Norway House. Photo by a member of the Victoria Folk Music Society.
- Page 156.** Riot squad. Stephen Cohen, "Colombia's anti-riot police to add 1500 troops," *Colombia Reports*, September 19, 2013.
- Page 160.** *Braying Donkey* (1713). Ink on paper. Gao Qipei. Public domain. *Wikimedia Commons*.

- Page 166.** Skidegate village, Haida Gwaii. July 26, 1878. Photo by George M. Dawson. Public domain.
- Page 168.** Banner of the Cordillera Campaign. Design by Peter Brunette.
- Page 173.** Samantha and Julie. Photo by Peter Brunette
- Page 176.** *Resurrection of the Dead* (c. 1200). Stained glass. Musée de Cluny, Paris, France. Photo by Marie-Lan Nguyen. Public domain. *Wikimedia Commons*.
- Page 178.** Children's choir. Alix Goolden Performance Hall (formerly the Metropolitan United Church). Photo by Peter Brunette.
- Page 182.** *Sermon on the Mount* (1889). Painting by Ivan Makarov. Public domain. *Wikimedia Commons*.
- Page 186.** Monarch butterfly in flight. Photo by Ronda. *Adobe Stock*.
- Page 192.** Silhouette of man at seashore. AI-generated image by Ichumpitaz. *Adobe Stock*.
- Page 197.** Lake Hill Band at the biweekly gathering of the Vancouver Folk Song Society (l. to r.: Ken Wodlinger, Peter Brunette, Sasha Mahalia, Martin Redwood). Photo by Colin Redwood.
- Page 198.** Playing cards. Photo by Peter Brunette.
- Page 202.** Couple in convertible. Photo by Leon H. Abdalian. Boston Public Library. Public domain. *Wikimedia Commons*.
- Page 206.** Dewy hyacinth. Photo by Maria Kovalets. *Unsplash*.
- Page 208.** Starla, Liza, and Nedjo. Photo by Peter Brunette. Posterized by Peter Brunette.
- Page 211.** Starla and Peter. Photographer unknown.
- Page 212.** Epitaph. Photo by Sandy Millar. *Unsplash*.
- Page 216.** Loveseat at window. Photo by Hutomo Abrianto. *Unsplash*.
- Page 224.** *Trees in the Moonlight* (1824). Oil on canvas. Carl Julius von Leybold. Public domain. *Wikimedia Commons*.
- Page 229.** Youth Choir 61. Photo by Peter Brunette.
- Page 232.** Caricature of a psychiatrist (c. 1930). C. Josef. Wellcome Collection. Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 International. *Wikimedia Commons*.
- Page 242.** Two people in conversation. Graphic by MOMO Studio. *Unsplash*.
- Page 244.** Peter and Kate. Photo by Karlene Faith.
- Page 247.** Dana. Photo by Peter Brunette.
- Page 248.** Young woman in negligée. Photo by Venus Major. *Unsplash*.
- Page 257.** Highland sing-along. Photo by Peter Brunette.
- Page 258.** Reindeer on disco tour. Photo by Jürgen Howaldt. Creative Commons Attribution-Share Alike 2.0 Germany. *Wikimedia Commons*.
- Page 260.** Peter as Father Christmas. Still from a video by Peter Brunette. Posterized by Peter Brunette.
- Page 264.** Androgenous person. Photo by Emily Machan. *Unsplash*.
- Page 270.** Rabbits dancing. AI-generated image by Sha. *Adobe Stock*.

- Page 272.** Duck-guitarist. Figurine by Zan Edson. Photo by Zan Edson. Artist webpage <https://www.facebook.com/Zantopia/>.
- Page 280.** Citrus slices. Photo by Joanna Malinowska. Public domain. *Wikimedia Commons*.
- Page 285.** Jam session. Photo by Peter Brunette.
- Page 286.** Sinulog Mardi Gras dancer. Photo by Herbert Kikoy. Creative Commons Attribution-Share Alike 4.0. *Wikimedia Commons*.
- Page 291.** Liza. Photo by Peter Brunette.
- Page 294.** Strait of Georgia from Nanaimo harbour. Photo by Peter Brunette.
- Page 296.** Family portrait. Photo by Jack Olive.
- Page 303.** Peter's first six grandchildren. Photo by Peter Brunette.
- Page 304.** Man in rowboat. Photo by Fabrice Villard. *Unsplash*.
- Page 314.** Ballroom dancers. Photo by Sandra Ramos. *Flickr*. Posterized by Peter Brunette.
- Page 323.** Starla and Peter dancing. Photo by a guest at their son Stephen's wedding. Posterized by Peter Brunette.
- Page 324.** Peter hiking. Tonquin Valley in background. Jasper National Park, Alberta. Photo by a member of the Alpine Club of Canada.
- Page 329.** Starla and Peter at Lake McArthur. Photo by Murray McDermid.
- Page 337.** Peter at Moraine Lake. Photo by Starla Anderson.
- Back Cover.** (a.) Peter at work on a song (1974). Kitsilano Beach, Vancouver, British Columbia. Photo by Starla Anderson. (b.) Music-symbols graphic. Design by Radenmas. *Adobe Stock*.

Title Index and Table of Song Data

An **asterisk** (*) indicates a song included in my 2015 album *Meadowlark* (peterbrunette.ca/songs/meadowlark). Note, however, that the arrangements in this book use keys that differ from those used in the album.

Keys, of course, refer to the songbook, not the album. They are major except for “Bm,” which is B minor; “pent.” means pentatonic.

Tempos are in beats per minute and are suggested, not insisted upon. Performers are welcome to interpret the songs as they like and vary the tempos accordingly.

Play times are in minutes and seconds and are based on the suggested tempos. For songs in the album, they are as recorded; for other songs, play times are approximate and allow for the insertion of instrumental sections (introductions, breaks, and endings) amounting to around ten or twenty percent of the overall length.

Skill Level is rated as *1*: no specified challenges; *2*: one specified challenge; or *3*: two specified challenges. Level 1 is suitable for beginners, Levels 2 and 3 for intermediate singers and/or guitarists. Lowercase letters indicate the nature of the challenges involved: *v* signals a vocal range greater than an octave plus a major third; *c*, chord changes of greater-than-average frequency, especially when barre chords are involved; and *k*, key changes (other than shifts between a major and its relative minor).

Title	Page	Key	Time Signature	Tempo	Play Time	Skill Level
Animal Shows*	270	C	2/4	110	4:08	2v
Babes Will Be Born	70	D	3/4	138	5:10	1
Book of Vice and Virtue, The	176	Bm & D	4/4	114	3:40	1
Butterfly	186	C	4/4	154	3:20	1
Come Sit by the Window	216	D	3/4	136	5:25	2c
Cordillera*	166	E	4/4	144	4:15	2v
Dollars and Doughnuts	110	D	2/4	108	5:15	1
Emperor’s New Skin, The	150	D & G	2/4	100	3:35	2k
Everybody’s Dancing	286	D	4/4	164	2:45	1
Gathering Storm, The	84	E	2/4	108	4:10	2c

Title	Page	Key	Time Signature	Tempo	Play Time	Skill Level
Generic Love Song, A	242	E	3/4	130	4:00	2v
History Lessons	98	G pent., D, & G	2/4 & 4/4	92 & 112	9:50	2k
I Gave You My Heart	202	D	4/4	152	2:30	2c
In a Prairie Schooner	22	A	2/4	106	4:05	1
I Will Be Your Lover	28	D	2/4	114	4:25	2c
Jack of Diamonds*	198	D	3/4	136	3:31	1
Let the Love in Your Heart Shine*	8	G	4/4	118	3:10	1
Lily of the Highlands*	50	A	4/4	136	3:32	1
Lord's Prayer, The	182	C	4/4	134	2:50	1
Love's Epitaph	212	D	3/4	116	4:35	1
Mama, Let Me Be Your Loving Man*	12	D	4/4	122	2:50	2v
Meadowlark*	2	C	3/4	126	4:07	2v
Mountains Will Abide, The*	58	D	4/4	108	4:38	1
My Love Is Gender Neutral	264	A	4/4	144	2:35	2c
No One Is Illegal	90	D & Bm	4/4	132	4:05	2c
Not a Terrorist	128	D	2/4	110	4:35	1
Ode to the National-Security State	156	D	2/4	112	2:45	1
On a Mountain High	40	A	2/4	92	5:40	2c
Over and Over Again*	18	D	3/4	128	3:32	1
Plain Old Song, A*	304	D	2/4	128	3:56	1
Planetary Democracy	160	D pent.	2/4	110	6:15	1
Rocky Mountain Rambler	324	D	2/4	96	4:25	2c
Rosalie*	192	D	4/4	138	4:20	1
Santa Claus Town	258	D	4/4	114	4:25	1
Saskatchewan Shuffle, The	314	A	3/4	152	4:00	1
Soldiers of W	144	D	2/4	96	4:10	1
Something to Wonder Upon	46	D	3/4	124	3:00	1
Starla	34	C	2/4	92	4:45	2v
Stowaway Astronaut, The	64	A	4/4	114	2:40	1
Strait of Georgia*	294	Bm pent. & D pent.	4/4	142	4:28	2c
Suzy Q	248	C	4/4	154	4:30	2v
Sweet Marie	206	E	4/4	120	2:55	3vc
Tangerine	280	C	4/4	110	2:20	1
That Certain Someone	232	D	4/4	130	5:05	1
Willow and the Pear, The	224	D	4/4	114	4:10	1
Woman's World, A	122	D	3/4	154	3:55	2c
Workers' Chorus, The	76	A	4/4	84	5:00	1
Yellowcake	136	D pent.	2/4	108	3:40	1



At Moraine Lake

Banff National Park, Alberta
July 30, 2013



Forty-Eight Songs

by

Peter Brunette

Working in a variety of styles and genres, Peter crafts songs that celebrate the joys and follies of everyday life, revel in the glory of the expanding universe, and stick it to the powers that be.



SONGS FOR MY BELOVED

Meadowlark • Let the Love in Your Heart Shine • Mama, Let Me Be Your Loving Man • Over and Over Again • In a Prairie Schooner • I Will Be Your Lover • Starla

HYMNS TO NATURE

On a Mountain High • Something to Wonder Upon • Lily of the Highlands

SONGS FOR CHILDREN

The Mountains Will Abide • The Stowaway Astronaut • Babes Will Be Born

POLITICAL SONGS

The Workers' Chorus • The Gathering Storm • No One Is Illegal • History Lessons • Dollars and Doughnuts • A Woman's World • Not a Terrorist • Yellowcake • Soldiers of W • The Emperor's New Skin • Ode to the National Security State • Planetary Democracy • Cordillera

GOSPEL SONGS

The Book of Vice and Virtue • The Lord's Prayer • Butterfly

SONGS ABOUT IMAGINARY LOVERS

Rosalie • Jack of Diamonds • I Gave You My Heart • Sweet Marie • Love's Epitaph • Come Sit by the Window • The Willow and the Pear

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